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THE INTERNATIONAL

AUGUST 1982 \$2.95



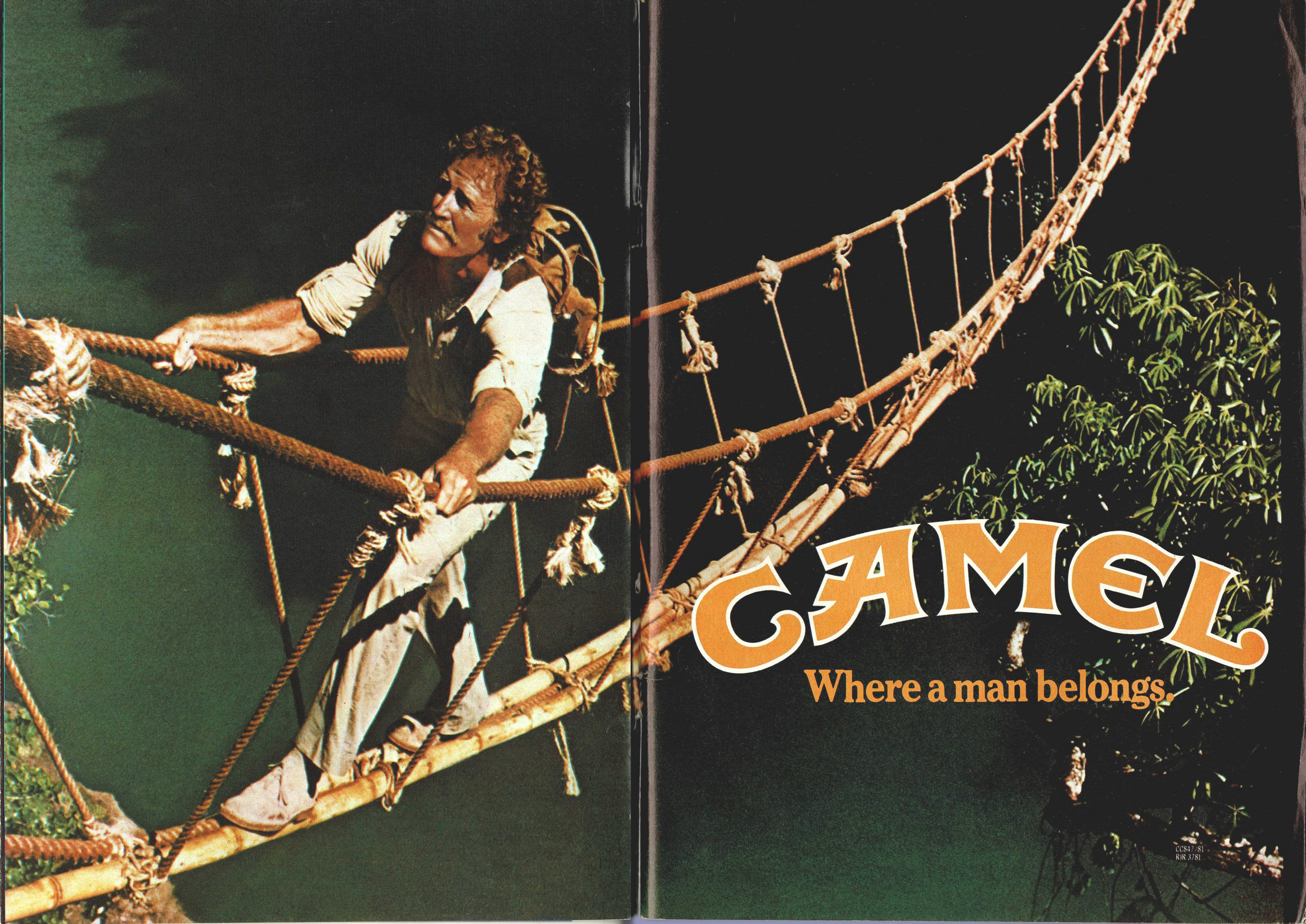
TAX:
WE'VE JUST BEEN
SCREWED AGAIN!

HUTT RIVER:
SECOND BIGGEST
COUNTRY IN AUSTRALIA

**BEER DRINKER'S GUIDE
TO WINE**

INTERVIEW:
MOLLY MELDRUM
SPEAKS
HIS...ER...MIND

PLUS
KEN WARBY
AN HONEST COP
SUPER BIKES
AND MORE
OF OUR
COVER GIRL

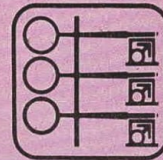


CAMEL

Where a man belongs.

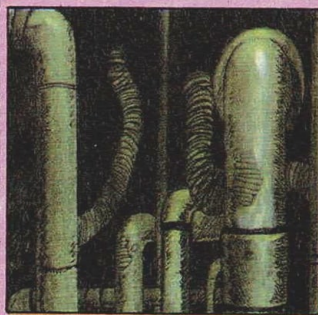
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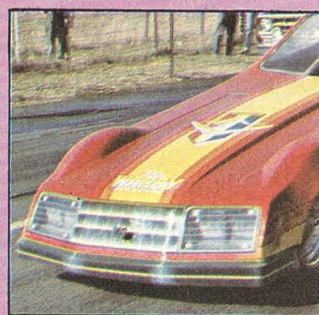


The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 3 No 11/August 1982

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Taking on the Tax Machine



Life's a Drag



Pet of the Month

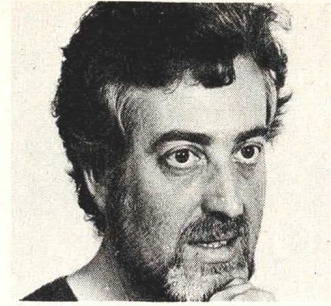


Man '82

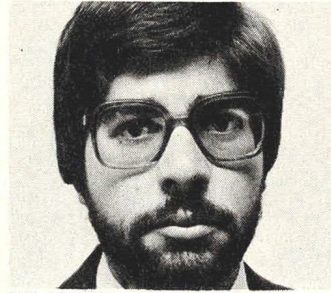
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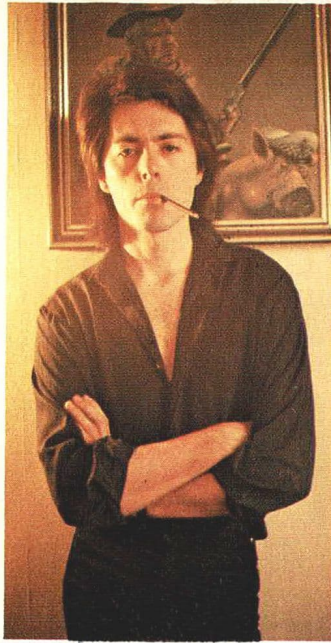
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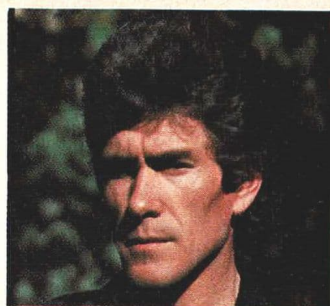
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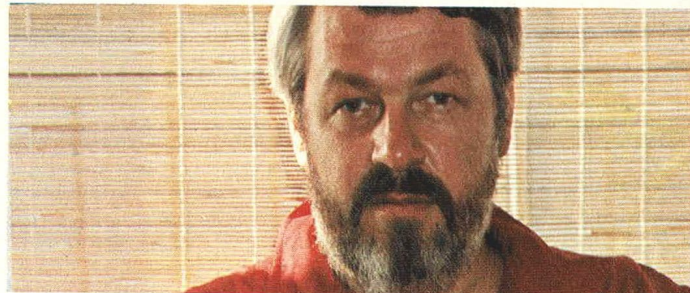
FRANTS KANTOR



JANET BRIGHT



PETER MCKAY



DENIS WHITBURN

HOUSECALL

Who is the typical *Australian Penthouse* reader? What does he want out of life and how does he go about getting it? Does he live in a suburban home or an inner-city flat? What turns him on in a woman, and what does he want her to do to please him? How does he spend his money, and when he spends, does he pay cash or pull out the plastic? The answer to all these questions and more are in Man '82 — the *Penthouse* reader profile — in this month's *Australian Penthouse*. Janet Bright, head of the Market Research Workshop, has been compiling the results of the *Penthouse* man of the Eighties questionnaire published in the April issue. Her conclusions make fascinating reading. Turn to page 63 to find out everything you always wanted to know about yourself, but were too afraid to ask.

It's that time of year again — tax time. The end of the financial year, unlike the end of the calendar year, is not a time for celebration. Santa climbs down the chimney at Christmas to give, give, give. But the tax man takes it all away in August — unless you decide to cheat him. Tax fiddles have been around as long as taxation itself. But as Dr Barry Hughes (Reader in Economics at Adelaide's Flinders University and a prolific author on money matters) points out this month, tax dodging is a rich man's game. With a series of tax scandals hitting the front pages in recent months, Hughes' comprehensive and authoritative piece on tax avoidance and tax evasion is a timely presentation. He points out that when the music stops at the end of the financial year, the ordinary wage-earner is the big loser. Taking On The Tax Machine, accompanied by Frants Kantor and Phil Barlow's eerie illustration, is on page 35.

Don't be a rabbit! In greyhound racing, as in men's magazines, no-one wants to be a bunny. In this month's issue, Phil Abraham returns from the dog track with an empty wallet and a full notebook. Abraham looks at some of the illegal practices greyhound trainers get up to in order to put their dogs in front, including baiting the dogs with live rabbits and other animals. Despite the attention of animal protection organisations in most States, the blooding of dogs continues to be an integral part of the greyhound industry. Savage Sport starts on page 51.

A lot of people laughed when Western Australian wheat farmer Leonard Casley announced that he was seceding from Australia and setting up the Hutt River Province in 1970. But as Phil Ackman points out in The Second Biggest Country in Australia, the only joke about Hutt River these days is that nobody has woken up to the fact that it's for real. The self-proclaimed prince has won a number of decisive victories over perplexed Australian

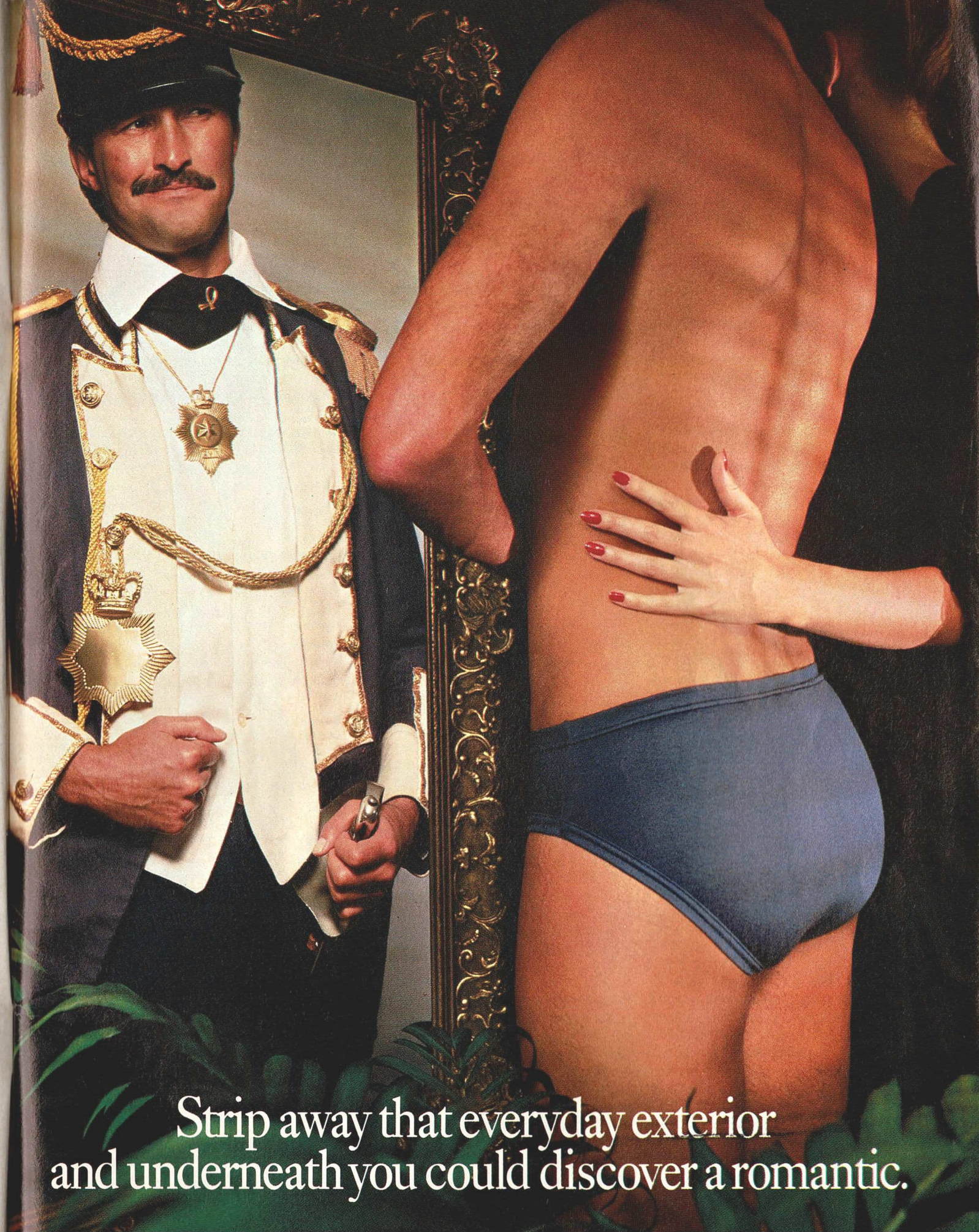
authorities in the 12 years since he declared his barren 29-square mile wheat farm his own sovereign territory. The province's stamps and passports have been accepted in numerous countries, and now the man who's made a mug of those who initially dismissed him is planning further moves to cement his claims. If you still think he's joking, turn to page 83. Casley's son, Prince Ian, took the accompanying photos.

This shit really hit the fan early this year, when NSW Detective Sergeant Warren Molloy dobbled in the Deputy Commissioner of Police, Bill Allen, and set off the inquiry which unseated the number two man in blue in the State. But as freelance writer and Sydney City Council Alderman Tony Reeves points out, the implications of Allen's ignominious departure are yet to be realised. In A Knight In The Cross on page 91, Reeves profiles Molloy, the policeman who laid his career and maybe even his personal safety on the line, for the sake of a principle. Artist Yvonne Sutherland's illustration complements the story.

Ken Warby won the world water speed record in a craft named "Spirit of Australia". But his patriotism didn't do his bank account any good. That's one of the reasons why he's currently doing the drag race circuit in the United States. *Penthouse* motoring editor Peter McKay caught up with Warby and found out why the fastest man on water, who could have been a national hero if he'd made his remarkable feat in another era, was forced to take his talents out of Australia. Life's A Drag starts on page 57.

Other features this month include irreverent wine and food writer Richard Beckett's Beer Drinkers' Guide to Wine. Wine isn't a drink anymore according to Beckett, it's a PhD thesis: a liquid the pseuds would rather talk about than drink. Award-winning cartoonist Bruce Petty's illustration on page 96 accompanies Beckett's rant. Denis Whitburn continues the *Penthouse* History of Australian Crime with the Squizzy Taylor story. Taylor's reign over the Melbourne underworld in the 1920s was brought to a bloody finale worthy of a Sam Peckinpah movie script. The Shadow of Squizzy Taylor starts on page 120. A desperate professor of English is forced to think dirty in this month's fiction piece by Morris Lurie, The Professor Begins, on page 102. Hi-Fi writer Richard Morgan explains sonic holography, the system which gives three-dimensional sound, on page 106. Noel Christensen previews the imminent superbike stampede on page 138 and fashion editor Sue Smith presents the latest look in neckwear on page 142.

Hey, hey, hey, how about our stunning cover girl and Pet of the Month, Carla Adams? Our amazingly svelte Pet hails from Adelaide, but this fast lady's passionate approach to life is bound to break her out of the city of churches. We also bring you a touch of black magic from Jane Felber, and some interesting French lessons from Veronique — magnifique! ☺



Strip away that everyday exterior
and underneath you could discover a romantic.



JOCKEY
UNDERWEAR

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Our June cover story, "Raising the Standard" by Harold Scruby, led to us being swamped with letters from readers across the country who took a passionate interest in the issue of changing the Australian flag. Here's a selection of the comments and designs that landed in our mailbox.

Down under design

My friends and I agree 100 percent with your article "Raising the Standard". Australia most certainly needs a new flag and a totally separate identity. As I travel overseas frequently, it came to a point where I was obliged to design something distinctively Australian so it would be clear to others I met that I came from the land down under. I designed a typically Australian T-shirt to get my message across and it was met with enthusiasm wherever I went.

Getting back to your article, I would like further information on your lobby group and I would like to know if there is any way in which I can help shape a new national identity for Australia by assisting in the quest for a new flag. — *Craig Meehan, Victoria*

Seeing the light

I have just finished reading Harold Scruby's article and I must say it was well done. Over the years I have designed two flags for the possible replacement of the current Australian standard. Of those published in your magazine I liked two — the Connaghan & May yellow kangaroo on a green background and, of course, McSpedden Carey's "dream".

This kind of article is educational, and it must have been good for your sales as there are so many of us out here who are eager to see a new, independent Australian banner. Let's hope you've jogged a few others into seeing the light. — *Kevin Hayward, NSW*

Running it up

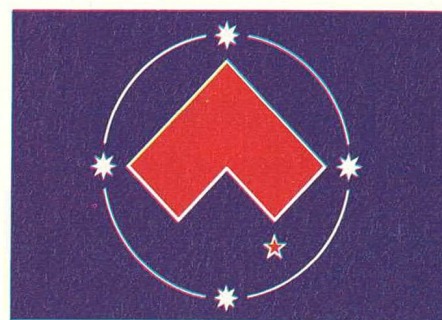
Following on from Harold Scruby's article "Raising the Standard" in your June issue I thought you might be interested in the concept for a new Australian flag (pictured at top) which I designed a few years ago. — *Michael Woodcock, Mosman, NSW*

Farewell to empire

Despite your comments regarding the submission of alternative designs for a

new Australian flag, I feel that my design (at bottom) should receive consideration. It represents a radical departure from the "Empire" look and I believe it will gain widespread support.

With our Bi-Centenary coming up, I am confident that something like this design will be accepted. I have registered the design and I am receiving encouragement from firms. — *Athol Kelly, Victoria*



Boomerang comeback

I wish to congratulate your magazine on the article concerning the issue of an appropriate national flag for Australia.

I also feel it is about time that we got rid of the Union Jack and came up with a true Australian flag. I have travelled quite extensively overseas and have found it tiresome explaining that we are an independent country and not under British control. Overseas people cannot be condemned for assuming that we are ruled by Britain as the flag gives no indication that we do govern ourselves.

The design that impressed me most was the one from Schofield Sherbon Baker that depicted the stylised boomerang and the Southern Cross. This design was situated second from the top of the flagpole you chose to "fly" the designs on. — *Mark Bucknall, Queensland*

True colors

I have just read your article on the Australian flag and I would like to recom-

mend that we use the colors green and gold, as these traditionally — particularly in sport — are Australia's true blue colors. I'm not so certain how it should be designed but it should not contain the Union Jack, which is outmoded and childish for a nation which doesn't revere the British any more, as we did when that flag was designed. It probably goes without saying that Australia ought to become a republic. We need a change of scene, and what better way than to get rid of this outdated, outlandish monarchist rubbish. — *James Wilson, Sydney*

Pomp and Pommies

My sincere congratulations on your cover and story on the Australian flag in June *Penthouse*. I could not agree with you more that it's time we had our own flag, not one with another country represented on it. Perhaps if we can get rid of that Pommie flag we can also rid ourselves of some or all of the parasites who come with it — namely the Governor-General and the six State Governors. With these people and their hangers-on out of the way, the government could release money for much-needed hospitals and educational facilities. — *Gerald R. Lawson, Weston, NSW*

Green and gold

Your article on the relevance of our flag to Australia of the present and future was most appropriate. The explanation of its origin gave a simple understanding of why it is as it is, and the illustrations of other State and national flags showed what it could and should be.

Commenting on the alternative designs you offered, I believe our national colors should be green and gold to match our colors of international competition. Uniformity is essential and green and gold give a striking presentation. The flag should feature a stylised kangaroo and the Southern Cross or the Federation star, or both.

To this end, an adaption of the lower Begg Dow Friday (kangaroo and Southern Cross), the Monaghan Adams (stylised roo and stars), and Connaghan & May (green and gold) would combine to make my "ideal" flag. Of the original alternatives, the Monaghan Dayman Adams entry would get my vote. Congratulations on your article and may it result in a new flag for our Bi-Centenary. — *C.K. Hackney, Cooma, NSW*

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Some things in life have a special quality

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse* — its contents, its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Self-involved

Ever since I first discovered the joy of self-stimulation, I have been a master of masturbation. Now that I'm 24 with a place of my own, I am able to partake of my pleasures in complete privacy and without fear of intrusion on my fantasy. I am six foot three, weigh 185 pounds, and have blond hair and blue eyes. I have been told that I am very attractive, and I am proud of my sleek, muscular body. I love sex and share the intimacies of lovemaking often, but when it comes to having super-intense orgasms, nothing beats, so to speak, my masturbation technique.

Most of the time I am alone during my self-love sessions, but I often enjoy performing for my lady friends, who like to watch. On one memorable occasion I even performed in front of five women who sat around the edge of the bed and watched as I stroked myself to one of the most fantastic climaxes I have ever experienced. My technique is simple, but tried and true, and never fails to bring immense pleasure.

When I feel myself getting in the mood, I will have a smoke and get very relaxed while I thumb through some copies of *Penthouse*. The beautiful pictures start getting me very turned on so I adjourn to my bedroom to get comfortable. Then I get the baby oil and Vaseline from my dresser and place them on the table next to my bed within easy reach. The wall facing the bed has a large, full-length mirror on it and I stand before it as I slowly begin to undress. After my shirt is removed I pull the zipper down on my pants and watch as my semi-hard cock tumbles out (I rarely wear underwear). When I am completely naked I sit on the edge of the bed and admire my body as I spread my legs wide apart. I caress my smooth skin and run my hands down to my swelling cock and balls. By now I am completely hard and my eight-inch shaft is proudly standing straight up in the air. I lie back on the bed, propping myself up against the pillows so that I can look at myself in the mirror. My legs are still spread wide as I smooth the baby oil over my chest, stomach, inner thighs, and finally over my hard, thick pole. My skin shimmers as it reflects soft bedroom light. I then take Vaseline from the table.

Scooping some up with my fingertips, I begin to smooth the slippery stuff over my throbbing love muscle. Starting at the head, I slowly stroke the Vaseline over the

length of my shaft and then down over my aching balls. I wrap my hand around the tip and begin to slide up and down in a smooth, steady rhythm. My mirror image looks so sexy as I continue pumping. My prick is deep purple in color by now and looks so swollen. My hand glides down to massage my balls and then continues to the crevice between my tight arse cheeks. There I massage my sensitive arsehole, smoothing the greasy Vaseline over my tight back door and pushing the tip of my finger up against it.

When my sphincter is nicely relaxed, I take my Japanese love beads (pearl-sized beads, tied about one inch apart on a silk string) and slowly insert them one at a time. I continue to slowly massage my cock. The feeling is tremendous and my cock and balls seem to swell to even greater proportions. Now I am totally into my self-loving and I concentrate on milking and massaging my cock. I bring myself close to the edge, only to back off, prolonging the ecstasy.

Finally when I can take no more, I tighten the grip of my hand around my thick, greasy shaft, and begin to milk my pole for all it's worth. I can feel my come, under high pressure, beginning its journey from my aching balls, up through the length of my shaft. I gasp as the first jet of come squirts out and splashes on my neck, chest, and stomach. I start pulling the beads out, synchronising each exit of a bead with a jet of come. I groan loudly as the last bead slips out. My balls and shaft contract strongly and I eject my final drops.

I am totally spent and I smooth the love cream over my tingling skin. Then, I close my eyes and fall into a deep sleep. — R.C., Sydney.

Hospital capers

I would like to relate the story of an unusual but enjoyable incident. It happened whilst I was in Cairns Hospital for a five-day period suffering from an illness which left me in a considerably weakened state. As a result I had to be washed by nurses. I was strong enough to walk to the bath with the assistance of my nurse, Diana — a stunning blonde with clear blue eyes, pouting breasts and a beautiful small, firm arse. Fortunately no-one else was about in the bathing area. She drew the bath as I undressed, and she shut the door for privacy. She assisted me into the

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AUGUST

bath and the combination of her presence and the hot water gave me an erection. She started to sponge my back, but when she got around to my chest she could no longer ignore the obvious. Our eyes met and she said: "We'll have to do something about that," with a glint in her eye.

She started to rub my cock with the sponge and I said, "That feels great." She then massaged my balls with her right hand and enveloped the head of my prick in her mouth, and pumped it with her left hand. The combination of her warm saliva and the warm water sent chills up and down my spine. As she was kneeling and bending over the bath, her tunic rode up her thighs and I reached my hand up to stroke her pussy through her white panties, which were now quite damp. She then abruptly announced: "It's time to finish you off and get dry. We'll sit you on that chair over there."

My erection had certainly not disappeared; indeed I was quite turned on, and looked at her with anticipation. She started to dry me in the chair and as she dried my erect cock, she said: "I think my special treatment might be beneficial for you, considering your present condition." With that, she immediately slipped off her white panties, threw up her tunic, spread her pink pussy lips and then proceeded to sit

on my lap, slipping her tight moist pussy over my erection. As she moved up and down on my prick I could feel the juice building. She started to moan as I massaged her clit with a finger wedged in between us.

Diana's pussy was soaking wet as she reached her orgasm, and she was moving up and down so rapidly I feared we would fall off the chair. That thought disappeared into oblivion as I shot my load deep into her snatch. As she was drying me off, she added, "I hope you're looking forward to your next bath." I can assure you I was. It was a thoroughly "cleansing" experience. — R.W., Neutral Bay, NSW.

The right incentive

Unlike a lot of your readers I have always known my story would interest "Forum," even though I realise a lot of it wouldn't be the kind of life-style most people would want to follow. For me it has been the greatest. I know that I'm a sexual slave, but I wouldn't change it for the world.

It all started back when I was 18. Sure, I had been out with boys, but I was still a virgin and really pretty innocent at the time. I did know what it was to get hot through and through every night. I would strip naked, lie on my back with my legs spread, and masturbate. One day while I was doing just that, the door to my room opened and there stood Greg, an old

family friend who often stays with us when his parents are away.

I got this sinking feeling in my gut. I didn't know what to do and all I could say was "Don't tell mum." He said he wouldn't and then came and sat on the edge of my bed. He put his hand on my thigh and slowly slid it up to my pussy. I gasped when he touched me and he asked if I liked that. I said I did and he began to finish me off, all the time telling me what a mean little body I had. (I do have, too! I'm petite, 36-23-34, and 107 pounds.) I came like a cannon and he said he would come back and do me the next night too.

This went on for a week but I always had to be at the ready if I wanted it. I had to be naked, on my back, knees up, and legs spread when he came into the room. He said I would have to earn my fun and he pulled his cock out of his pants. Can any girl forget her first sight of a cock? It looked so big, and stiff, mean, and hard, and I was fascinated by it. He told me to touch it and I could hardly believe how soft the skin was, especially at the tip. Then he told me to put it in my mouth and suck it.

I could barely get it in my mouth. He told me to take as much in as I could and suck on it and move my tongue over it. He told me to play with his balls and suck them too and he taught me how to jack him with my hand while I was sucking him. He would say, "Be ready to swallow, because I'm coming." It would gush down my throat, so salty, and I wasn't really ready for it. If some slipped out of the side of my mouth, he told me to lick that up from my fingers. As he masturbated me he told me that when I could swallow every drop I would get a surprise.

Now he would come into my room and sit on the edge of the bed and I would kneel between his legs, naked, and take out his cock and suck him off. Sometimes he would reach down and play with my titties while I sucked. One night I kept down every drop of his come. He gave me a surprise. He got down and ate me through two orgasms. It was the greatest thing that had ever happened to me.

A couple of days later he came in and I sucked him off and then he ate me. Then he said, "I guess you want to know what's left." I said I did. He told me, "If you want it, ask for it." I said I wanted it. He said "What?" Finally I said, "I want you to stick it in me. I want to get screwed by you." All this time he was sucking my titties and masturbating me, so my words came out pretty jumbled as I was coming. It was then that he slipped his cock up my pussy.

I was surprised, because I thought it would hurt lots, but it just pinched a little. He put my knees over his shoulders. I'm pretty small so he got in pretty deep that way. I just loved the feeling of him slamming into my pussy. I came again like a demon.

This went on for a couple of months and then Greg got a girlfriend. He didn't come

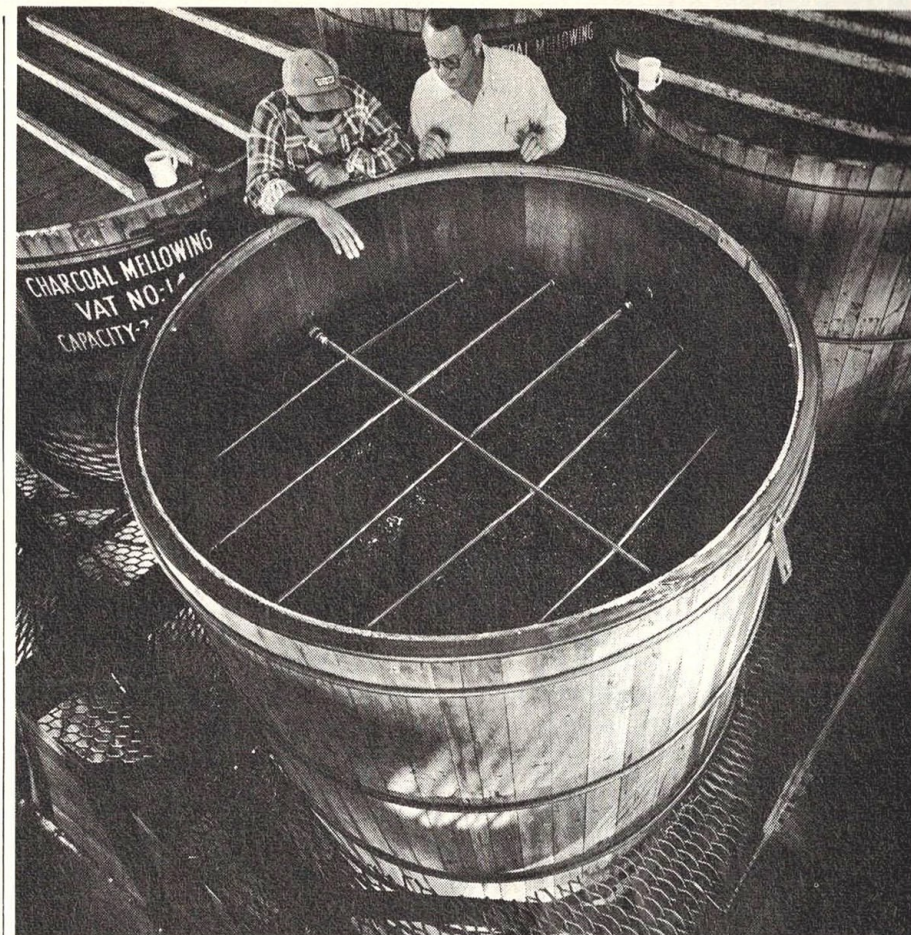
and see me much anymore. I was pretty depressed by that. But one day he asked if I wanted to go out that night. I said I would, but it had been about two months since our last screw, so I didn't expect anything sexual. I thought it was over. Well, he drove me to a strip joint, and I said I wasn't going in. But he said that I would if I wanted it that night. I needed it so bad that I didn't argue.

We got a table by the stage. A girl came out and began to dance and I started to get turned on. It wasn't the sight of the girl but the thought of what it would be like to strip in front of all those guys. I doubted I would have the guts, but it turned me on to think about it. I got butterflies in my gut and a twinge in my pussy when she showed her titties, and then I was really squirming when she got down to her G-string and guys started shoving money in it. Finally she took that off and did a slow number on a rug, spreading her legs and showing her pussy. Greg said, "That's what you look like when I come into your room." I guess he was right and I got embarrassed.

We watched some more girls and Greg told me to take notice of the one I thought was best. Finally a girl did a real good dance and I told him so. He told me to remember what she did. We waited until she came on again and he gave me a dollar and told me to put it in her G-string. I didn't want to, but he said if I did I would get an extra special screwing that night. When the girl finally came over, she looked a bit surprised to see another woman, but she turned her bum to me and bent over and looked at me between her legs. I pulled the strap down and was about to slip the dollar under it when she stepped back and made my hand slip right down on her pussy. She just stood up and laughed at me and I took off out of there.

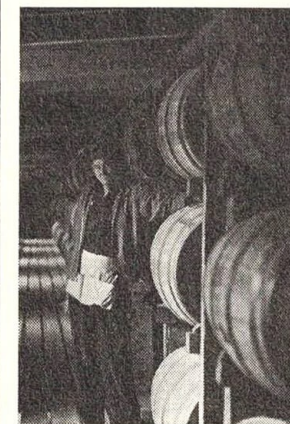
When we got home I got screwed as promised, and then Greg started masturbating me. He took some juice from my pussy and spread it over my arse and then he screwed me there. It was tight and it hurt a bit at first. But he flicked my clitoris as he screwed me and I got to love it. When he was finished, he told me that his parents were going away for the weekend and so he would like to see me do a striptease. I was to get my costumes together and he would get the music ready. He screwed me every night for the rest of that week, just like before.

On Saturday night his girl friend came over and he said she would watch, too, because she didn't want to go into a strip place but had always wondered what it was like. I didn't want her around but he talked me into it by masturbating me and promising me a good going over. I got a real rush out of doing it. I watched their eyes when I took off my bottoms. When I did the slow part on the rug flashing my pussy at them I knew I was wet and they both licked their lips. When I finished they both said I was great. Immediately after



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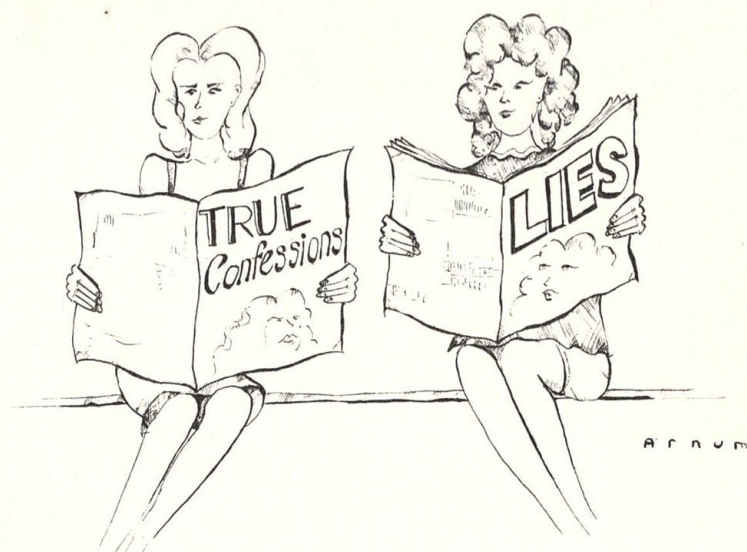
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FORUM

that, Greg's girlfriend said that she would take some pictures of me. She had a Polaroid camera. Greg began positioning me while she took shots. I wasn't too sure of it at first, but I soon got into it. Pretty soon I was masturbating for the camera. Then she asked if I wanted to take pictures of her. She had a pretty mean body too and was quick to get the hang of it. Greg grabbed the camera and told us to go at it together. She put her arm around me before I could object, bent down, and sucked on one of my titties. Greg told her to masturbate me. I didn't like it at first but started to come after a while. Then she ate me and the next thing I knew I was doing it to her. Her titties were so soft and her pussy tasted too good for words. I even swallowed her juice.

I made it with the two of them for a couple of months after that. She admitted that she was bi and had been trying to get at me before they thought up their plan.

All of this happened several years ago. Now I am married and my husband is my new master. He can get me to do anything if he promises me a good screwing. — Ms L.K., Brisbane

Schoolyard blues

I don't know whether I should be writing this letter or not, but I guess it can't hurt

after so long. At the time, I was 18 years old and attending an exclusive eastern suburbs boarding school. I guess men would find me reasonably desirable, as I have a lean willowy body and fine auburn hair caressing my shoulders. My figure is well-proportioned; my eyes are dark green and I can make them look as sexy as hell when I really want to. You can imagine how many heads I turned in my mini-skirt school uniform — and not just men, either!

One lunchtime at school I was with Fiona, a fellow prefect and good friend, and we were punishing a particularly smart-arsed little bitch of a junior for not attending a detention. After a verbal castigation which produced no obvious effect, Fiona pulled out a ruler and decided to teach the little tart once and for all. She pushed her across a desk and I lifted her skirt so that her virginal little piston-teaser was primed for a good spanking. To tell the truth, the sight of those lithe young legs stretching up to that taut little pussy, covered only by her white cottontails, really had my peach melba quivering with anticipation.

After a few well-placed hits which somehow found their way on to her unsuspecting labia, the little bitch's screams of pain turned into moans of ecstasy. By this time I was totally absorbed by what was taking place; I noticed little rivulets of lubrication trickling down her innocent

thighs. Fiona turned to me and smiled. At that instant we both reached to remove her panties. The sight of her still-smarting panties. The sight of her still-smarting bright red snatch was too much for me to bear. I pushed Fi aside and thrust my hot tongue into her even hotter thermos.

Before I knew it, the door swung open and I could see the housemistress glaring at me with a sort of perverse curiosity. I was helpless — caught red-handed. She ordered Fi and the little tart out of the room, as they were seemingly innocent. When they were out of earshot she said, "I think you could do with some of your own medicine, young lady."

She locked the door behind her and my mouth dropped open. She then proceeded to pull down my panties, which were now saturated with my recently-discharged ooze. "My, we are eager today, aren't we?" she smiled.

She bent me over the desk and I felt a cold, smooth object thrusting vigorously between my heavenly gates. I soon reached the point of no return and I had several earth-shattering orgasms. The muscles of my twat were rapidly contracting as she drove the huge test tube home again and again.

"Have you had enough yet?" she asked casually. Cheekily I answered "No", only to feel the intensity rising in my loins once again, as she flicked her hot tongue across my clit. She guided one of my hands to her hardening nipples while I fingered myself with the other, greedily.

It was the most mind-blowing experience of my life and, although the mistress avoided me thereafter, to this day I still take a real fancy to young girls in school uniforms. — C.A., Coogee, NSW

Ship to shore

I am writing this story because I have read *Penthouse* for the past ten years and have never seen a story on tugboaters. We usually push barges, and we carry 15 men. We stay on board for a month at a time, which can make a person's sex life very deprived.

On a recent trip we were held up for a couple of days because a bridge had collapsed into a channel we had to go through. So on the night they were going to blow up the bridge to remove it, the captain and I decided to go to town and drink a beer to celebrate.

As it would be another 24 hours before we could move, we put the skiff in the water and went to a small town just below the bridge. We stopped at the first pub we came to.

After a couple of beers, I was at the bar trying to put the hard word on this sexy little barmaid, because I'd been on the boat for about 25 days and my dick was harder than Chinese arithmetic. When I noticed that it had gotten late and the captain, the girl, and I were shitfaced, we closed the bar and left. As we left, she turned us



"They say I service a larger area than the flying doctor . . . but it takes a night like this to make it really sink in!"

FORUM

on to a smoke which fired us all up. She took us up to her little place in the country, and there we smoked some more, and drank more beer. As we were leaving to return to the riverfront, the captain went to the pisser and Bess and I, left outside, proceeded to kiss and pet. Finally I couldn't help it, it had been too long without any pussy and the beer, smoke, and the rest really loosened me up. So I whispered in Bess's ear, "I want to screw you now!" She asked me where and I pointed to her car, but she said it wasn't big enough. Well, I just laid her down on the ground and started taking her clothes off.

She had some of the tightest pussy I've ever had and was one of the best lays in the world. Anyway, this complete stranger was screwing me like a wild bull, and then the captain came out. All he could say after his eyes adjusted to the dark was "Well, well!" So I said, "Let her suck your dick while I screw her, and after a few moments' hesitation she was getting it from both ends, on the ground, at about three in the morning. Well, after we changed places and had both been screwed and sucked, she had to take a bath as we had plowed up a lot of grass.

After she got us back to our skiff, we talked her into coming over to our boat, which didn't take long, as we'd been telling

her how beautiful the boat was. (It really is.) When we got to the boat, the engineer and a deckhand left their watches. We proceeded on to the pilot house, where we listened to the stereo, and again the three of us undressed and began to get stuck into it. Bess sat in the wheelhouse chair, which swivels, and the captain held her feet up in the air from behind while I stuffed my overdeprived dick in her tight pussy. After I started getting weak-kneed, the captain took my place.

I went to the toilet and came back with a bottle of baby oil. As I started rubbing the oil on her breasts, I asked her how she liked getting screwed by both of us on a tugboat. I called her a slutty bitch and noticed she really started to get off on that. So again I got between her legs, and she was giving the captain a handjob to bring him around again.

Finally we all were exhausted and decided to shower and get a few hours' sleep. Bess slept with me in my room, and after we woke up I asked if she was sore as I played gently with her now swollen pussy. She said yes, so I rolled on top of her and we enjoyed good, slow, gentle intercourse, followed by a shower.

I had her wake the captain up and the three of us went to the dining room and ate dinner. Then the captain and I escorted her back to her car in the skiff and thanked her for an enjoyable time and kissed her farewell. — *Name and address withheld*

Covert

While on a flight up to Bangkok with my wife I caught the eye of an attractive lady with a large group of German tourists. I saw her again after we landed, and since our luggage was going to take a while to come off the plane, I sent my wife with friends for a drink. I elbowed my way through the swarms of passengers to a place in the crowd near the rotating baggage racks. It was so crowded that you could practically fall asleep standing up, but it was terribly noisy. Leaning to the right, I realised that I had my elbow pressed into the body of the German lady from the plane who was also trying to find her luggage. Our eyes met briefly before we continued to look for our luggage but neither of us fully returned to our former positions. As we stood, the full length of my right arm remained in light contact with the left front of her torso. She happened to be wearing a dark fur coat, with a high collar, which reached to her knees and was open and completely covered my arm. Her manner had been knowing but not blatantly flirtatious, and I was not certain if I were imagining that a beautiful, married, silent woman was pressing her body against me.

Throwing caution to the winds, I began leaning forward and to the right so that while I appeared to be looking for baggage I was slowly passing my elbow over the soft fullness of her left breast. Every ounce

of concentration and feeling in my body was at that moment centred in my arm. The thin silk fabric of her blouse and sheerness of her bra allowed my arm to slide with a minimum of resistance but failed completely to cover the nipple, which now appeared. Drawing my arm back toward me slightly I tried to stimulate it and with great deliberation succeeded in positioning my arm so that only her swollen nipple remained in slight contact with my arm.

Neither of us moved for over a minute. Our breathing became synchronised as we strained to maintain contact. Yet she had not acknowledged my presence. Carefully I began to rotate my arm in such a way that I pulled her nipple first sideways, then down and around in tiny circles until I established a methodical rhythm which she had to notice. And she did. Her breathing became more labored, and after nearly a minute of movement her responding body acknowledge my presence with a series of involuntary shudders.

Sensing acceptance in her response, I decided to gamble. I rotated my hand inward, bringing my elbow deeply against her breast and rested the heel of my hand firmly on her pubic bone. Her eyes were the only thing to move as they checked quickly to ensure that no one in the tightly packed, impatient crowd was paying attention. My fingers cupped inward until

they surrounded the pouting lips of her vagina. The warmth on my fingers was penetrating as I began to slide her skirt easily over her silky nylon panties. I inched her skirt upward until my fingers rested on the damp crotch of her panties. Not wanting to rush too quickly I lazily traced the shape of her pussy, sliding one finger downward between the lips while lightly drawing two fingers back up along the outside of her mound. This gradual approach had soon embedded the crotch of her panties between her swollen lips, soaking them completely with her warm, sticky flow.

Feeling totally in command, I then reached upward and tucked the hem of her skirt into her garter belt to keep it out of the way. Her face showed warm color and her eyes were glazed with a faraway stare, but in no other way could anyone tell what was occurring.

Sliding my hand downward from her waist across her soft skin, I eased under the top of her panties and into the damp hair of her vagina. I was no longer hesitant and forcefully drove two fingers between her lips into her vagina up to my second knuckle. The displaced crotch of her soppy panties clung to the back of my hand as I carefully slid my fingers in and out of her throbbing depths. Every third or fourth stroke I rose to the area around her clitoris to squeeze it between my fingers. Each time I did this her eyes would flicker and

close momentarily and her breathing would become punctuated with low gasps.

Her clit was apparently too sensitive to touch directly, but I found that by squeezing it between the labia and rolling it in the plentiful juices which now covered her crotch, I could "build" her rapidly.

I began building her until I felt that she could no longer remain still and then slid my hand back into the depths of her swollen vagina, cupping it hard until the spasms began. I came to feel a special tenderness for the beautiful German lady who demonstrated such amazing self-control for 40 or so minutes.

I had returned to masturbating her clitoris and was about to slide my hand away from her throbbing bud lest she come, when suddenly the crowd came alive as the first pieces of luggage moved along the conveyor belt. Taking advantage of the jostling crowd I increased the speed of my strokes and, concentrating on the clit itself, rubbed violently until the tiny shudders of excitement became the spasms of uncontrolled release and she clutched my arm firmly against her spending body. For over a minute she leaned helplessly against my shoulder in the busy terminal.

I will never forget this once-in-a-lifetime fantasy come true in the now memorable Bangkok airport. — *Name and address withheld.*

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PARIS

THE VIETNAM VETERANS' ADVISOR

The Vietnam War was an unpopular war. When our veterans returned, Australia pretended that they had never participated. The war was a political error and our returned "heroes" were complacently reunited with society. No hero's welcome. Few concessions, if any, were given.

Many lost more than prime life time. The mates of these men were annihilated before their eyes. Men fell from helicopters, and vehicles turned over on drivers. Horrific, demoralising booby-traps were ready for the unwary, and often the soldiers just could not tell the difference between the Vietnamese and the Vietcong. This was a guerilla war and there were no fixed battle lines. The cumulative tension of this nightmare would play on the veteran's mental and moral fibre — eating away, dissolving a man's very reasons for living, for just being alive. What happened in Australia after our soldiers sacrificed themselves, emotionally, physically or totally?

Our families grew, we kept our jobs, and we continued to be educated. We grew, and the veterans stagnated.

Time passed, and some noticed that their tempers and their depression were not improving. Veterans from the World Wars had improved slowly with time. But what was happening to these men from Vietnam? Why should they continue to deteriorate? Why should they, after 10 or 15 years, appear to be worse than they were on discharge? Some doctors considered that the veterans' conditions were similar to gradually-progressing brain disorders.

Recent research seems to be pointing more and more to the fact that herbicides and insecticides (agents orange, blue, white and others, along with Malathion and DDT) could have been the triggering factors in this brain disorder. Research in Victoria on Gippsland farmers has shown that these herbicides can drain the system of important heavy metals required for nerve function. Furthermore, our present social lifestyle involving heavy alcohol and nicotine consumption can potentiate the effects of these herbicides on the body. Scientific work done in the last few decades has shown that these agents could indeed activate a tendency towards depression and schizophrenia in workers exposed to them. The possibility exists that these agents could have triggered a brain dysfunction, and that current lifestyles have perpetuated this dysfunction, which apparently mimics psychiatric disorders.

A study by an American psychiatrist recently showed that certain skin disorders demonstrated in Vietnam veterans are possibly linked to an allergy-type disorder. It is known that a certain component of these agents can be an initiation factor in contact dermatitis. Indeed, many veterans find that treatment



We have a
responsibility to the
veteran, as he believed
he had a responsibility
to us during the
Vietnam War

of their skin disorders by specialists is quite inadequate. Could the reason be that these agents have stimulated an allergy reaction, and that contact with similar substances in our present environment perpetuates the formation of these types of dermatitis? If the skin can be stimulated into an allergy-type condition by an inflammatory process — a dermatitis — then it is only reasonable to expect that certain other organ systems of the body can be likewise affected. Research on workers manufacturing these agents has shown higher incidences of internal organ inflammation, such as hepatitis and colitis.

It has been shown that these substances can alter a person's immune system — the body's defence mechanisms — to such an extent that certain allergies and cancers can develop. Swedish

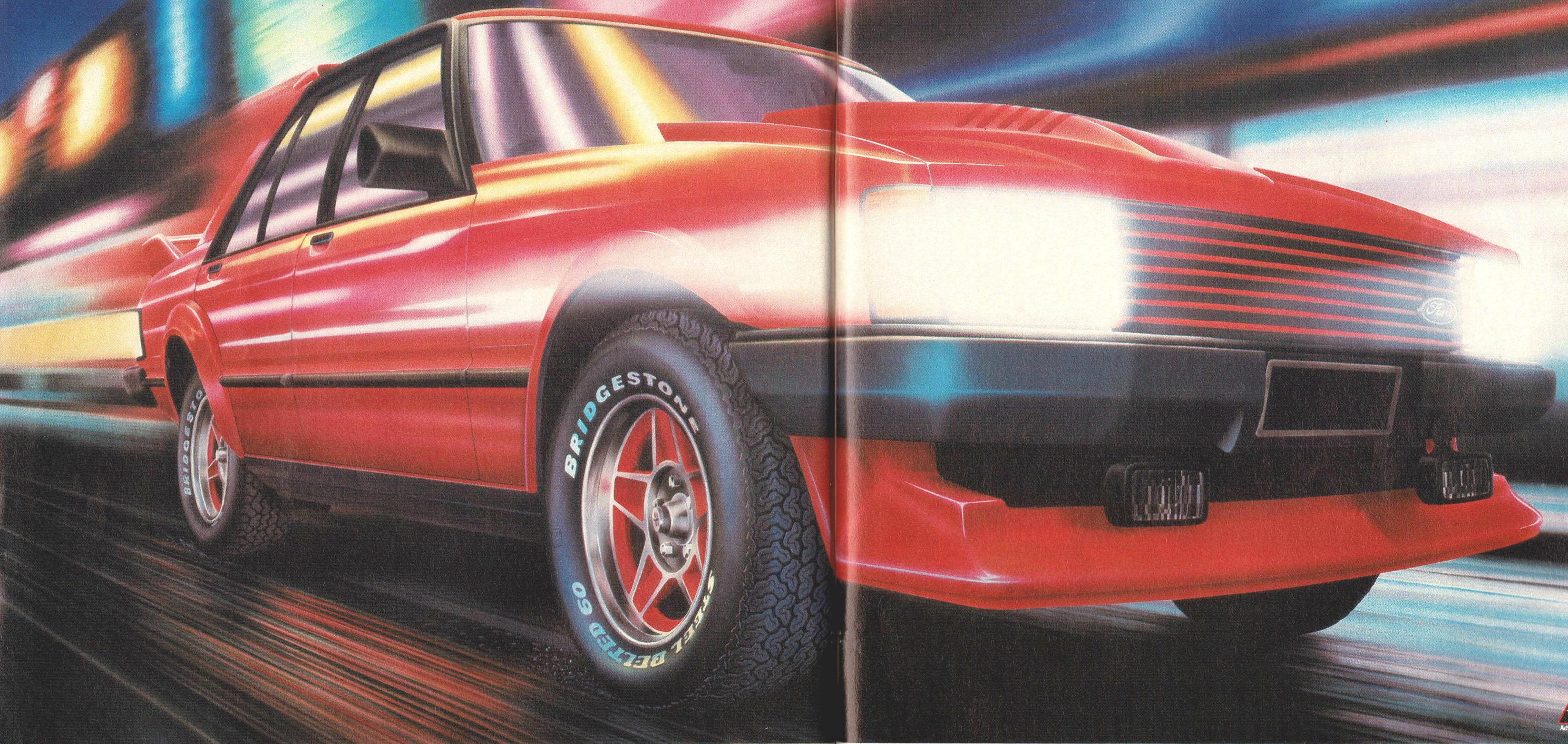
studies are presently confirming that a higher incidence of cancer can be found in railway workers who spray the substances 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T. Only recently the Repatriation Commission was unable to prove that a case of lymphoma was not caused by exposure to these agents.

Studies on herbicide and organophosphate insecticide sprayers have shown that chromosomal damage has occurred during the spraying season. This damage usually repairs itself during the layoff period. Apparently the veterans have been exposed to a multitude of chemicals: a poison cocktail which appears to produce genetic damage in the veterans that can be transmitted to their off-spring. This is not new to medicine; already a number of chemicals are known to be able to cause genetic damage transmitted through the father rather than through the mother. To date research has only been on sprayers and workers involved in the manufacture of herbicides and organophosphate insecticides. The only other comprehensive studies have been on animals, in particular mice and rats. These studies all show that there is great concern about the safety of these chemicals.

In the recent Foundation 41 study of Vietnam veterans, chromosomal mosaic patterns have been shown to occur, though as yet this has not been attributed to either the control or the veterans group. Our society has a responsibility to the veteran, as he believed he had a responsibility to us during the Vietnam War. We should provide him with the answers to the questions that have just been reviewed.

As well as the scientific and medical questions, there are legal issues which must be considered. Veterans have not simply sought compensation, but want a judicial inquiry to provide answers to their problems, and decisions on where the legal and political responsibility should lie. ☐

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Y&R T8D2



I was looking forward to the rest of the evening just as much as he was - and then I served him mere Scotch instead of



Love at first sight may be possible, but I feel a lot stronger about lust at first sight ♡

XAMIERA HOLLANDER

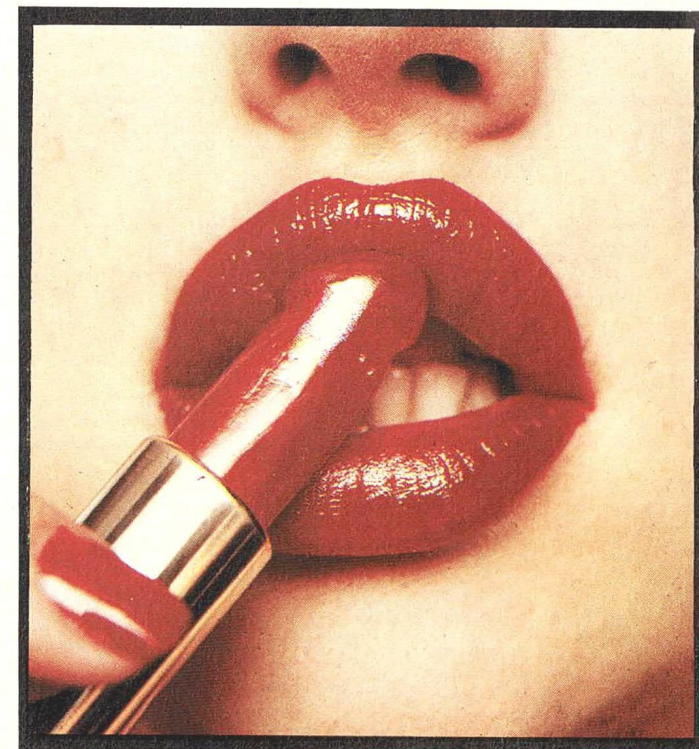
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a 27-year-old female model. I'm recently divorced and had been seeing a 37-year-old banker. My boyfriend went on golf trips about twice a month, so I joined a local country club to take some lessons to surprise him. I put my name on the list for instructions and waited for the new pro to call when he was ready to start the lessons.

My boyfriend was out of town the following Friday when the phone rang. It was the golf pro, asking to see if I was free the next day. I told him I could be there around noon, and he said that was fine. He had a very sexy voice, and I wondered what he looked like and whether he was married or not.

It was very warm the next day, so I threw on a very revealing top and pair of short shorts. I arrived at the club and was surprised to find only about 10 cars in the parking lot. I walked into the pro shop and found the sexiest hunk of man I've ever seen in my life. He was sitting in a lounge chair, reading some book. I didn't say anything for a few seconds and just feasted my eyes on this handsome hunk. He looked to be in his early forties, with brown hair, blue eyes, and a beautiful build. He was clad in a white golf shirt, with the top three buttons open revealing a muscular chest with thick, curly body hair. He had on a pair of light-brown tennis shorts, and I couldn't help but notice the huge bulge in them. This bulge was so big it looked like he had a cricket ball in his shorts. He had the face of Cary Grant and beautifully tanned, muscular arms and legs. Just the sight of this man made my inflamed crotch wet with desire. I coughed or something and he looked up at me and our eyes met. I think both of us knew instantly that we'd be in bed shortly. Our eyes never left one another as we walked toward each other. When we reached each other, he said, "Hi, you must be Sharon.



I'm Richard, the new golf pro," and reached out to shake my hand.

My first lesson didn't go too well because neither one of us could concentrate on golf. I never believed in love at first sight until now. I wanted him to show me how he swings his "club" so badly I seriously thought about raping him right there on the golf course. I almost fainted when he asked if I knew a good place to "wine and dine," and if I would like to join him for dinner. Naturally I said yes and gave him my phone number and address.

When my doorbell rang my heart jumped, and when I opened the door to see that hunk of man, I almost melted in his arms. I asked him if he'd like a drink, and he said, "Sure, I'll have a scotch and soda if you've got it." While I

was mixing the drinks we couldn't keep our eyes off one another. I'd never really been a crotch watcher, but I couldn't help noticing the outline in his pants. Not long after his arrival we kissed passionately and then I led him to the bedroom. We stood and admired each other's bodies. I'd never seen a man with a body like he had, especially his gorgeous cock.

I'd never had oral sex before, but when he started licking on my red-hot pussy I moved around so I could focus my attention on his dick. I started licking and sucking on it for all I was worth.

After I had had two orgasms, he got up and said, "I haven't been with a woman for two weeks and I'm gonna make love to you until you beg me to stop!" He got on top of me and I placed the head of his tool at the entrance of my inflamed snatch. When he slowly entered me I cried in pain, because I felt like a virgin again. After about five minutes the pleasure quickly overtook the pain and we began going at each other like crazy.

He screwed me for at least two hours, and I had half a dozen

orgasms. He had a couple and still kept banging away.

The next day he moved into my apartment, and I've been in heaven ever since.

— R.B., South Australia.

Isn't it wonderful to find the guy that you know is "it" for you? Congratulations on your discovery. Love at first sight may be possible, but I feel a lot stronger about lust at first sight. As far as golf pros go, well I myself prefer the long, lean body of a tennis pro who really knows his "racket."

STRANGE VIBRATIONS

I'm an attractive 23-year-old married office worker. My husband, Bill, has bought your magazine every month since I've known him. One night when I noticed a brand-new Penthouse on the coffee table. Thumbing through the articles, I came upon your column. A man had written in about setting his wife up with a friend. As I read, I found myself slowly grinding my thighs together. I became so horny that I slowly undressed and lay rubbing my clit. Before long, I had both legs on the table, spread wide, and was fingering myself violently with my arse bouncing all over the sofa.

Before reaching a climax, I went into the bedroom and found my vibrator. Lying

back, with my legs spread wide and the soles of my feet touching, I began to slowly rub the vibrator against my clit. I wanted it inside my throbbing pussy so badly that I could barely control myself. I finally reached such a state that the vibrator began to enter me, seemingly of its own volition.

About this time Bill walked in. I didn't even slow down. I just kept screwing, bucking and moaning with that thick rubber cock plunging in and out of my soaking pussy. When I finally came, all I could do was smile up at him. He smiled back and asked me what had started all of this. Hadn't he been taking good enough care of me? I assured him that he was and that this had never happened before. I then showed him the article that got me so hot. He then asked if I were interested in living out this fantasy. I was dumbfounded. I just looked in his eyes and after what seemed like an hour, I slowly nodded my head.

The next weekend we rented a motel room in a town 40 miles away. We went to a nightclub nearby, and once inside we split up. There were about a dozen couples in the club, dancing and sitting at the bar. One of them in particular was attractive. It took me at least half an hour to catch his eye and smile. After making small talk for a few minutes, he asked me to dance. His name was Bob. I told him that I was on a business trip and was only

in town for the night. As the second number began, I slowly moved my hand down to the curve of his behind and pushed myself gently against him. Soon his hand was on my arse, and I made no attempt to resist.

Back at the table, I sat down, looked Bob in the eye, and said, "Now where were we?" When he again put his hand on my thigh, he noticed that I had no pants on. He massaged my clit for a while, and just as he was entering me with two fingers, Bill stopped by. He asked how long I had been in town. I told him that I was only there for the night and that I had a motel room down the road. As we talked, Bob looked less and less comfortable. He finally stood up and began to leave. I stopped him and said, "Bob, don't be so greedy. There's enough to go around." Bill agreed to pick up a bottle and meet back at the room.

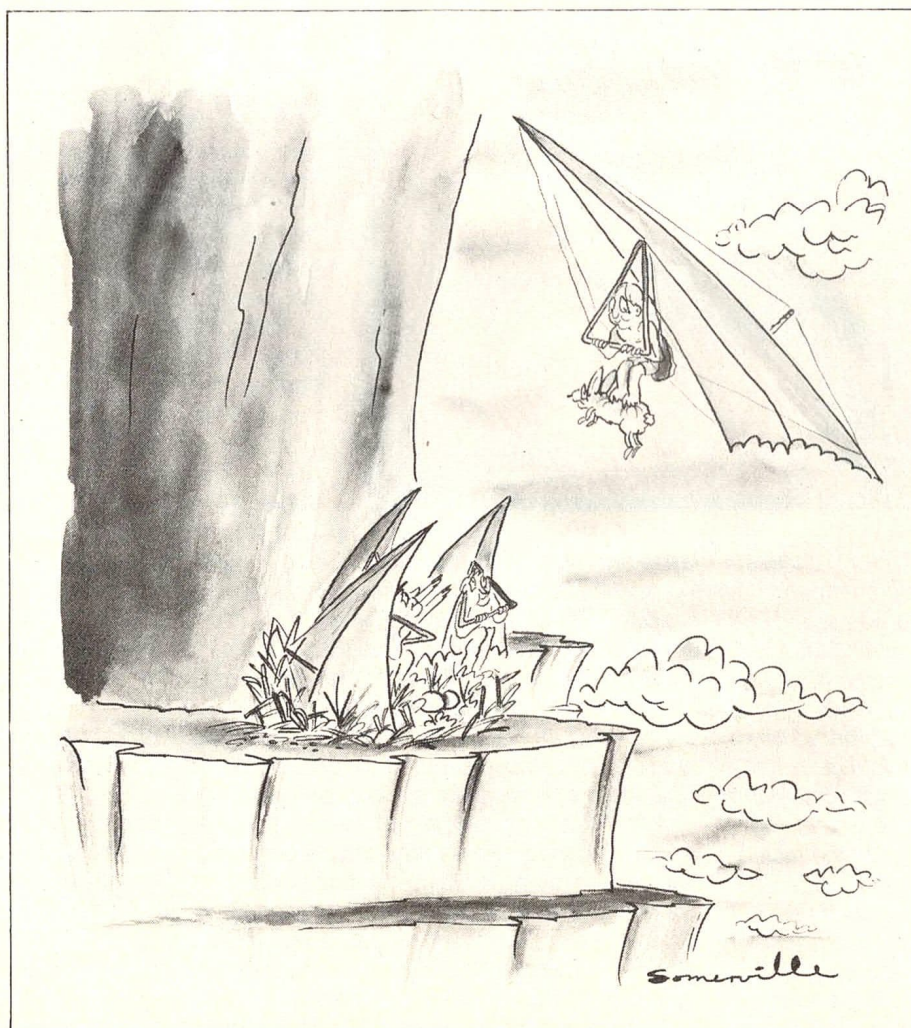
Back at the motel, Bob undressed me carefully, pausing only to lick and suck my tits. We lay in a sixty-nine position on the bed with me on top. As he tongued my pussy, I held his club in my hands, staring at it and stroking it softly.

I noticed movement at the window, and there was Bill. I winked at him and, taking that massive cock in both hands, began to feed it slowly down my throat. I could only take about half of him in, as my mouth just couldn't open that wide. As I sucked on Bob's cock and began squirming from the attention I was receiving, my eyes never left Bill. He looked pretty excited himself, and his mouth hung slightly open.

Bill entered the room and began to disrobe. Next thing, I felt a familiar cock brush against my cheek just as Bob entered me. The sensation was incredible. I felt stretched to the point of splitting, but any pain just added to my pleasure as we screwed faster and harder. We both came quickly. Bob pulled out and sprayed my stomach and tits with a huge load of come. I'd gotten so carried away that I forgot about Bill, who was jerking off in my face. He blew his load all over my face, hair and mouth. Then they changed places, and as I sucked Bob back into shape, I found myself massaging their come into my tits and stomach. It was such a turn-on that I couldn't help myself.

We screwed most of the night in every position and combination we could think of. I even took Bill in my arse and Bob in my pussy at the same time. With a cock in both holes at once, I never felt so completely done in my life. It was indescribable. Things will never be quite the same in our lives, thanks to you, Xaviera. — G.G., Victoria.

It's nice to feel that I am appreciated and know that there are folks who get more out of life by following my advice. Congratulations — you have one of those marriages where two is company and three is a lot of fun. ☺



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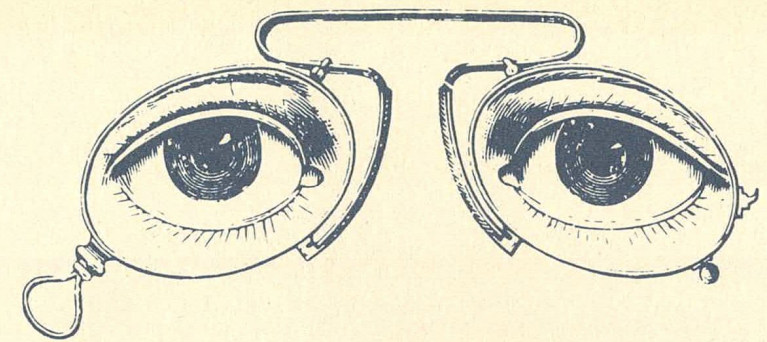
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VIEW FROM THE TOP

IDOL RUMORS

BY G.J. BURCHALL

As they did in the Salem witch-hunts and in the fervent searches for Reds under beds, community-minded souls are rooting out the unsavory characters who have hidden, undetected, in the books of our childhood for years. From Noddy and Rupert to Biggles, Mary Poppins and Dr Dolittle, accusations of "racist" and "sexist" have been hurled at the idols of our bedtime ballads.

Enid Blyton was one of the first children's writers to come under fire. Would the readers of her Noddy books grow up to be bigots and racists just because the title character and his sidekick, Big Ears, gang up on Golliwog? Would they be staunchly anti-authority after seeing Noddy and Big Ears take the mickey out of Mr Plod, the policeman? And would they harbor unhealthy, homosexual ideas stemming from the fact that the aforementioned pair career around in that yellow car and sleep together, and Big Ears says things like (when his friend is threatened with jail in *Well Done, Noddy!*): "Don't you go to prison, Noddy. I can't do without you, little Noddy, I can't, I can't!"

And there's also the claim that by calling Big Ears that very name, children would be influenced and encouraged to poke fun at those with obvious physical peculiarities. Sheer horse feathers! Children have been pointing out, and laughing at, any of their playmates with red hair, skinny legs and abundancies in the nose department for centuries, with no help from Miss Blyton and her accomplices.

Due to such crusading, the racism and sexism of Rupert the Bear and the blatant homosexuality of Captain W.E. "Jolly Good Show!" Johns and his Biggles books were pointed out to the reading world. You see, Algy and Biggles were always together, mucking about — and were never once caught in conversation with, or about, the female of the species. But would young male readers want a herd of silly, feckless females interrupting a ripping RAF yarn? That, of course, isn't the point.

Recently, the dearly

benign Doctor Dolittle of Hugh Lofting's books also experienced his share of flak. Dolittle's claim to infamy is that he is a racist: taking assumed British superiority into the Dark Continent. Lofting, it is claimed, pens his natives as quaint, comic and childlike creatures who sport simple minds, ridiculous costumes and funny names. The volume *Racism and Sexism in Children's Books* accuses the writer of giving us Dolittle as "the Great White Father, nobly bearing the white man's burden and guilty of every prejudice known to Western man."

Is the complaint that Dolittle doesn't treat the natives as well as he would his own animals? He doesn't even treat other whites as well as he does his animals. And even though the natives do go by the funny names of "King Koko" and "Prince Bumpo" the name "Dolittle" doesn't exactly reek of sobriety, either.

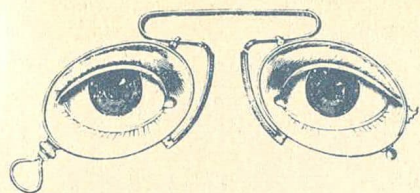
Another writer guilty of taking the white man's burden abroad was P.L. Travers with *Mary Poppins* (first published in 1934). When the libraries of San Francisco removed all copies of Poppins from their shelves it was because "the book treats minorities in ways that are derogatory. It's written from the old English view of the 'white man's burden' and is naturally offensive to minorities and others as well."

Travers, now an old lady of 75, did something few other writers

would do — she rewrote the offending chapter. She turned the "offended minorities" — the chapter includes references to Eskimos, Red Indians, Negroes and Mandarin Chinese — into different kinds of animals. The prim and proper Poppins herself, because of a few off-the-cuff quips, is labelled a racist character. When reprimanding the children in her charge, the nailed nanny lets *these* ungainly racist remarks to pass her lips: "...a Zulu would have better manners" (isn't that a compliment to the Zulus?) and "Not one step will you go out of this room or I'm a Chinaman!"

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious! The off-handedness of the woman's prejudice. But she didn't get away with it, thanks to the





dedicated doodlers of *Racism and Sexism in Children's Books*.

The editor of this boycotter's Bible, Judith Stinton, lashes out at books with stereotypes that include "banana-eating black sambos, inscrutable, slant-eyed Orientals, the cottage-loaf mother and the demure, doll-loving daughter."

She is particularly rabid on the last point — for the good of us all, she contends, books that spell out sex roles must be wiped from the face of the earth. Ms Stinton speaks of the books which have the brother climbing a tree while sister, with doll, watches from below. *John and Betty* — that milestone (millstone?) of the first grade — springs to mind to illustrate her point: brother John has a dog, a truck, a drum and a train set, while sister Betty has a cat, a doll, a pram and a teaset. Stinton's theories are quite in order here but, toward the end of the reader, in a move quite outspoken for its day, this classic of 1951 not only has Betty skipping rope... but John does it too!

"I can skip" (is his guilty confession).

Stinton condemns books which have non-males or non-whites in supporting roles. What? Somebody has to have the supporting roles and — like anything else — they all get a turn. In *Mary Poppins*, a non-male has the lead role; in *Little Black Sambo*, a non-white has the lead and in *John and Betty* it's equal billing.

Although there are many valid points to be made from such studies, it is so easy to go overboard. A group of staunch feminists are now busily rewriting the world's all-time favorite fairy tales so that the be-all and end-all of the tales will not be that a girl meets the handsome prince and lives happily ever after.

Ah! This children's literature biz is getting me down. I long for someone to say something worthwhile about it:

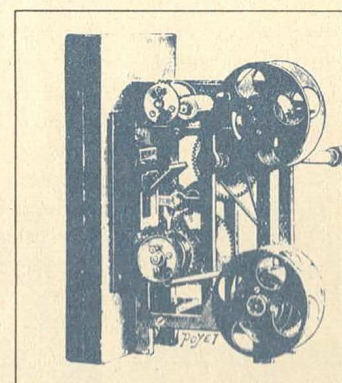
"Though there are more

books for children now than ever before, will the children bother to read them? For many reasons, reading, as the beloved leisure-time activity, is decidedly on the wane.

"For most young people, it is done now in response to classroom assignments and is thereby defined as work rather than pleasure."

A thousand thanks, Natalie Babbit, writer/illustrator of children's books. Here is the real problem — getting kids to read in the first place, never minding what it is they read (within reason of course, Stinton).

FILMS



CINDERELLA SYNDROMES

There was a time when the manipulation of public taste was the domain of studio moguls such as Jack Warner; or, in the medium of popular music, that of such men as Colonel Tom Parker, who took charge of the same manufacturing responsibility through "his boy", Elvis Presley. Not surprisingly, times have changed. An unknown, Sylvester Stallone, is now equally able to take on the role of a Goldwyn or a Col. Tom while personally enjoying the adoration of millions.

Presley and Stallone are products of the Cinderella syndrome: poor boys made good beyond the wildest dreams of mere mortals. The latest episode in the Rocky saga, *Rocky III*, and a documentary compilation of

Presley's life, *This is Elvis*, serve as complementary parts in dissecting the strangest enigma — stardom. Five years back Stallone, a struggling actor with enough ambition to feed half a dozen Hollywood egos, continually knocked back offers of outrageous amounts for a screenplay he had penned — *Rocky* — with the insistence that the film would only be made with him playing the lead. Subsequent world-wide publicity pumping Stallone as both the male equivalent of Cinderella and the vanguard of the new-look Hollywood lead soon soured, as it became clear the actor-writer was having difficulty coming to terms with his ego and the "instant stardom" routine. In the scramble to carve off a piece of the Stallone magic, producers churned out film after film, each as disappointing at the box-office as its predecessor. When *Rocky II* hit, and hit big, it became apparent that audiences were in fact not buying Stallone at all, but his alter ego, Rocky Balboa. Stallone had created, manufactured and manipulated himself into his own ivory tower.

Presley was not so fortunate. His exile to the confines of Gracelands, Memphis, Tennessee was presided over by one of this century's great blowhards,

the self-titled Colonel Tom Parker. It was he who saw the potential in this contender for the title of King; he who jacked him up from a small-time label, Sun, to a label with international reach, RCA; he who used side-show tactics to promote the Fifties frenzy over the side-burned white kid with the voice and on-stage sexual antics of a black into the biggest asset ever to hit the record industry. And it was also he who stood firmly between Presley and the world as some kind of cigar-smoking Sherman tank, preferring "his boy" to lock himself away in Gracelands with a band of down-home "good ole boys" — tagged the Memphis Mafia — rather than live a life approaching normality. Presley's years became a jail term, and he was expected to adjust to that as reality.

This is Elvis, an insight into the halcyonic Presley phenomenon, could well be re-titled "An American Tragedy". To see, in the course of 90 minutes, the dark beauty of the man in his early Twenties, gazing out on the world with an innocence born of good Christian upbringing, transformed into a mass of mind-pulp and junk food-fat 20 years later is to experience a mixture of emotions. Not all of them are pleasing, ranging as they do from wonder to sheer

revulsion at watching "the King" try to give the semblance of a performance six weeks before his death — stumbling over the words to "Are You Lonesome Tonight", stomach bulging, barrel chest trying to part the threads of the white signature outfit. A far cry from those first earth-shaking appearances, courtesy of old cinetapes, on American network television shows with Milton Berle, Ed Sullivan and Steve Allen (when he was photographed from the waist up on the insistence of network censors). By shaking his pelvis, the lad took a generation and shook them for all time.

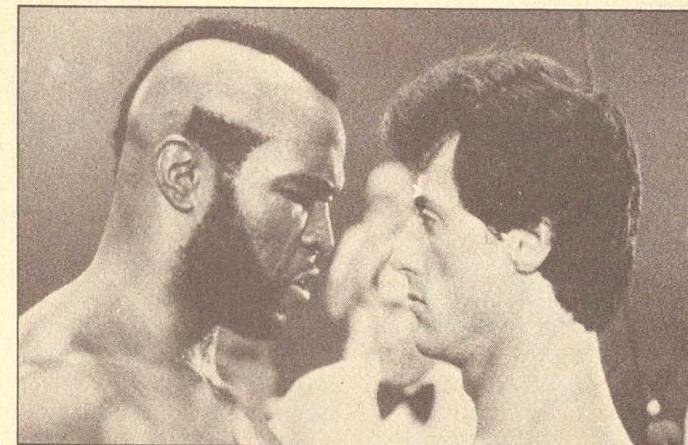
Writer/producers Andrew Solt and Malcolm Leo have achieved the virtually impossible by bringing together previously unseen private film footage of high-points in Presley's life (from cans of film gathering dust in a Gracelands closet) and integrating it with dramatised sequences, some shot news-reel-style, others in color, for the documentary-styled *This is Elvis*. They have drawn aside part of the curtain of mystique that was the man's life behind the walls of Gracelands, taking us way beyond the bullshit Col. Tom shovelled on to us. Where Albert Goldman's biography, *Elvis*, went for the jugular in sensationalising his life, Solt and Leo allow the footage to speak for itself — with an acceptable intrusion from one Ral Donner standing in for Presley's "voice" on narration. Other actors contribute to the "eye-witness" commentary, playing his parents, wife Priscilla and girlfriend Linda Thompson. Adding to the collage are 38 songs — some snippets, others complete performances ranging from "Heartbreak Hotel" through to Sinatra's "My Way". One of the few couplings of the latter and Presley, a 1960 television special to mark his release from the army called *Welcome Home Elvis*, brings the two together for a wistful duet as Sinatra sings

"Love Me Tender" with Presley-ish twitches and movements, and Elvis does likewise on "Witchcraft", one of Frank's biggies. It was a clever manoeuvre on both Sinatra's and Col. Tom's part. Sinatra, then in the throes of his second career and in his 40s, was able to expose himself to a younger audience again, and Col. Tom could use the special to draw Sinatra's older audience to Presley. In retrospect, Sinatra seems to have been the smartest of the three. Always his own man and in control of his own career, he is still an active entertainer and recording artist, years after Presley burnt himself out. Crosby made it through to his 70s, still facing audiences around the world with his pipes in acceptable shape. Presley contemporaries Johnny Cash, Jerry Lee Lewis, Roy Orbison and Carl Perkins are still cutting it as they face the half-century.

One question niggles as *This is Elvis* unfolds: Did Presley need a Col. Tom to realise his raw potential, or was the former carnival huckster the one joker in the pack? Was no-one willing to stamp him as such?

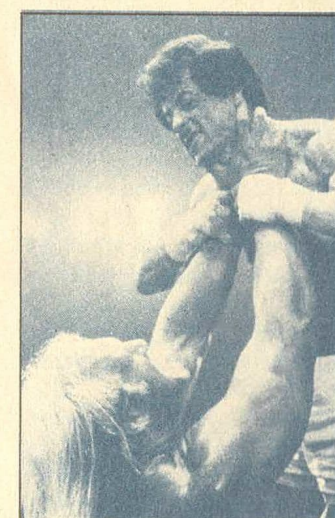
Personal body attention and health aside, Sylvester Stallone has all the markings of being around as long as Sinatra, Crosby and company have been. Again taking the reins as joint writer-director-star with *Rocky III*, he has centred his plot around a theme integral to Presley's and his own life since the original *Rocky* cannonballed him into that Godly sphere of stardom. A tight, pre-title sequence contrasts Rocky Balboa's public identity — now projected through appearances on *The Muppet Show*, *Rocky* pinball games, candy bars, etc — with the rise of the fighter he will eventually be forced to defend his title against: Clubber Lang.

So familiar are we with Rocky's character and those of Adrian, his wife (Talia Shire), Paulie, his slob brother-in-law (Burt Young) and his trainer,



Mickey (Burgess Meredith), Stallone is spared the trouble as writer-director of expending precious screen moments establishing them and their part in the film's plan. The one fresh injection, Clubber Lang, played by a professional bodyguard, Lawrence Tero — a looming black figure who would not have gone astray in *Mad Max 2* with his mohawk hair style and facial killer instinct — has been cast as the blackest (sic) of heavies. A fighter who must revert to gutter tactics, goading Rocky's wife publicly, to get the heavyweight champion to take up the challenge to defend his title. Stalking familiar territory, the confrontation takes place at the top of the very steps Rocky raced to in that early-morning training sequence in *Rocky I*. Instead of skipping around, hands held high over Philadelphia as the contender taking on the world champion, Apollo Creed, Rocky is there for the presentation to the city of a life-size statue of himself in similar pose — captured upon winning his heavyweight title in *Rocky II*.

The cleverness of Stallone's control over his own material and his screen persona is part of the joy that comes with *Rocky III*. To observe the efforts of a man who insists he knows what he is doing, when in fact the reverse is gist for a media bent on image-crucifying; to see a man who really does know what he is up to, and can deliver what

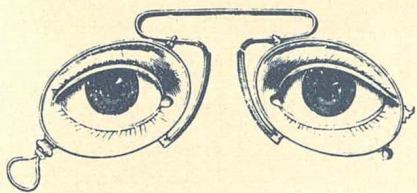


Rocky III... clever

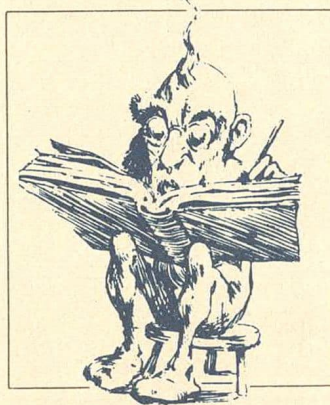
he takes pleasure in crowing about, re-affirms our faith in "a winner" — something audiences can give themselves wholeheartedly to. Okay, discount the lingering close shots of Rocky/Stallone's bulging biceps and taut leg muscles as he puts the body beautiful through the grind of training (to regain "the eye of the tiger" he needs to get back his title after Clubber Lang has pounded it out of him by reel two); and stifle the yawns when Adrian has to resort to every cliché line chewed over by Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Crawford to convince her man he hasn't lost it. The spit in the eye Stallone gave Hollywood by realising his dream with *Rocky* becomes, in *Rocky III*, a full-force tidal wave of cinematic populism. — Denis Whitburn

This is Elvis... insight into the Presley phenomenon





WORDS



HERE TODAY . . .

Nobody doubts that if you want to claim some insight into what's happening in this or any country you've got to come to grips with economics; yet most people approach the subject with aggressive disdain, in the hope of concealing their ignorance and fear. I'm happy to admit I'm one such person. Let's be real about it: there's nothing more mind-numbing than a plain, unadorned financial fact of life. Most of us are happy to leave the entire field to those whom we sense to be pathologically death-orientated. So, when a book claims to provide a genuine insight into the economic status of this country couched in "lively and entertaining prose which avoids the technical overburden of economics textbooks", it's almost as welcome as being offered, on the day before your economics exam (which you would otherwise have no hope of passing) a newly-released paperback called *Bluff Your Way Through Economics*.

In *Gone Tomorrow* (Angus and Robertson, \$8.95), Humphrey McQueen does a damn fine job of livening up the subject. It's still pretty heavy stuff for those of us whose lives do not revolve around the stock market, but McQueen manages to throw in enough perceptive (and funny)

one-liners to keep even the most detached reader on his toes. I doubt if there's an economics lecturer in the whole country with a more florid turn of phrase and a more remarkable penchant for unlikely comparisons and interesting perspectives.

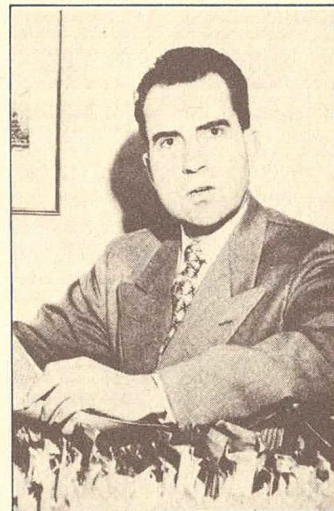
For example, after drawing a convincing parallel between Whitlam and Oscar Wilde the author proceeds to rewrite the history of Whitlam's government along the lines of *The Great Gatsby*: "Whitlam gave the grandest of all parties to attract a rent-a-crowd of journalists and academics. The Daisy he sought was the right to rule, over which the dull rich boy, 'Tom' Fraser, had a lien. As *Gatsby's* world fell apart, Rex Wolfshiem sat up throughout the night trying to raise money, then just as Gough was about to win Daisy forever, he was shot by the garage proprietor who lived down the road, and Daisy went back to Tom Fraser. Across from the garage, watching over all, were the eyes of Dr C.I.A. Pinegap."

Such interludes of pontification provide an arresting counterpoint to the essentially serious body of the work. McQueen's overview is based on the themes of de-laborisation (any procedure which decreases the amount of human labor re-

quired to produce anything) and overseas control, which encompasses not only foreign ownership but political and cultural domination. The first section deals with each State chapter by chapter; the tactic is to select one issue, individual, or place and examine it in depth, then extrapolate to form a general outlook. By and large it works well, particularly in that it gives McQueen the scope to be imaginative in his choice of subject matter: when dealing with NSW, for instance, he links the closure of Newcastle's infamous Star Hotel to an account of industrial and social militancy in the Hunter Valley against a backdrop of struggle for profit from the coal industry.

In the second section, McQueen aims to fuse his concepts of de-laborisation and overseas control with political, social and cultural issues: women and work and consumerism, legitimization of governments, States' influence, and so on. But he's particularly weak on alternatives or even helpful suggestions; they are covertly promised, but somehow never arrive. The result is unbridled pessimism, tempered only by the conviction that there's still a market for writers who can sling together a mess of good one-liners. (On Ita Butrose: "Ita tried to appeal to a generation of failed Ita Buttoses"; on J.O. Stone, Secretary to the Treasury: "All he had to do was keep on saying 'no' in order to gain a reputation for rigorous consistency"; and so on.) Still, *Gone Tomorrow* remains the most readable book on economics you're ever likely to find, and as such ought to command a posie on the bookshelves of any serious pseudo-intellectual. — Greg Hunter

Realising he was on to a good thing with his successful books of rock quotes and sports quotes, writer Jonathon Green has stuck to it and produced a third in the series, *The Book Of*



Political Quotes . . . gems

Political Quotes (Angus and Robertson, \$12.95) Green has mined a rich lode of political faux pas, frauds and foolishness from those politicians who have made a career of putting their feet in their mouths, as well as uncovering some meaningful and memorable gems.

Within the book's 250 pages are more than 3000 quotations selected from two and a half thousand years of political pontification. They include classics like Henry Kissinger's statement: "Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac"; Henry David Thoreau's advice: "That government is best which governs least"; and John F. Kennedy's warning: "Mankind must put an end to war before war puts an end to mankind".

Richard Nixon plays a starring role, particularly in the Famous Last Words section, with pronouncements such as the one he made to his mother at the age of 12: "I want to be an old-fashioned lawyer, an honest lawyer, who can't be bought by crooks", and "I would not like to be a Russian leader. They never know when they are being taped."

The wit and wisdom of Winston Churchill also features. Churchill was renowned for snappy comebacks like his reply to the British MP Bess Brad-

dock, who accused him of being under the weather with her outraged claim: "Winston, you're drunk!" "Bessie," replied Churchill, "you're ugly, and tomorrow I shall be sober." Cynicism is obviously a popular political perspective, with lines like Harry Truman's "If you can't convince them, confuse them." Australia's Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser makes the grade with his statement: "Sometimes you can have competing election promises", and his doting wife Tammy gets a mention with her cute comment: "I'm kept very busy just keeping up with my little man."

While Green has dug up some brilliant bits and pieces, he is guilty of including too many flawed and lacklustre quotes among the gems. Many fail to stand on their own when taken out of context. And if the reader does more than take the odd dip into the pages of *The Book Of Political Quotes*, he'll find the effect is one of overkill. The impression of politicians gleaned from the book is that they are vain, boring and irrelevant. As Napoleon said: "Put a rogue in the limelight and he'll act like an honest man." Or, to quote Publilius Syrus, Roman dramatist from the First Century BC: "A cock has great influence on his own dunghill." — Darcy Markovich

In *Polanski, His Life and Films* (Thomas Nelson, \$15.95) Barbara Leaming presents a fascinating, in-depth look at a filmmaker renowned for the violence, passion and voyeurism of his life and art. Chronicling Polanski's life from his troubled childhood in war-torn, and Stalinist Europe, through his early forays into experimental films and on to his mature years, ridden with more violence and controversy, Leaming's book makes riveting reading for the student of film and the sticky-beak alike.

An accomplished film student

and critic herself, Leaming's book is in effect a chronological string of critical appraisals of Polanski's work, laced with tit-bits of his fascinating and often macabre life.

While this may not sound like dynamite reading, Leaming proves it otherwise. She shows through psychological insight and critical correlation how Polanski's sensational personal history is mirrored in his films. Amongst others, she outlines the link between the slaughter of Polanski's wife and close friends at the hands of the Manson family and his subsequent film *Macbeth* — notorious for its graphic depiction of the bloody violence and implicit satanism in Shakespeare's work. And Polanski's famous rape case, where

the director stood accused of the rape and sodomy of a 13-year-old Californian girl, is reflected in the film he made soon after his exile from the US, *Tess* — a film about rape.

Throughout, Leaming paints Polanski as an impish child, a view which Polanski backs up in impressions of himself in films, notably *The Tenant*. As a young man, his small stature and immature appearance tempted friends to treat him as they would a difficult and precocious child. Leaming indicates that he is still the same in his middle age. The amorality, cruelty, temper and sexuality — those things that disturb us in children — are all still firing.

Both the Manson family murders and the celebrated rape

Polanski . . . a life of violence and voyeurism

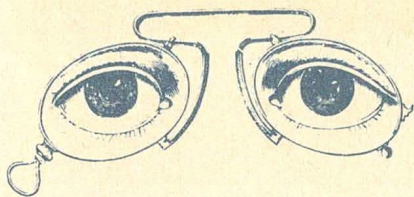


case come under fair scrutiny in this book. Leaming's sympathy for Polanski's emotional situation following the killing of his wife and friends is thinly-veiled. She also lets her feelings creep into the act with her obvious moral abomination at his intercourse with the schoolgirl after allegedly plying her with champagne and Quaaludes.

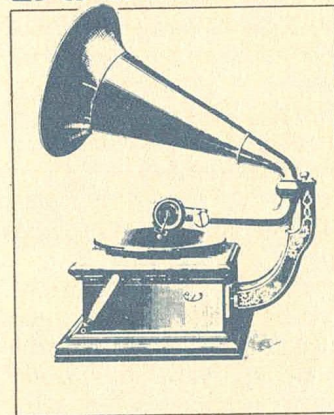
Polanski's taste for young female flesh rears its head throughout these pages. His first wife, Basia Kwiatowska, whom he married in 1959, had a fragile, wide-eyed, childish quality which Polanski sought in women for his films and his bed during the following 20 years. Kwiatowska left the struggling film-maker in the early Sixties to move on to bigger and better things in the French film world. It was the best part of a decade, after countless close encounters of the adolescent kind, before Polanski wed Sharon Tate in 1968. One author interviewed while Leaming was researching the book remembers meeting Tate prior to the wedding. He thought the actress was about 14 years of age and didn't bother talking to her.

Leaming never interviewed Polanski himself while compiling the book. She explains that she wished to escape the subjective and often misleading side of the man. She chose instead to interview his family, friends, lovers, those he had worked with, those he had hurt and manipulated. Author Jerzy Kosinski, current golden boy of American literary and cinematic circles, is a longtime friend of Polanski and is heavily quoted throughout. His views encompass some of the more provocative facets of the director's passionate nature.

Leaming's jigsaw puzzle proves to be a convincing and eminently readable portrait of the polemic Pole, showing him to be indeed one of the most interesting directors of our times. — Corinne Mackay



SOUNDS



THE GIRLS IN THE BAND

First off the block this month and leading a field of strong female performers is wee **Laurie Anderson** from New York. She is one of that breed of "performance artists" who mount works in spaces and galleries with the aid of tapes, video, instruments and other sound sources. A prodigious performer over the last nine years, Laurie's *Big Science* (WEA) album is her first and thankfully includes the single "O Superman" on the Australian pressing. It received a lot of FM airplay late last year but was only available here on import. So now we are graced with nine of the lady's wry monologues that carry on the tradition of her 1977 logic: "It's not the

bullet that kills you — it's the hole." She sings/talks untreated and through a vocoder, plays violin, keyboards and marimba. Other players come and go, including a bagpiper in a tale of grossly diminished desire ("I no longer love the color of your sweaters"). At times her manner becomes too chatty, with the humorous or other intent unable to transcend the idiosyncratic, atmospheric delivery. But listen! "This is your captain and we are all going down together. And I said: Uh oh. This is gonna be some day... This is the time and this is the record of the time."

Next up is Chrissy Amphlett, lead pout with the *Divinyls*. The six-track *Music From Monkey Grip* (WEA) sees her and the band rock their way through songs that are now very familiar to audiences — especially "Boys In Town" and "Elsie". Amphlett acts in the *Monkey Grip* film and her singing here is passionate. Live, she still hangs on to the cheap turn-on schoolgirl costume that belies the strength of many of this band's songs — here all penned by guitarist Mark McEntree alone or with Amphlett. The formula varies little over the six tracks but, recorded several bass players ago, they get the *Divinyls* off to a good start.

The *Numbers* are up again on 39:51 (RCA). Annalisse is back

on bass as well as vocals, with Chris Morrow (master of onstage petulance) on guitar. Their big beat tends toward a plod over the whole course, but the album has some well-crafted moments.

Although they sport original Reels (Bliss and Polly) live, the *Morrows* recorded with ex-Angel Graham Bidstrup on drums (who also produced). "Big Beat" is not a "Five Letter Word" but it is — how they say in the tropics — infectious.

The pussycat who roars is back. Martha Davis and her fellow *Motels* return after a protracted silence, not helped by their record company's virtual canning of the first version of this release. It was worth the wait as *All Four One* (Capitol/EMI) sees the band in fine form and much-improved on the patchy debut days of "Total Control". The loss of guitarist Tim McGovern has taken away an element of interesting danger, and the LA Travelodge chain now has smoother edges and thicker production. However, saxophone still soars over the mix and they mix and they even get in a sultry swing ballad straight from the bar-room ("Change My Mind").

From the little-girl torch pose of Ms Davis to the Canadian blowtorch that is Carol Pope. Pope, a lived-in 31, fronts with Kevin Staples (guitar, keyboards) the Toronto-based *Rough Trade* on their second album *For Those Who Think Young* (Big Time). She is reputedly singing more, in preference to just striking snarling poses. Her husky basso sleaze makes Soft Cell look like wimps parodying lowlife and lust. The single "All Touch" ("Tense my body for the final attack, all touch and no contact") showcases the aloof indulgence throughout. "She's frightened by her overactive hormones...



Motels... All Four One

and energy... I want to taste your flesh... give me your wet sex." Despite the futuristic leather garb and eyeliner, R&B influences abound — Aretha Franklin could be imagined singing "Prisoner Of My Skin" (no bad pun intended).

Ex-Runaway **Joan Jett** has hit pay dirt with *I Love Rock And Roll* (Liberation). The title single has gotten her and her Blackheads (er... hearts) to number one in most places. Looking like rejects from Clearasil and Berocca ads, Joan and de boise translate something of the spirit of Suzi Quatro for an American sensibility via a Ramones-esque sense of exquisite dynamics — you know: *Bash-bash-thump-(gob)*.

Treading a not totally dissimilar path, both musically and geographically, to the Dugites are Perth expatriates the *Eurogliders*. Now Sydney-based, they have utilised a synthesiser/guitar mix as a background for some well-produced pop on *Pink Suit Blue Day* (Polygram). Recorded in Manila, it is a strong debut and probably the single "Without You" will be easier to live with in a year than the Dugites' "In Your Car" was.

Meanwhile, back at the church hall, the *Sunnyboys* are informing the assembled ado-

lescent sensibilities that they are all *Individuals* (Mushroom). Unfortunately this doesn't really apply to all the tracks on this release. Still their brand of Sixties-influenced pop-rock doesn't offend ("Hey, hey, it's a sunny day") and is good to bop to (memories of a small pub).

The *Jam*, having escaped their punk era origins and later casting as mod revivalists, are finally appearing on the Australian charts with "A Town Called Malice" from *The Gift* (Polygram). They have had vast chart and poll success in the Old Blighty but have so far avoided a repeat here. The core trio is fleshed out with horns, keyboards and percussion but the heartbeat of the band remains Paul Weller's direct social commentary. His poetry is often lost when the ensemble rages — it shines in a more acoustic setting as in the previous, "That's Entertainment", which has no counterpart on this release.

Who wants yesterday's dandy? Steve Strange, the Avon lad of British clubbing, is back avec *Visage* on *The Anvil* (Polydor). Midge Ure (Ultravox) is again producing and handles guitar, with fellow Ultrabod Billy Currie (keyboards) and DJ drummer Rusty Egan. Strange is back in the mix with his half-whispered/spoken vocals lending a ghost-like quality over the rock-disco beat that occasionally threatens to get funky. Scenes in the control room, part IV: "Ere Midge, we got this singer. Now he looks great, a veritable fashion guru, but..." "That's OK lads, easyfix. Voice down, bass drum up."

Whisked away to England to play and record, Brisbane's *Go-Betweens* have recently given us *Send Me A Lullaby* (Missing Link), which was recorded in July 1981 soon after Lindy Morrison took over the drum chair. The playing and production sees them in their late garage period, which doesn't always do the songs full justice.

Elvis Costello has a seven-track cheapie to coincide with his recent touring, titled *Almost New* (WEA). Hardly a definitive selection but it does provide some unreleased live material with older studio cuts.

The bover boys *Slade* are back to do just that with an outrageously successful bout of touring in England and a new album *Till Deaf Do Us Part* (RCA). It does nothing to negate their original invocation to "Cum On Feel The Noize" (surprise, surprise).

Elsewhere in New York the dB's display a quirky wit in a compact pop style on *Repercussion* (Liberation). Remember "Your mother knows what's best!"

The inappropriately-titled *Joy Division* came to an abrupt halt with the suicide of lead singer Ian Curtis. The rest of the band recruited a keyboard/guitarist, called themselves *New Order* and have indicated *Movement* (Gap). More keyboards add depth — though there is still the tendency to monolithic rumblings on one or two chords and the words are as unclear as ever. Still, they do show signs of cheering up!

Sky 4 — Forthcoming (RCA) sees the lads of *Sky* ripping into some of their favorite composers — from Wagner to Theodorakis to Hoagy Carmichael.

Like five ruddy-cheeked conservatorium graduates who always wanted to play in a rock band, they attempt "a brilliant and unique blend of rock and classical styles". The latter gives them some strong themes whilst the rock aspect, except in instrumentation, is often absent. The finger could be pointed at beaming ace percussionist Tristian Fry, who hurls buckets of colors over the arrangements but very seldom pins the band down to anything solid feel-wise. At worst it is well-crafted background music.

Echoes Of An Era (Elektra/WEA) has the relaxed immediacy of a small jazz club — all that's missing is the applause between tracks. No more than two takes per song, no overdubs. Fusion exponents from a more recent era (Chick Corea, Lenny White and Stanley Clarke) provide a swinging mainstream rhythm section behind Joe Henderson's sax and Freddy Hubbard's trumpet and flugel. The boys tackle these standards of the Forties and Fifties with a relish — obviously enthused by Chaka Kahn's accomplished, emotive vocals in a style alien to the funk/soul that was *Rufus*.

Freddy Hubbard is also heard on *Ride Like The Wind* through a new, well-intentioned label — Elektra/Musician — which hopes to present a current jazz

cross-section alongside classic material currently unavailable. Hubbard's is a Popular MOR radio stab at "giving the people what they need". Lush string and horn backings to pop tunes with the hornman's distinctive voice. The arrangements don't stifle the lead horn, and as a live to two-track it keeps a spark.

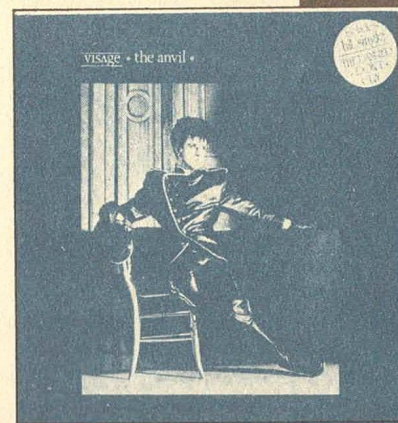
Charlie Parker... classic



Blue Horizon (E/M), guitarist **Eric Gale**'s first stab at production, sees his jazz blues lines in the company of three ex-Kid Creole (rock/reggae cabaret) sidemen and second drummer Freddy Waits. Freed from what he politely calls the "happy time music" he was playing with Stuff, there is still the sense of the slow build — though not so laborious. The two songs are lyrically a bit close to Michael Franks for comfort, but it is a first album — more jokes please.

Elektra/Musician have re-released **John McLaughlin's** *My Goal's Beyond* — unavailable for a while. They have also unearthed a classic recording of **Charlie Parker** sitting in with The Orchestra big band in *One Night in Washington*. This 1953 episode finds Parker with no charts, just a plastic sax and his great guiding ears blowing his heart out. The sound quality is quite reasonable, unlike some other live recordings of this classic artist. — *Jeremy Cook*

Visage is back with The Anvil



BIG SCIENCE

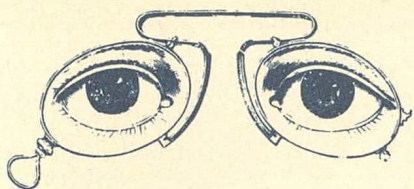
LAURIE ANDERSON



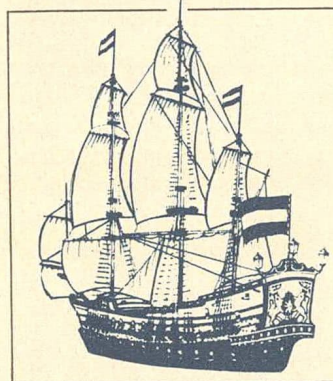
Laurie Anderson's first, *Big Science*

Divinyls... six-track Music From Monkey Grip





TRAVEL



TRANS-SIBERIA

Although not the cheapest way to travel from Asia to Europe, the Trans-Siberian Railway offers the patient adventurer one of the most interesting routes and, with a little careful planning, one which can be economical in terms of the number of kilometres travelled.

The basic costs are \$384 (Soft Rail) and \$311 (Hard Rail) for a journey that covers 9,448 kilometres and includes food and bed for seven nights; hotel accommodation and meals at the three possible stopover towns of Khabarovsk, Irkutsk and Novosibirsk from \$20.80; and transfer fees from \$12.80 per town.

To get there, you can either fly from Niigata in Japan to Khabarovsk, or take the boat from Yokohama (next to Tokyo) to Nakhodka. The boat trip, in either the *Baikal* or the *Felix Dzerzhinsky* (of Cheka fame) lasts two and a half days and is a fine start to the adventure. You sail up the east coast of Honshu and then at night through the narrow straight between Hokkaido and Honshu, overlooking all the time the hundreds of small fishing craft, each with a string of lights to attract fish.

The Trans-Siberian itself begins in Vladivostok, heading north-east to Khabarovsk. But Vladivostok, the Soviet Union's principal Eastern port, has been

closed to foreigners since 1958 and travellers sailing from Yokohama must take the *Vostok* (boat train) from the ice-free harbor of Nakhodka, skirting around Vladivostok before heading north to join the Trans-Siberian 18 hours later at Khabarovsk.

The boat train is a freak. Recently built, the Soft Rail carriages have all the bourgeois trappings of Tzarist Russia. Richly-hued Bokhara carpet lines the passageway and compartments. Heavily-ornamented mahogany panelled doors with weighty brass knobs and support rails, and frosted glass windows bearing complicated art deco motifs, lead to the darkened compartments. Each compartment has cut glass light fittings, gold-fringed drapes and a heavily-brocaded armchair surrounded by mahogany and set opposite two sumptuous beds made with crisp white sheets and cleverly-arranged pillows.

Your companions in this carriage will be few: a handful of western or Japanese travellers, one or two well-heeled Russians and your ever-present carriage attendant.

The *Vostok* travels parallel to the Chinese border, marked by the river Ussuri. The mountains on the left, seen on the first morning in the USSR, lie not far away in China. They are separated from the Maritime Territory by the Ussuri. At one point, a two-metre high wire fence with splayed barbed wire on top, marking the edge of the flat-raked buffer strip which follows the eastern bank of the unseen river, appears briefly on the left of the train. It is the only indication of this border battlefield of the early Seventies.

Arriving at Khabarovsk, you'll be taken by bus to the tattered Tsentralnaya Hotel, a four-storey forgettable edifice overlooking the inevitable Lenin Square. On each floor, near the lift doors, with a table to make discreet notes on, sits a dour, broad-faced Russian. Beneath

the hotel is a Beryozka shop where only foreigners and foreign currency are accepted.

Getting away from the hotel and the Intourist guides is the first step to finding a better level on which to encounter the Soviets. The absence of an official guide will be an invitation, and soon you will be approached by droves of young citizens offering to guide you around the broad boulevards, or asking your opinion of rock music, or suggesting that you might have some western goods that you might want to exchange. Here the black market will first rear its ever-recurring head. Experienced railroaders will bring with them all manner of western goods: LP records, cigarettes, chewing gum, jeans and panty hose.

Boarding the *Rossiya* or Trans-Siberian, in mid-afternoon from Khabarovsk, there is a two and a half-day journey to the next eligible city, Irkutsk. Immediately you enter the Jewish Autonomous Region, a political enclave established by Stalin in 1934 to take young Jews away from the political centres. Now less than seven percent of the population here is Jewish. Erofei Pavlovich, a day later, is reputed to be the coldest place on the Trans-Siberian although, in the warmer

seasons, a T-shirt will suffice. Russians say that the Devil was born here.

Meals on the train are a money-making venture. Using coupons provided by Intourist with specific values, you will be able to collect roubles after a breakfast of hot semolina with melted butter or a lunch of borscht and stroganov. The dining car is also an excellent place to indulge in black marketeering with the head waiter acting as the wholesaler.

After passing Ulan Ude, terminus for the railway to Ulan Bator (capital of Mongolia), you will arrive early in the morning at Irkutsk, the most important city of eastern Siberia. Situated on the edge of the massive Lake Baikal, the world's deepest lake and said to hold 20 percent of the world's fresh water, Irkutsk is a pretty city. Trees, old timber or log houses and superb weather in summer lend European enchantment to this central Asian city.

From Irkutsk to Novosibirsk and then to Moscow takes three days. The silver birch trees of the east are gradually replaced by fir trees. Hills take over from flat open country as you approach the Urals, and the log cottages change into flat timbered and brick.

The evening before arrival in Moscow is cause for great revelry. Much champagnska is splashed around and Soviet citizens and soldiers join in the singing, back-slapping and Indian wrestling — it's worth saving your coupons for this. From Moscow the travel possibilities are numerous; maybe a flight to other Russian centres or nearby Helsinki, or a train through to London. For further details on this epic journey, enquire at your local travel agent or contact Palanga Tours in most Australian capital cities. Allow at least two weeks and three photographs for your Russian visa and itinerary confirmation. — John Byrne

Moscow to Vladivostok



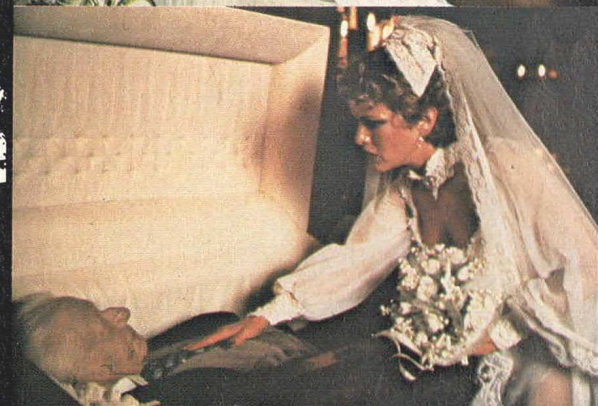
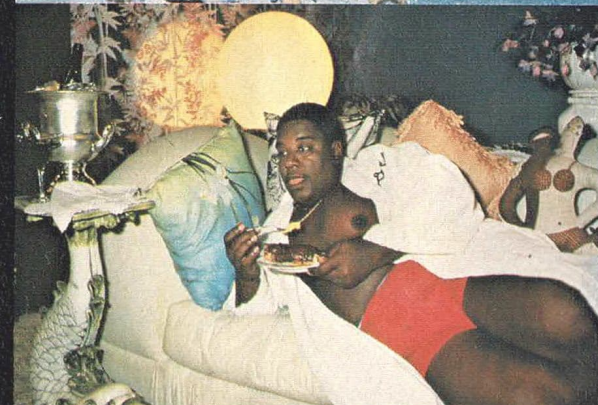
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THE REAL TRICK IS
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The Australian tax dice is loaded against the little man

TAKING ON THE TAX MACHINE

BY DR BARRY HUGHES

There is a massive hole, a yawning abyss in the coffers of the Australian Treasury. It's there because during the past five years tax dodging has rapidly attained the status of an art form in this country; losses have soared dramatically in that period, so that under the most conservative estimates they now total at least three billion dollars annually.

In late May leading business and industry figures were named amongst hundreds who profited from a \$200 million tax avoidance scheme masterminded by Queensland businessman Brian Maher. The report, compiled by barrister Patrick McCabe and an investigator of the Victorian Corporate Affairs office, David Lafranchi, revealed the hundreds named to have sold companies to companies associated with Maher. Maher is said to have sold the companies to "sham" companies and directors. Victorian Premier and Treasurer John Cain called the practice "the greatest tax avoidance scheme ever known in Australia."

Tax fiddles have been around as long as taxation itself. It's a rich man's game in which the object is to pass on to the next guy your own share of the tax bill. When the music stops at the end of the financial year, the ordinary wage earner is the big loser.

Avoidance and evasion have now become so prevalent that —

- unless you are fiddling (legally or otherwise) at least 15 percent of your true income, you are a net loser;
- legal avoidance schemes alone cost the country much more than the entire national unemployment benefit bill and at least as much as total Federal taxation on beer and cigarettes.
- the increase in avoidance alone over the past five years by non-wage earners has been at least enough to provide workers with a permanent 10 percent tax cut if it could be stamped out.
- so much has paying tax become a voluntary act for the rich that it is only a matter of a year or more before the average worker pays more in tax than the typical boss or self-employed person.

Tax dodging comes in two forms, as accountants and lawyers are quick to point out. First there is tax *avoidance*, which is the art of arranging your income in such a way as to avoid paying much, if any, tax. It is perfectly legal: High Court cases have decreed that every citizen is perfectly entitled, even encouraged, to arrange his affairs to minimise tax.

Then there is tax *evasion*, a practice which is illegal and frowned upon by lawyers and accountants — officially at least. It is simply a matter of not disclosing income — unlike avoidance, which is the magician's trick of flashing the income into sight, then making it disappear in a mass of figures.

In the year just gone, Treasury estimates that \$17,255



Illustration by Frants Kantor & Phil Barlow

TAX MACHINE

million will be collected from PAYE (pay as you earn) sources net of the annual refunds, while another \$3605 million will be raked in from the non-wage incomes of self-employed people like doctors, dentists, contractors and the like.

Since there are about 5.35 million wage and salary earners and just under a million self-employed and employers in the country, the average tax payment from the typical person in the two classes was not very different — \$3650 each from the latter and \$3230 from wage and salary earners.

This in itself is a little surprising, since we normally expect the self-employed and employers on the whole to be doing quite a bit better than wage and salary earners. But there is a big shock in store when figures for earlier years are examined. Thus, exactly 10 years ago in 1971-72 the typical person in the ranks of the self-employed and employers paid almost exactly double the tax forked out by the average wage and salary earner (\$1216 per year on average, as against \$607).

As recently as five years ago, non-wage people were paying over 70 percent more tax per head than the average wage earner (\$2929 as against \$1705). But that has now changed completely. While wage earner taxation has been rocketing up to \$3230 a year, tax on other incomes has moved up only sluggishly. Indeed, on present trends it is only a matter of a year or so before the typical worker makes a bigger individual tax contribution than his boss or the self-employed person.

There is another way of looking at the same figures. The accompanying chart shows the total amounts of tax collected separately for PAYE and non-PAYE taxpayers each year since 1971-72. The scales of the two tax columns have been so arranged that if the growth rates of the two sorts of tax had been the same, the size of the columns would have increased in step with each other. Up to 1975-76 this was approximately so — indeed, to that year non-PAYE tax had grown a little faster than PAYE tax on wage earners. There were, of course, some minor variations along the way, reflecting primarily the effect of good and bad seasons on farm incomes.

From 1976-77 onwards, however, a dramatic difference comes over the chart. While the non-PAYE column increases rather slowly, and actually falls in the first two years, PAYE tax rockets upwards.

It is no accident that this trend happened. Maximilian Walsh attributes the great growth of tax avoidance and the industry that feeds it to the enormous incomes made by doctors out of the Medibank scheme introduced in 1975. Having literally made fortunes out of the Hayden changes, doctors were not pre-

pared to pay the full tax tote odds on their good luck. Hence the enormous fillip given to the tax avoidance industry.

We can now make a stab at the extent to which tax avoidance by non-PAYE earners is robbing the revenue. Had non-PAYE tax collections grown over the 10 years at the same rate as those for PAYE workers, the government would have collected over \$1650 million more in taxes.

That is no small amount. It is almost half the crude oil levy, which has been playing havoc with our petrol prices. It is very nearly equal to the total federal taxes collected on beer and tobacco. It is more than 50 percent larger than the entire national bill for unemployment benefits — receivers of which are the people usually blamed for depleting the public purse.

More to the point, it represents very nearly 10 percent of the entire wage and salary earner tax bill. Or to put the matter another way, a minimum of 10 cents in

Total present avoidance is running well in excess of \$2 billion a year even on the most conservative estimate

every dollar of wage earner income taxation now goes to make up the shortfall in revenue brought about by the extra tax-dodging activities of non-PAYE people over the past five years.

But \$1650 million a year is only the absolute rock-bottom estimate of increased tax avoidance by non-wage earners. The numbers of self-employed and employers have been increasing about 20 percent faster than wage and salary earners over the decade to August 1981. When allowance is made for this, non-PAYE income tax collections ought to have been growing faster than PAYE collections. This has not occurred, as the chart shows. On this basis, some \$2750 million a year is now being lost to extra non-PAYE tax avoidance.

Though an estimate can never be absolutely accurate, the present one is at least consistent with those of Dr Norman of Melbourne University, a member of the Fraser Government's outside economic advisory panel, and Professor Matthews of the Australian National University, an acknowledged tax expert and leader of a committee to study tax reform in 1975.

When further allowance is made for the fact that there was undoubtedly some tax avoidance going on before 1971, we can be certain that total present avoidance is running well in excess of \$2 billion a year even on the most conservative estimate.

The reason for concentrating almost entirely on non-PAYE incomes so far is that basically this is the area where the opportunities for major fiddles lie. As far as PAYE wage earners are concerned, either the opportunities for avoidance, as opposed to evasion, do not exist, or insufficient wealth is available to capitalise on the opportunities.

The most simple and widely-practised avoidance device is *income splitting*. Take a self-employed man, who may be a store owner, a builder or a plumber, with an income after expenses of \$50,000 a year. Without tax avoidance he would be up for \$20,312 a year income tax at current rates.

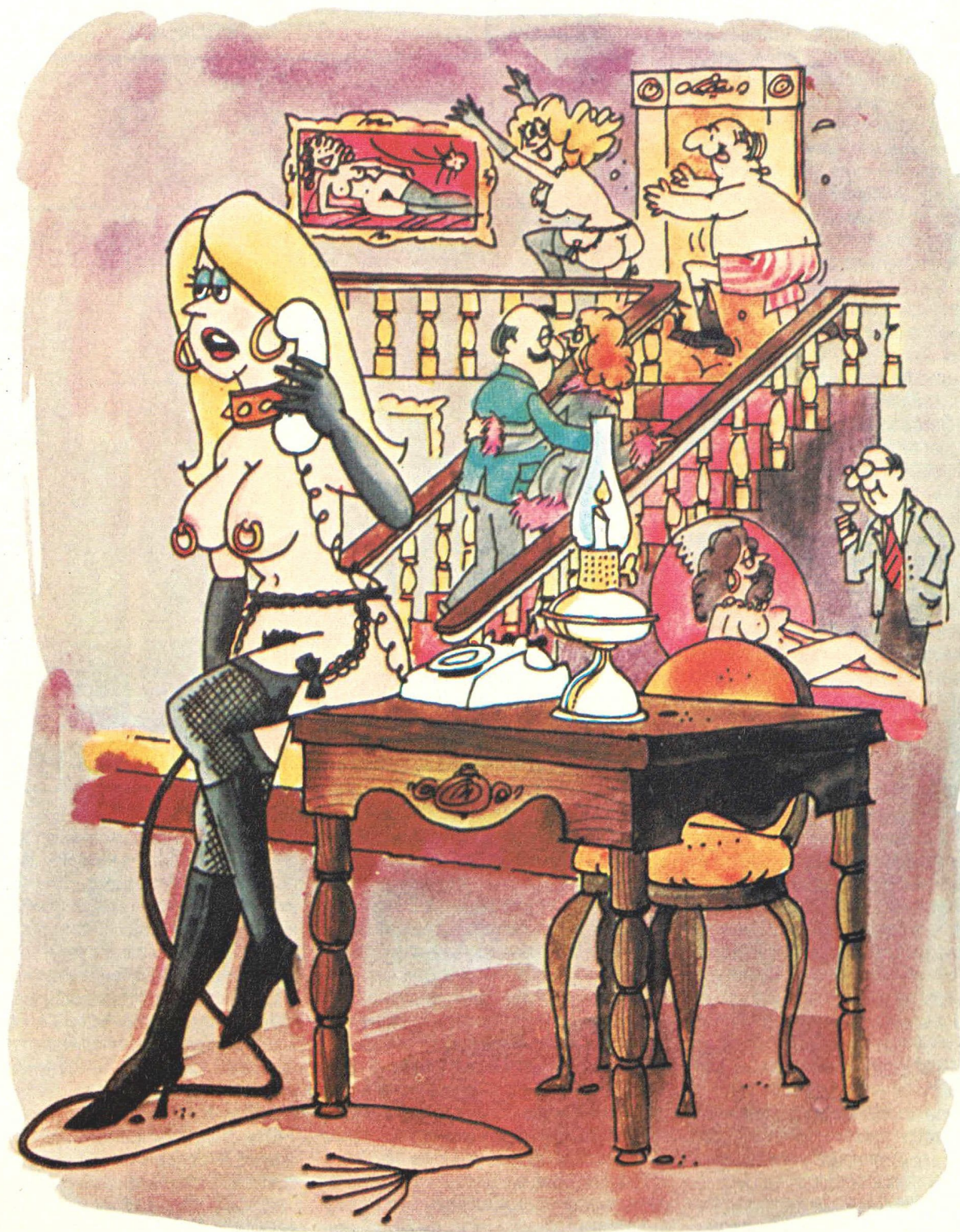
But he can save \$5000 of this merely by making his wife a partner in the business. She is described as the secretary, the accountant or the finance manager for the business, though she need not do much actual work. Splitting the income in partnership would yield \$25,000 a year to each. The total combined tax is now \$15,305. The major reason for the tax saving is that under the partnership none of the man's income is assessed at the top rate of 60 cents in the dollar; before the split, everything above \$35,788 was so taxed.

In addition, the first \$4195 of income is tax-free. In the partnership the man gets two bites at this particular cherry — one for himself and one for the wife.

It is not marital harmony but the taxation advantage that leads so many small businesses to be husband-and-wife affairs. The wage earner is completely locked out from this device. His group certificate is treated by the taxman as proof positive that it is he and he alone who has been performing the work. There is no possibility of claiming the wife as a partner in the business of working on GMH's assembly line or in CSR's main office.

Income splitting can be extended by setting up a *family trust*, such as that employed by the Prime Minister and many in his Cabinet. Exactly the same device is adopted, except that now the income from the business or farm is spread over the children as well as the non-working wife.

The second basic tax avoidance device is to convert taxable income into *tax-free capital gains*. The best example is a block of units, purchased, let us say, for \$200,000. These are let out for rent at, say, \$20,000 a year fully tenanted. On the face of it, with interest rates at 18 percent plus for speculative borrowing, it just does not make sense to borrow to finance this sort of investment. Before any rates, land taxes and repairs are allowed for, the \$36,000 a year interest bill swamps rental



"Mona's House of Pain and Pleasure. Kick me, beat me, screw me, eat me. Shirley speaking."

TAX MACHINE

income. The block would have to appreciate substantially in value before the investor would break even.

But the situation changes dramatically when taxes are taken into account. If the investor has a large income from elsewhere — from a surgery or a business, for example — the tax man will subsidise his running costs. In the present example, he may be losing, say, \$19,000 a year before tax when the rental income is set against the interest bill plus the other associated expenses. He can set the loss of \$19,000 a year after all expenses against his income from the surgery or store, which may well have involved him in paying tax at 60 cents in the dollar. That means his after-tax loss on running the flats is not \$19,000 a year, but only 40 percent (or \$7600), the other \$11,400 being contributed effectively by the taxman (which means you and me) in reduction of his income tax bill on running the surgery.

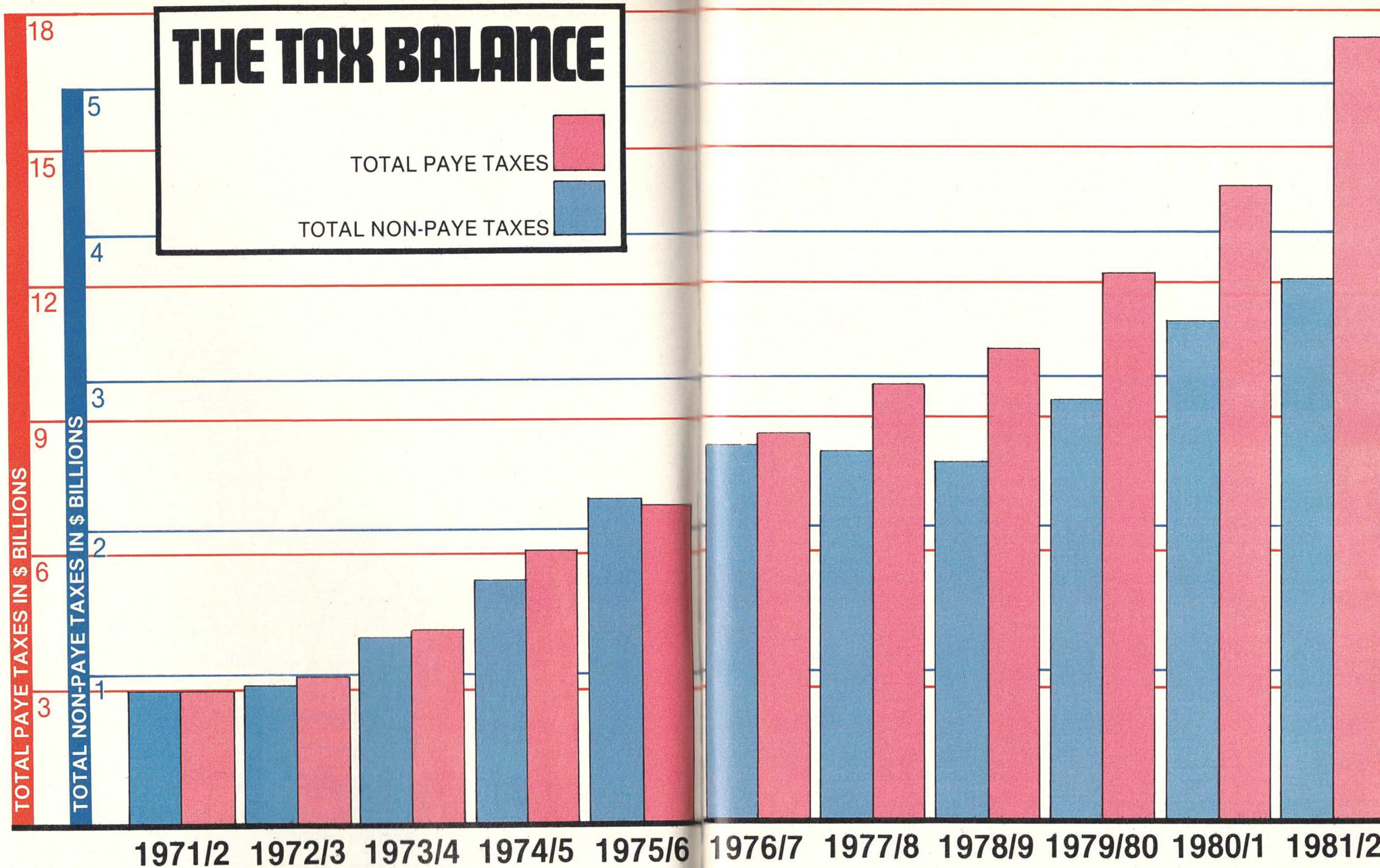
So, you say, he is still losing, though not as much as before. But that is before the prospect of capital gain is taken into account. All that he now needs to break even is an increase of \$7600 in nominal value of the block of flats each year. But that represents a nominal appreciation of only 3.8 percent a year on the \$200,000 block. Even though the real estate market is going through a torrid time at the moment, there is still a very good chance that prices will rise at least this fast. In more normal times real estate at least keeps up with the inflation rate. Anything over his break-even point, 3.8 percent in this case, is pure cream. Provided that he keeps the block of flats for over a year, the capital gain is tax-free.

Suppose that appreciation was 15 percent a year. There is then a tax-free capital gain of 11.2 percent a year on the investment, or a staggering \$22,000 a year — much more than most people earn before tax. And he has scarcely laid out a penny of his own — all the capital, and certainly most of the tax advantages, have come from borrowing.

Our dentist or doctor has effectively converted a substantial chunk of his normal income, which would have attracted tax at 60 cents in the dollar, into a tax-free capital gain.

With some additional twists, the same principle can be adapted to developing vineyards or almond groves or macadamia nut plantations or building up a run-down farm. The expenses, plus the interest, are charged to tax, and the benefits are taken as a tax-free capital gain.

Sometimes this is carried to the point of absurdity. Ten years ago I watched dumb-founded as the sheer slopes of some densely-forested hills near Cooroy in Queensland were stripped by two pre-



cariously perched D-6 dozers dragging a chain between them. The land was then reseeded and fertilised, all with a heavy subsidy from the taxpayer at 60 cents in the dollar. After a decent interval the Pitt or Collins Street farmer sold off the lot as a tax-free capital gain. In the meantime he could even claim his trip up to Queensland as a tax deduction, the excuse being that he had a need to inspect his investment!

There is no way that operations like this are in the nation's interest, even if you don't care two hoots about the destruction of some lovely trees. They make money only because of our peculiar tax laws, which continue to exempt most capital gains. In the process we are encouraging Australians to become a nation of real estate speculators at the cost of diverting our investment capital away from productive use, which would allow us to modernise our equipment to compete internationally.

Even if he understands what is going on, the ordinary worker is just a spectator in

this game. For a start he pays tax at 32 cents, not 60 cents, in the dollar. But that is not the main handicap. The ordinary worker's problem is to get someone to lend him \$200,000 in the first place, without which he cannot take advantage of the tax system's heavy subsidy of the interest bill. In reality this avoidance device is a rich man's game. It is yet another example of wealth begetting wealth.

Finally, there are the more complex avoidance schemes, which come in three basic forms.

One is to hook yourself up to a clever lawyer or accountant who has found a loophole in the existing law, and then exploit it for all you're worth until the tax authorities get a law passed to block the escape. In the meantime the clever tax advisers have discovered another loophole, and so on.

A second is to delay payment of tax for as long as possible, which in these days of high interest rates is equivalent to paying only part of the true bill, the rest being off-

set by the money earned on the cash in the meantime. Of course, it is not simply a matter of refusing to pay. An objection to the tax man's assessment is made, and while the tax lawyer fights this case all the way through the courts on behalf of one client, everybody keeps their tax payments in the meantime.

Some tax lawyers, the notorious Peter Clyne for example, offer to pay the legal costs of anybody so affected by one of his schemes. This is not a generous offer, nor even a demonstration of confidence in the lawyer's ingenuity. It is simply what the tax adviser is selling — a means of stalling so that clients pay up only years later when the dollars have lost a large slice of their real worth.

Finally, there is the endless stall. Income is transferred from one company to the next in a large chain in the hope that the overworked tax man will lose patience with the financial detective work and give up. Even if he is determined, the public servant may well find at the end of the line a

company with fictitious directors whose records have simply disappeared. Such practices have been dubbed "bottom of the harbor" cases — the ultimate resting place of much of the evidence.

It goes without saying that the initial price for any one of these schemes is stiff, effectively shutting out the ordinary worker.

But doesn't the little man have his own peculiar tax dodge — the cash economy, particularly in the building trades? No doubt the answer is yes, but the evidence suggests he is still a loser even here.

Dr Norman made a study recently of the list of people detected as tax evaders. His findings are interesting: "A peculiar concentration of these evaders [is to be found] in the building industry, domestic service, personal services and the clerical trades. In addition a relatively large number of paramedical services are included, as are a number of primary industry and directorial occupations."

There is no surprise in that list, but he

went on to claim that "while the general impression that the building industry looms large in the evasion areas is confirmed, there is little evidence to suggest that evasion is concentrated at the lower income ranges. We should do well to reject the notion that evasion is a means of escape from tax that helps poorer people particularly."

Indeed, a study of the entire list of offenders indicated that "in general the income level of these evaders is at or above the average income, and that, on average, about half of the true income of detected evaders is not declared."

How much tax is evaded? By definition an answer to this question is particularly difficult, but some informed guesses can be made. On one basis, the so-called "Gutman method" of noting over time the behavior of the ratio of cash circulating in the economy to the amount of bank deposits, the Commercial Bank of Australia suggested recently that perhaps in excess of \$3000 million a year was being lost in tax to the cash economy.

Another basis relies heavily on a detailed randomly sampled investigation of the activities of 50,000 US taxpayers by that country's official Internal Revenue service. If what was found there by way of undisclosed cash activities were to be repeated proportionately in Australia, the tax loss through evasion would be around \$2500 million a year.

These, understandably, are very crude estimates, so that researchers like Dr Norman prefer to play them down. He has worked out a guess at the amount and incidence of evasion for each occupational class, the total still coming to around \$1000 million a year.

Therefore, even on the most conservative bases there is at least \$3 billion worth of tax dodging going on, \$2 billion in avoidance and another billion in evasion. More speculative estimates would put income tax avoidance and evasion at around \$6 billion, the total being split equally between the two types.

This loss to the federal revenue has to be made up one way or another, particularly since the Fraser Government has invested so much pride in balancing its budget books.

In practice, since government spending has not been cut, the loss has been covered by hiking tax rates on the income that cannot go undisclosed, principally wage and salary income covered by the issue of group certificates.

Even on the most conservative tax dodging estimate, the loss is equivalent to about 15 percent of total income tax revenues. That means tax rates are now at least 15 percent higher to raise the same amount of revenue than they would need to be if tax dodging did not exist.

The true hike in tax rates is probably even higher, given that our estimates are about the most conservative possible;

TAX MACHINE

nevertheless, it means that unless you are dodging tax on at least 15 percent of your true income, you are almost certainly losing the game of making the other fellow pay your share of the tax burden.

You may indeed be better off with some dodging than none, but unless you are doing it to the tune of at least 15 percent, the higher tax rates on what cannot be evaded are more than wiping out the gain. Rest assured, others are dodging well over that 15 percent and passing some of their tax burden to you.

That is the sorry state to which the Australian tax system has come. It is the prime reason why for many workers overtime pay is now taxed at 46 cents in the dollar. It is simply a reflection of the fact that for many well-off non-wage people, paying tax is a voluntary act, a bit like donating to charity.

While that is a scandal, an even bigger scandal is that next to nothing of any major substance has been done about it over the past five years. Treasurer Howard can see the big dent in his revenue figures, but while he rushes around outlawing individual schemes, these particular horses have already bolted. The tax losses keep on mounting year after year.

What can be done that would be effective? Nothing very much is going to be

done about income splitting and trusts, certainly not while the Prime Minister and most of his Cabinet are playing the same game. So are very many small self-employed people who would be outraged if their particular lurk were knocked off.

We have to do our best to stop the practice from spreading. In particular we can oppose a scheme promoted by one of Fraser's Ministers, Ian Wilson from South Australia. In a classic piece of double logic, Wilson condemned income splitting as a tax dodge, but then proposed that it be available to everybody.

The trouble is that it would not be available to everybody. Single people, for example, would have no-one to split with. And for the majority of married people, whose wives are now working, the benefits even at existing tax rates would be minimal. When, inevitably, tax rates rise to cover the costs of Wilson's generosity, they would be net losers. The main beneficiaries would be married men with non-working wives. All the evidence shows such men to be disproportionately located in the upper income levels, for the good reason that most poor families need every dollar they can get.

Wilson's proposal, which has been taken seriously, thus attempts to load the tax dice even more strongly in favor of the rich. Perhaps it is not by coincidence that he represents one of Adelaide's silvertail areas.

With more than half the Cabinet into income splitting and with Ministers like Wilson proposing even more access to the trough for the rich, it is hard to take the present government seriously on tax dodging. True, John Howard rushes about outlawing avoidance schemes, but he is shutting the stable door after the horse has bolted. The tax avoidance industry expects this, and has already been opening more doors before Howard can arrive on the scene.

It is an unequal fight. There are simply not enough tax inspectors to get the job done quickly enough. The only way out is *retrospectivity*. At present, when a tax scheme is outlawed all those who have previously benefited get to keep their gains. The proposal is to make the change retrospective, so that previous years' dodges are also subject to the change. Anything less than this will never stop tax dodging. Under the new proposal tax inspectors can study any scheme unhurriedly and recover the lost tax when they are good and ready with all the evidence.

But Howard rejects this on the philosophical ground that the law should not be changed after people have acted. There is another way of looking at it, however. You would not be saying that people have been acting illegally in the past; merely that the tax benefit they expected to get from contriving their affairs solely to minimise their payments will not be forthcoming. Howard is splitting hairs in an indefensible position when he rambles on about philosophy.

If Howard is against retrospectivity, Ralph Willis, the Shadow Treasurer, is not. Willis notes that when retrospectivity was brought into British tax law in the late 1970s, that country's tax avoidance industry virtually folded up. The game had been to keep one step ahead of the tax authorities. Retrospectivity allowed the tax men to go back and play the game again under fair rules.

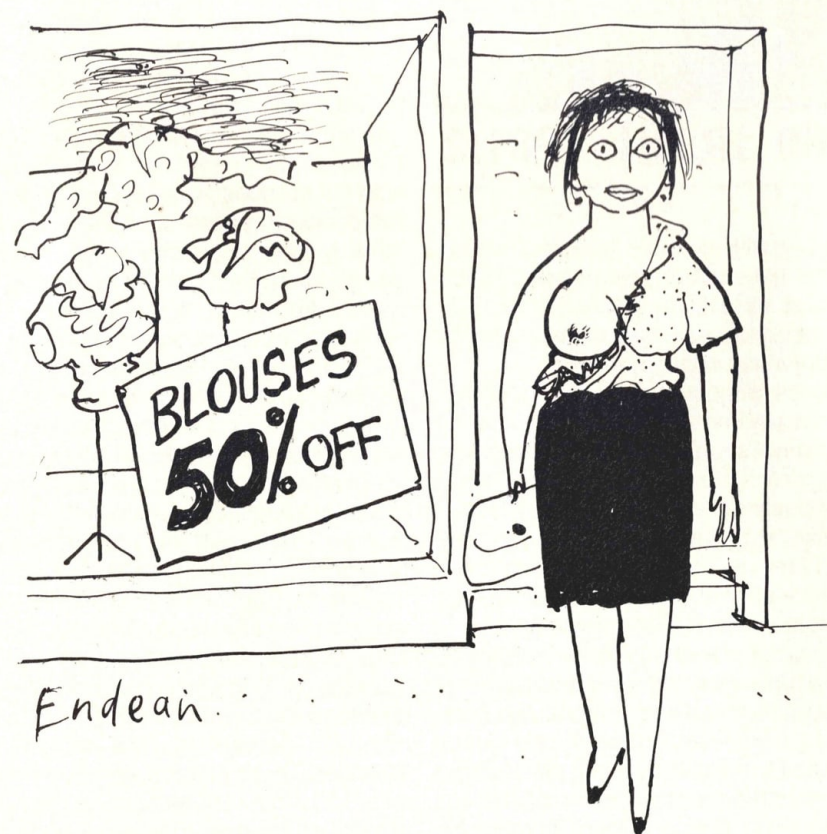
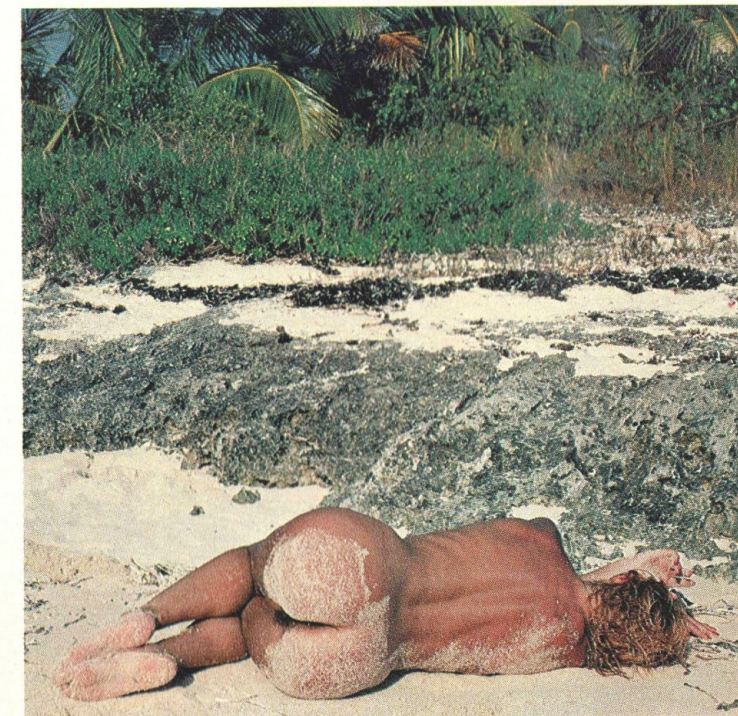
Secondly, we can end our isolation as virtually the only country in the Western world without a capital gains tax. The US has had one since the turn of the century, Britain since the early 1960s, and almost everybody else has followed suit.

The sums which govern dodges like blocks of flats, hobby farms and the like just would not work out right with a capital gains tax of, say, 30 percent.

We know where Fraser stands. In the desperate struggle in the last week of the 1980 election, the entire Liberal advertising campaign was devoted to scaring people into the belief that the ALP was about to tax capital gains on the family home.

Hayden is convinced that he lost the election on this issue, and he may well be right. He has since gone to water, saying that he would not introduce such a tax in his first term. ALP tacticians defend this by saying that capital gains on the family home are the only way workers can build up their wealth, and that the tax would not raise much revenue anyway. ☐

VERONIQUE

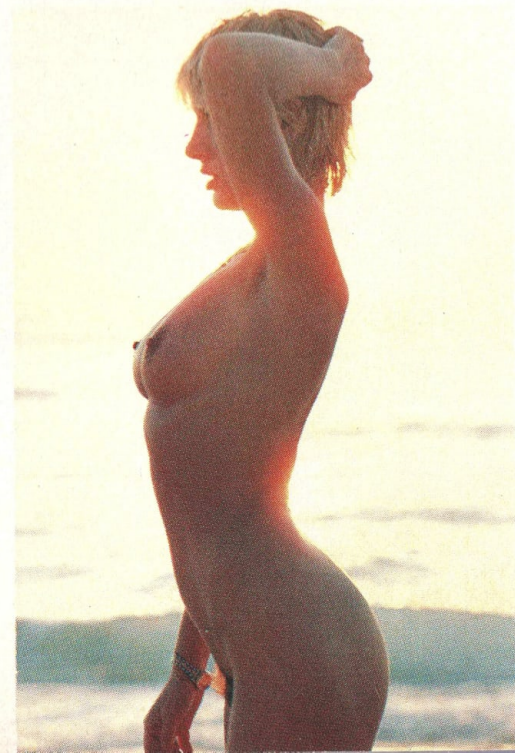


MAGNIFIQUE!

As a young girl in France, Veronique recalls, the Riviera meant August vacations with her parents, collecting shells in a bucket. Then it meant adolescent beach barbecues, sunburnt backs, getting buried in the sand. Now the lapping of the waves against the shore seems suggestive of frenzied lovers doing the same to each other on deserted weekday beaches. Whenever she can, Veronique makes sure she's one of them. Though French, our 20-year-old minx is hardly provincial. No conservative bourgeois ideas here — Veronique is never backward in coming forward. She loved the scene in the movie *Shampoo* where Julie Christie shocked a roomful of fat cats by sliding under the table to molest Warren Beatty. Someday Veronique hopes to do likewise: win a major battle in her one-woman war against propriety.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN ROUGERON

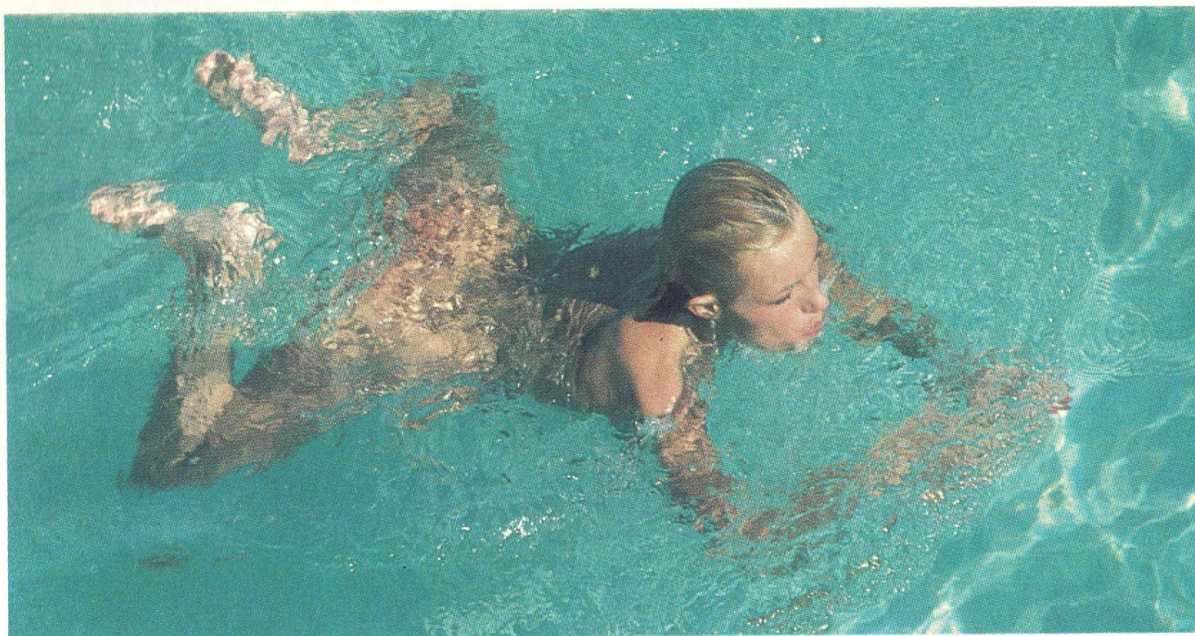




Appearing in *Penthouse* is her way of beginning the first skirmish. If the stern instructors who scolded our flirtatious *jeune fille* during her years at the lycee saw her here, they would weep. Maybe they'd remember that Veronique was voted by her classmates the girl most likely to exceed . . .



For the spirit to survive, she feels, it's essential to bare one's soul — and also one's breasts, if they're pretty. Hers are. She bluntly admits she's as high on them as they are on her.



Our winsome child shows no signs of growing tamer. She's true enough when her current lover is around, but once he's away, she'll play. "You can't keep a good man down," our worldly philosopher reasons. "And I can't pass a good man up!" ☺





Greyhound racing
brings out the mongrel in a man

SAVAGE SPORT

BY PHIL ABRAHAM

The greyhound is a man's best friend and a rabbit's worst enemy. The breed's impulse to chase is as basic as its instinct to mate. When a greyhound sights a bunny bobbing through a paddock, this elegant and normally placid creature turns into a canine shark — a predator programmed to search and destroy.

It is this instinctive programming which motivates the modern racing greyhound. But since live hare coursing was banned in this country a few decades ago, the dogs have been kept in the hunt with the old "donkey and carrot" strategy. When he chases that mechanical hare on the circuit, the greyhound runs with the expectation that he'll finally ball up his quarry. On the race track, of course, the bunny always escapes — a frustrating experience for the dog. Most trainers understand this, and know that if the animal is going

to keep racing it needs an occasional taste of the real thing. Only the most stupid donkey is going to keep reaching for the carrot, unless it is rewarded with the odd bite, and the greyhound is certainly no dumb animal.

Greyhound enthusiasts find it easy to justify the bloodings of their dogs. One country trainer makes the point bluntly: "Live kills are necessary if you want your dog to chase. At the gallops or the trots, the horses have a jockey or a driver giving them the whip to make sure they do their best. Dogs need some sort of motivation to go for the lure, even though they've been bred to chase. You've still got to keep them keen. Every successful trainer knows that. I make sure my dogs get a live rabbit every three months. I have no qualms about it. I've lived in the country all my life and I've seen hundreds of rabbits dying a slow and agonising death from myxomatosis. They're

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a pest. It seems very two-faced of our society to condone the mass slaughter of these animals through shooting, warren destruction and the myxomatosis virus, and then turn around and make a fuss when a few rabbits suffer a quick end in a dog's jaws. I know these animal lovers are sincere, but they are misguided. Predators need prey. It's part of the pattern of life."

The penalties for live baiting are severe. In NSW a new Prevention Of Cruelty To Animals Act, gazetted this year, provides a maximum prison sentence of two years and stiff fines for greyhound trainers if they are convicted on a charge of aggravated cruelty. The RSPCA has not yet prosecuted anyone under the new Act, but during the last five years in NSW there have been 23 convictions under the old legislation covering live baiting.

An RSPCA spokesman said most of these incidents occurred on country training tracks. "The most common animals used are rabbits, chickens and possums. I refute the screams of cat owners who claim their pets are victims of this practice. Cats' claws are an obvious problem, and I doubt if a greyhound trainer is going to sit down and pull them out one by one before feeding the cat to his dogs. Sometimes the trainer will release a rabbit into an open field and let the dog chase it. Otherwise the live animal is attached to the mechanical lure arm on the training track in place of the fake bunny. Leghorn chooks are popular because they are available and they flap and screech when they are restrained.

"The animal is frequently tied by its back legs, which leaves the front section free to wriggle and squirm. The lure is set off and one or two dogs give chase. The trainer then stops the lure and the dogs are allowed to descend on the animal."

The greyhound trainer who allowed a photographer to shoot the photos on these pages gives his dogs a kill on the morning before they race. On this particular day he had two animals entered on the evening's program. One of the dogs was a consistent performer and had drawn the coveted number one box in his race, giving him an advantage over his seven opponents on the tight-circle track. He was looking like a good chance for a first place and a fresh kill would guarantee that he would make a determined effort to chase the lure.

But the trainer had a problem. The ferret he used to catch his rabbits had let him down and he was only able to get one out of the warren alive. In order to give both dogs a go at the bunny, he tied a light-gauge fishing line to one of the rabbit's legs so he could retrieve the animal before the first greyhound savaged it.

In an isolated paddock, the trainer pulled the rabbit from a sugar bag and knotted the line around one of its rear shanks. He teased the first dog with the rabbit, never letting it get too close; saving the bunny for the dog he expected to win. This greyhound was restrained on a leash. When it sighted the rabbit, the dog pricked its ears and suddenly became agitated and alert. While he held the dog with one hand, the trainer released the rabbit, giving it 20 metres start across the field. Then he slipped the greyhound from its leash.

Like a sleek guided missile, the dog zoned in on its quarry. The rabbit's white tail bobbed frantically through the paddock as it chopped and changed direction, searching for cover. But the greyhound was always one step ahead, bounding across the field in a blur of speed. The dog's gaping jaws closed over the rabbit's back before it had run 60 metres. The animal's ribs cracked and snapped as the dog's teeth sank in. The bleeding began and the greyhound went berserk, tearing the rabbit apart.

Under the glare of the floodlights on the mining town track that night, the dog came out of the number one box as if it were rocket-propelled. It had eyes for nothing but the bouncing tail on the mechanical lure. The hound's head lunged at the fake hare, its red-blanketed body a mere appendage, its flailing legs appearing to barely touch the ground. He cleared away from the pack in the straight, streaked past the winning post more than six lengths in front of the next dog and was still looking for the lure after his run had been halted in the catching pen. This time the bunny got away.

As demonstrated by the acceptance of live baiting among the greyhound racing fraternity, plenty of trainers are willing to break the law to give their dogs an advantage on the track. But malpractice doesn't stop there. Dog racing is a business in which the animals are frequently perceived as four-legged machines. Inevitably, unscrupulous trainers will attempt to fuel their machines with a mixture that will speed them up or slow them down. The evidence surrounding the doping of dogs is sparse. In Australia, doping incidents are the exception rather than the rule. Because they are free-running animals — that is,

there is no jockey in control of the reins — greyhound racing is considered to be the most honest racing sport.

But despite the efforts of greyhound racing control boards in every State, blatant race-fixing continues to occur. In NSW earlier this year, Greyhound Racing Control Board officials disqualified two trainers for 12 months following an investigation of a race at Gosford in which there were two late scratchings, three greyhounds pulled up at the first turn and there were large trifecta wagers on the three remaining runners in the race. Only two months later at Wentworth Park, punters booed, jeered and threw rubbish onto the track when a distance race favorite which had won in fine style against better company the previous week finished 16 lengths behind the winner in a race which also suffered a number of late scratchings. In the period between those races, other short-priced favorites at city tracks raced with a similar lack of interest, and there were a number of betting plunges which saw an outsider firm by many points and then win with ease.

In the 12 months ending June 1981, NSWGRCB stewards laid a total of 188 charges against trainers, resulting in the fining of 181 of those charged, and seven disqualifications ranging from three months to two years.

On US greyhound tracks, pre-race swabs are compulsory for every dog. But in Australia, swabs are taken only when a dog shows a radical form reversal. In the 12 months to June 1981, the NSWGRCB swabbed only 152 dogs. Of these, 13 were reported to have been drugged. That's an average of almost 10 percent, a figure which is unlikely to give the Australian betting public confidence in greyhound racing.

In NSW at least, greyhound followers must find it difficult not to believe that there is occasional interference with races on both city and country tracks. Of course, it would be surprising if there was no evidence of impropriety. All racing codes suffer their share of malpractice. But the dirt on doping in greyhound racing in NSW is always swept under the carpet by the Control Board, whose adenoidal administrators take a "no comment" attitude to detailed disclosures about the disqualification or fining of trainers. The few independent authorities willing to speak out on the subject agree that pre-race urine swabbing of every dog is essential if the public is going to have confidence in the sport.

Nine out of 10 owner/trainers in Australia are amateur en-

thusiasts — the type of person who keeps a couple of dogs in the backyard of his suburban home. Despite the use of security kennels and burglar alarms, many of these dogs are an easy mark for the fence-jumper who wants to slow down a favorite. But hitting a greyhound used to be even easier than it is today. Before the introduction of swabbing and weight checks, a man's imagination was the only limitation to the ways in which he could influence the result of a greyhound race. Fact has mixed with fiction to create a mythology of malpractice on the dog track, and these tales are testimony to the ingenuity of the individuals concerned.

Horse races can be won or lost by the jockey rather than the horse. The rider can put his mount into a pocket and restrict its run or he can use tactics which give it the best opportunity to win the race. But the free-running greyhound's performance cannot be influenced by direct human interference during the running of an event. So drugging the dog is the most obvious method of affecting its performance.

Dogs have been fed stimulants and sedatives since the sport began. Live hare coursing was first conducted on an organised basis in rural England. While spectators looked on from the edge of a paddock, a hare was released from a "trap". The greyhound handler standing by would then let two dogs go after their quarry, unleashing them so they both had an even chance at the hare. If the handler favored one dog he would sometimes pull a flask of whiskey from his pocket, take a large swig, then open the dog's jaws and spit the alcohol down its throat a few moments before he let it loose on the hare.

These days, the dopers are a little more sophisticated. Officials at a southern NSW track once discovered plastic tubes leading from the starting boxes on the course to an adjacent carpark; gas was being blown into the confined space of the boxes. A nearly-completed tunnel was once found under the starting boxes on a Victorian track, but the burrowing culprits' motives were never revealed.

Unscrupulous types reputedly slowed their dogs by fixing rubber tightly around male dogs' scrotums, a simple and highly effective method. A rubber band around the balls would be bound to stiffen anyone's stride. Another method of slowing a dog involves a bit of vaseline smeared around the animal's eyes to cloud its vision.

Retarding a dog's progress is a tricky task. It's easy to over-



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do it. Greyhounds are timed in hundredths of a second, and that fraction of a second is sometimes the difference between first and last place. The doper who overdoes it with sedatives is going to look pretty silly if his victim tails off before the first turn, or fails to leave the boxes. But there are more subtle methods of slowing down a greyhound. Too much water before the event or even a hard workout on race day is often enough to hamper the dog's performance to a significant extent.

While urine swabs show that a wide range of drugs are used on greyhounds and that most of them consist of sedatives and tranquilisers, accelerators are also common. Caffeine, one of the most accessible and one of the most easily-detected drugs, is a popular tonic. But amphetamines, strychnine and procaine have also been used. Attendants walking dogs to the starting area have been caught placing a pinch of cocaine onto a dog's tongue before it is put in the boxes.

A veterinary conference in London a few years ago, which was attended by top greyhound specialists from all over the world, came to the conclusion that the drugging of dogs was an unpredictable practice. For example, strychnine has been used to enhance a dog's performance — but tests have shown that while it can increase speed, it also reduces co-ordination, causing a dog to run wide on bends or off the track altogether.

A reverse effect has been found with other stimulants. A series of experiments with amphetamines showed no predictable improvement in speed, and increased doses also resulted in decreased co-ordination. On the other hand, sedatives such as barbituates can cause an improvement in performance when given to an excitable greyhound. One trainer has the last word on doping: "I would never think of giving my greyhounds drugs. I'd rather save them for myself, to give me heart in the betting ring."

The avarice of men has turned the greyhound into a sometimes cruelly-manipulated machine. But the animal's stocks were not always this low. The greyhound has a noble history. Experts consider it to be the oldest of the canine pure breeds, nature's most perfect example of streamlining for speed. Over a short distance, it is just about the fastest thing on four legs; greyhounds have been clocked at speeds up to 80 kilometres an hour.

The greyhound was depicted on the tombs of the Egyptian pharaohs more than 4000 years ago. In Europe during the Middle Ages, the dog was considered the exclusive property of the nobility. A young aristocrat's education included compulsory schooling in greyhound coursing, along with falconry and other blood sports. Greyhounds were as much a symbol of

class regalia as manors, servants, horses and hawks.

Sir Joseph Banks brought a greyhound with him when he sailed with Captain Cook for the Great South Land. The dog went ashore at Botany Bay and was reported to have chased the local wildlife soon after it stepped ashore. Early settlers in South Australia crossed greyhounds with the Scottish deerhound and used them to chase and kill the kangaroos which were wrecking their crops. The crossbreed became known as the kangaroo dog, but it died out when the roos were kept under control by other means.

Today, mechanical coursing is firmly established as a racing sport in every Australian State. But it is a subordinate racing code. If horse racing is the sport of kings, then this is the sport of commoners. Horse racing's Melbourne Cup offers a first prize of over \$300,000. Australia's richest dog race, also called the Mel-

A city winner
will make about \$1000
in an average-grade event,
but in the country first
prizes are a pittance,
rarely exceeding \$100

bourne Cup, is worth \$35,000 for first place. Greyhound racing has a low-class image. Races are sponsored by down-market products like Tooheys and Ardath cigarettes.

The typical greyhound enthusiast is an average bloke with a couple of dogs out in the backyard of his inner-city suburban home or rural residence. For him, the greyhound is a costly commitment, a fragile four-legged investment upon which rest his highest hopes and dreams... the expectation that one day his dog will be a champion; a speedy, money-spinning city winner and then a mighty sire. For decades, that rags-to-riches scenario has been a part of the suburban battler's dreams.

The archetypal Australian caricature, Ted Bulpitt, protagonist in the television comedy series *Kingswood Country*, had a lasting affair with his Holden at the expense of his family. But after the Kingswood, the next thing dearest to Ted's heart was his greyhound, Repco Lad. Ted's loyalty to his dog was fierce... until the Lad gave birth to puppies.

Unfortunately, the glitter in turning a

cheap puppy into a champion is looking a little tarnished in the 1980s. The greyhound industry in this country is in a slump. In most States, prizemoney has failed to increase with the rate of inflation, while the cost of owning a dog has skyrocketed. The extent of the depression in the industry is reflected in the number of litters registered nationwide over the last seven years. In 1975, there were 6048 litters. That figure dropped to 3836 in 1980.

In the early Seventies there were so many dogs around that greyhound owners were lucky if their nominations for a country meeting were accepted. These days, country meetings in some States are being abandoned because the clubs can't raise enough nominations to fill their events.

Queensland is probably the only State where greyhound racing is still a growth industry. The State had three dog racing tracks in 1972. In early 1982, there were 10 and authorities expected to have two new clubs operating by the middle of this year. "This is very good news for us," says Gabba club official John Hicks. "The sport is still expanding in this State."

Hicks points out that one factor which hinders the sport is the attitude of some local councils to greyhounds. The breed's image has suffered as a result of regulations in some areas, which treat the greyhound as guilty of savagery before it has a chance to prove its innocence. The compulsory muzzling of dogs in public leads some people to the immediate conclusion that they are more vicious than other dogs; an incorrect assumption, but one which many authorities have made.

Admittedly, a greyhound on the loose in the suburbs is likely to make a beeline for the neighbor's cat. But the restrictions placed on the animals by local authorities makes this an unlikely occurrence. "In NSW the greyhound clubs seem to have a particularly good relationship with their councils," says Hicks. "But in Queensland, they have virtually forced suburban owners to take their dogs to the country. In some areas close to Brisbane, the regulations are quite unreasonable. For example, some authorities demand that if a person owns greyhounds, he must construct a two-metre high fence around the whole of his property. If you own 10 acres, that becomes an unfair and a very expensive proposition."

Greyhound racing in Victoria, according to the Melbourne-based editor of the *National Greyhound News*, Dick Prenderghast, is not actually depressed — it's just "marking time".

"The sport boomed five years ago, when there was less unemployment and more overtime, but it has fallen from that peak in the last four or five years. But the outlook for greyhound racing in this State is more promising now, with a new Labor government which has appointed a Minister for Youth, Sport and Recreation

who has a good understanding of the needs of the sport."

In NSW, greyhound racing is suffering a severe recession. The annual report of the State's Greyhound Racing Control Board spells out the problem: "If the downward trend is not halted, the industry will enter a depression, more people will drop out, breeding will be further reduced and some clubs will be hard-pressed to remain in existence."

The report states that the problems besetting the industry include low prize-money (a city winner will make about \$1000 in an average-grade event, but in the country — the bread-and-butter sector of the industry — first prizes are a pittance, rarely exceeding \$100); dwindling registrations of owners, trainers and dogs; and a decline in breeding.

Prenderghast points out that greyhound racing has always relied on the worker for support. "But these days that sort of person doesn't have as much cash to spend on the dogs as he used to. It was once a cheap way to be involved in a gambling sport, but that is no longer the case."

Owning a greyhound was once no more expensive than keeping any other dog. But the costs have gone through the roof in recent years. While prizemoney has remained static between 1975 and 1980, the NSWGRCB annual report states that trainers have been confronted with a 151 percent increase in the price of meat, a 90 percent rise in veterinary fees, and a 186 percent increase in petrol costs, an important factor for the majority, who take long trips into the country every weekend to race their dogs. At a conservative estimate, in 1982 it would cost the average person \$1000 to buy a pup, bring it up and have it trained to a stage where it is ready to race. If it fails to perform the investment is wasted, and these days greyhound hobbyists who could once afford to take that chance can no longer do so.

Some greyhound officials blame the State TAB's pattern of distribution for the slump in the industry. But they are probably barking up the wrong tree. The gallops get about 70 percent of the TAB returns, while the trots and the greyhounds receive the balance. One of the major gripes from these last two codes is that they see nothing of the TAB's very large returns from interstate horse racing meetings, which go straight to the home State's galloping clubs.

The fact is that public investment in the dogs has stagnated. In 1979, NSW punters invested \$124,716,365 on the dogs. In 1981 the TAB figure rose to \$124,732,522. Taking the inflation rate into account, these figures show a drop in support. The lack of public investment is greyhound racing's central problem. As the NSWGRCB report states: "The current decline is directly attributable to a fall-off in public support for greyhound racing both on and off the course."

Even the bookies are complaining. Bruce Fletcher, a successful and respected bookmaker at Sydney city meetings, says the changes in the Australian public's gambling habits have been reflected in the bookmakers' turnover. "Systems which offer a high return for a small investment, like Lotto, Soccer Pools and the State Lotteries, have drawn gambling money away from greyhound racing in the last decade. This factor, combined with the increased popularity of TAB telephone accounts, means very few bookmakers are holding as much cash as they were 10 years ago," says Fletcher.

"You hear a lot of stories about rich bookmakers," he continues, "but there aren't too many of them at the dogs. Most of the bookies are on a shoestring budget. If they take home a few hundred dollars after expenses on a typical Saturday night, they are delighted. The ring at Wentworth Park is particularly competitive. There are

Greyhound racing
in Australia will always
be a low-key industry, a
relatively honest gambling
sport and a working class
entertainment

up to 65 bookmakers there on some nights. You really only need about 25 to cater for the punters, so the bookies are cutting each other's throats to get business. You'll see a few Mercedes in the carpark at city meetings — but they belong to punters, not bookmakers."

The hobby owner/trainers are also finding it hard to be enthusiastic about the future of the sport. Colin Green, a 33-year-old operations manager at the Warringah Garden Centre in Sydney's northern suburbs, owns the brilliant young dog Crystal Calico, unbeaten in its first five starts. Colin Green is a knowledgeable and experienced trainer. He doesn't cut corners, feeding his dogs properly with better meat than most people find in front of them on the dinner table, as well as giving them a range of daily supplements which include vitamins, glucose and liver. He walks his dogs regularly for at least three quarters of an hour every morning and night, takes them to training tracks when they are not racing and makes sure they get frequent veterinary checks, ultra-sonic treatment and radox baths after they race. "You've got to do the right thing by your dogs,"

says Green, "or they won't do the right thing by you."

But doing the right thing costs time and money. Green estimates that he is spending \$200 a week to keep four dogs.

But apart from the satisfaction of seeing Crystal Calico win, Green is getting very little return for his investment. Prizemoney barely covers his costs — and he's the owner of a winning dog. Like most other small-time owner/trainers, Green realises that the only way he will come out ahead is to start his dog in town, where the money is more substantial.

Crystal Calico and his brothers and sisters were an outstanding litter. According to Green, every dog from the litter which has raced has won. But he couldn't afford to keep them.

"The sport does seem to be going backwards as far as people like me are concerned," says Green.

So greyhound racing, which has depended on the working classes for support since its inception, is getting beyond the reach of the average bloke. But those with a bundle to invest in the sport can still make a profit.

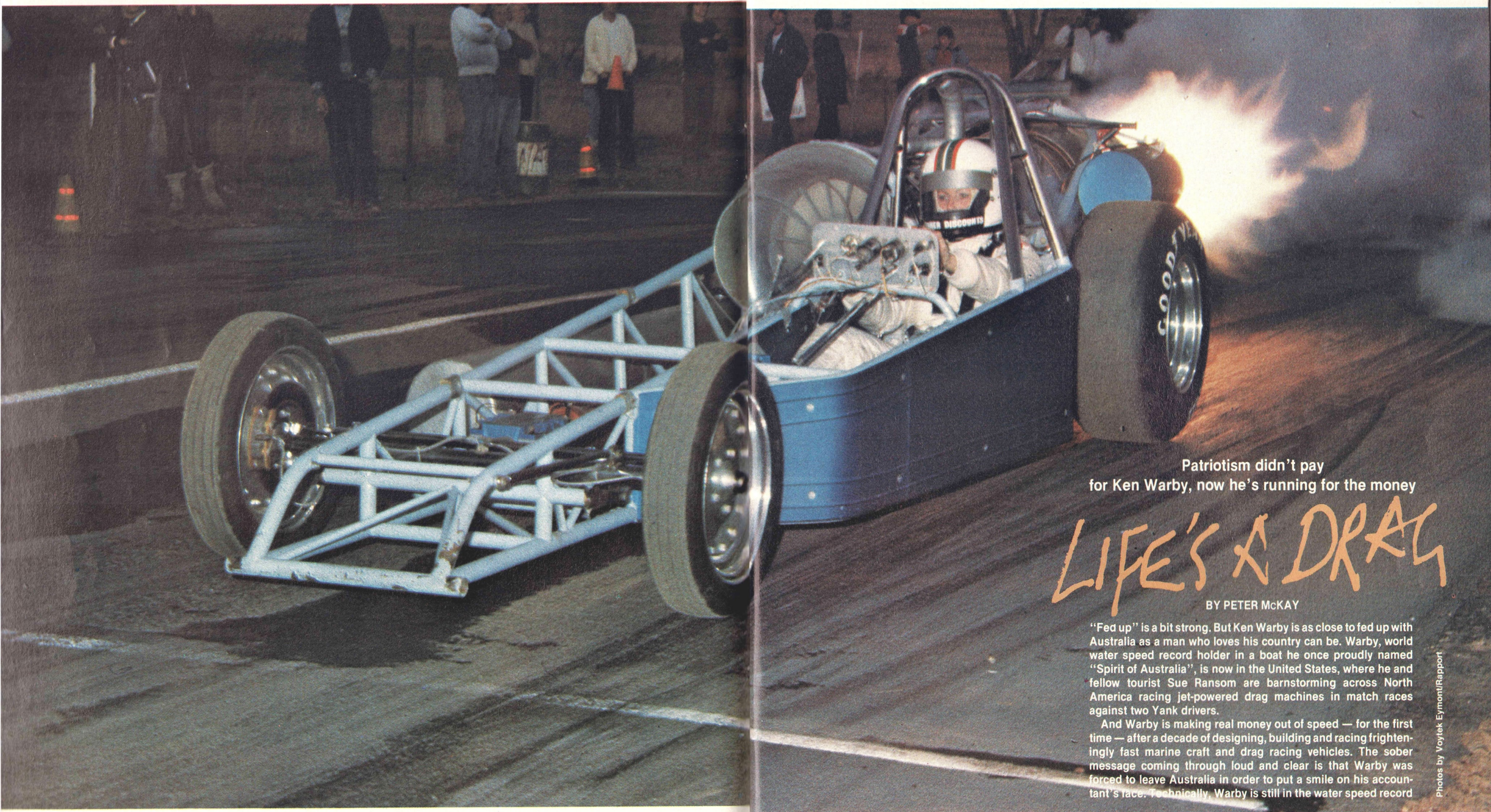
Maurie Chippindale, Secretary-Manager of Sydney's Aquatic Club, and his wife Lorayne sent their champion greyhound Black Aztec to the US for stud duties earlier this year, after rejecting a \$250,000 offer for the dog from an American who was interested in racing it back home. The stud proposition is certain to be a lucrative deal for them.

Many of the top bloodlines in the USA are from Australian sires. Black Aztec has impeccable breeding credentials, and his performances on Australian tracks have proven his quality.

The sport in the USA presents a radical contrast to the Australian greyhound racing scene. American dog tracks are run by private enterprise organisations which pamper patrons with palatial stadiums and lots of razzamatazz. In the States, the sport is slick, rich and corrupt: a decadent spectacle aimed at the gambler.

Local administrative bodies are non-proprietary. This is why greyhound racing in Australia is not as sophisticated as its US counterpart. Here, patrons take a back seat, while greyhound owners and trainers are well catered for. That has made for very high-quality greyhound racing, which results in a small financial return and a lack of widespread public patronage.

This non-profit approach, coupled with the sport's lowly status on the racing scene, means that greyhound racing will always be the poor relation in Australia: a low-key industry, a relatively honest gambling sport and a working class entertainment. This canine breed is an underdog. He will never attract the glamor, the money or the crowds that the gallops command. But the greyhound could be worse off. It is still better to be an underdog than a rabbit. 



Patriotism didn't pay
for Ken Warby, now he's running for the money

LIFE'S A DRAG

BY PETER MCKAY

"Fed up" is a bit strong. But Ken Warby is as close to fed up with Australia as a man who loves his country can be. Warby, world water speed record holder in a boat he once proudly named "Spirit of Australia", is now in the United States, where he and fellow tourist Sue Ransom are barnstorming across North America racing jet-powered drag machines in match races against two Yank drivers.

And Warby is making real money out of speed — for the first time — after a decade of designing, building and racing frighteningly fast marine craft and drag racing vehicles. The sober message coming through loud and clear is that Warby was forced to leave Australia in order to put a smile on his accountant's face. Technically, Warby is still in the water speed record

Photos by Voytek Eymont/Rapport



attempt business. He has a new craft designed in his head but the incentive to convert the idea into reality will probably come along only when some other mortal heads out to a lake somewhere and leaves Warby's existing time of 511.11 km/h (317.6 mph) in tatters. There's also the old problem of money.

With water speed record attempts in a trough, Warby — who dabbles with engines, power and speed for the sense of achievement, not for thrills — stumbled upon an alternative. His drag racing career was an unplanned spinoff from the water speed record attempts.

An American engineer recommended Warby use a jet dragster as a test bed for his boat engines. Warby followed the advice, built a jet rail — those long, spindly creations that breathe fire and cover the standing quarter in less time than it takes to read this sentence — and became an overnight drag race ace. That was two years ago.

Warby's stable of jet rails stretched to two and he did the entrepreneurial bit by importing an American to drive the second car, touting the whole act as an Australia-United States shootout. Later, after the promotional life of this stunt ran its natural course, Warby and fast femme Sue Ransom — best known for her rallying and Bathurst 1000 feats — sped to further acclaim.

Pert Ms Ransom was the perfect foil for the bearded, bear-like Warby: Beauty and the Beast. The name of the "other" jet car was changed from US Invader to Thunder Woman. Ransom hated the tag, since it bore no relationship to the state of her stomach. However, the Ransom-versus-Warby road show was a big winner around the tracks.

Ransom was the hit of the summer, bowling over track records regularly. "In fact," says Warby, "she holds more records across Australia than any other driver in drag racing."

"She's very skilled . . . and fearless, which is unusual for a female. She also understands the technical side of racing. So many other talented lady competitors miss out because of their failure to appreciate what's happening with their machinery."

Warby and Ransom staged their high-powered to-hell-and-back routine 22 times at tracks around the continent. Twenty-two shows was about saturation point, so Warby decided to opt for a change.

The change was to jet-powered funny cars, a category judged the hottest box office draw in drag racing overseas during 1982. Numero uno. Warby ordered two cars from the States, and was quoted a delivery date. Optimistically, he went ahead and arranged some bookings for early '82 . . .

The jet funnies arrived. Later than expected, sure, but with all the ingredients to light up a cool night at the strip. They're mechanically identical, though the outer glass-fibre shells represent in a vague way two different production cars, the Datsun 280ZX and the Ford Mustang. The bodies, gaudily painted in usual drag strip fashion, hide internals that would make Nissan and Ford weep.

Power is provided by Northrop F5 Freedom Fighter jet engines — the General Electric J85 — an amazing mass of steel stretching backwards for a couple of metres directly behind the driver's shoulders. And because the motive power is jet propulsion, transmission problems are banished. Wheels and tyres are not there to give traction. There's a disc brake at each hub, though an aircraft parachute does most of the retardation work at the end of each quarter-mile run, slowing the monster from close to 300 mph

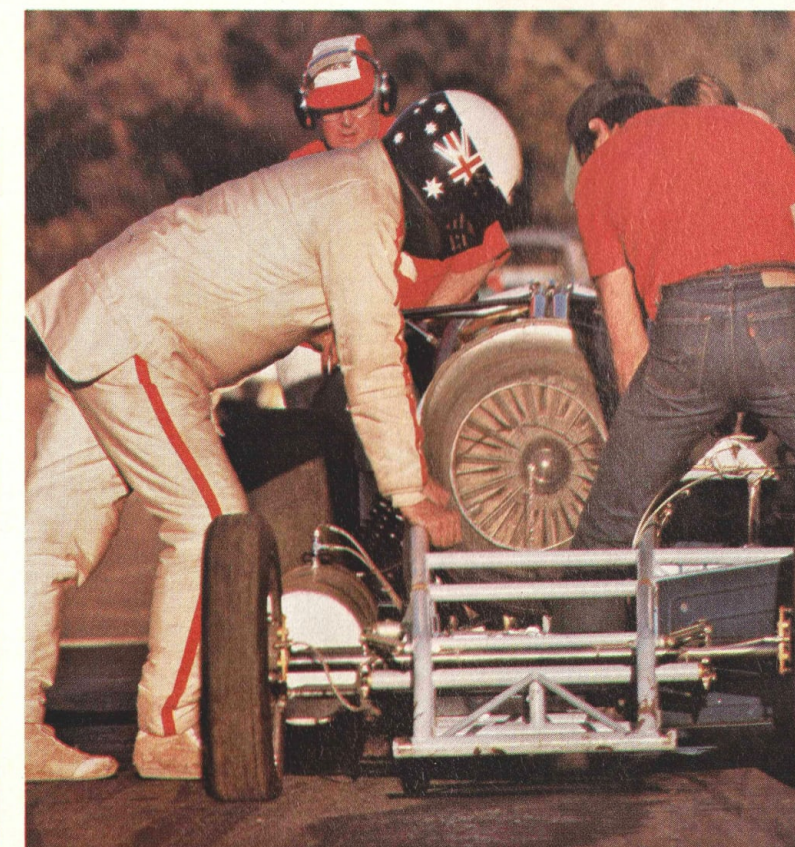
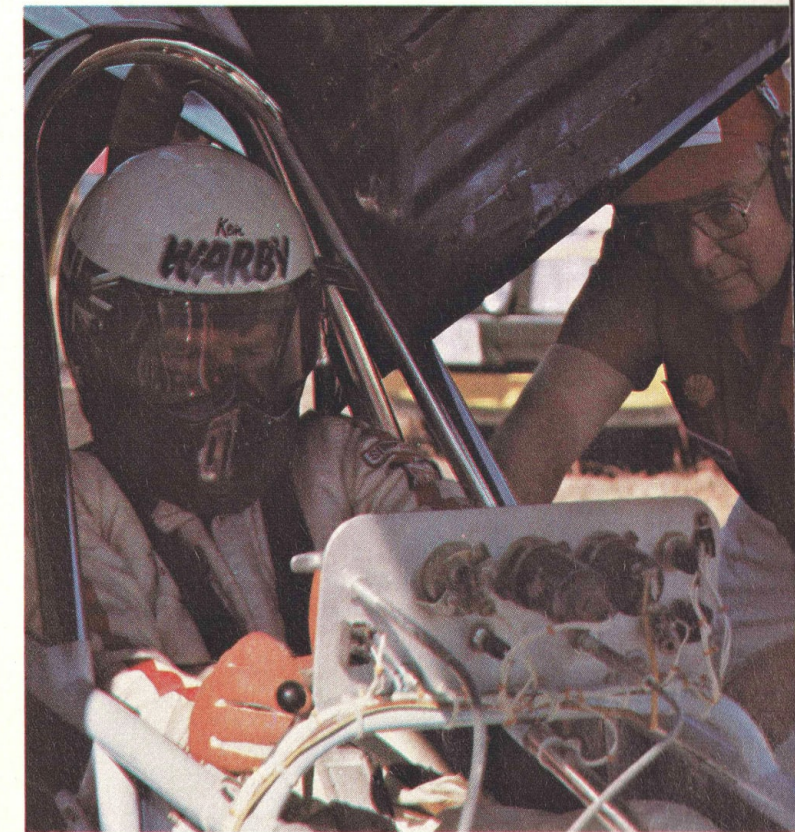
to 100 mph, when the brakes take over. There is no clutch, of course. No accelerator. Instead, a lever at the right hand is pushed forward to bring on the power at the start line. Maximum engine revolutions: 17,000. And there's also a toggle switch on the aircraft-style steering wheel. The driver anticipates the green light and flicks this switch to bring on the full 5000 pounds thrust as the after-burner lights up in an instant. At the same time, the right foot releases the brakes and the missile is pounding down the strip in an after-dark thunder and lightning show to rival Guy Fawkes Night.

It was some go-show. The jet funnies flew — sometimes literally when the rear wheels left terra firma — over the standing quarter in about 5.7 seconds, hitting speeds of around 300 mph. Theatrics included a night-time fire show with fireballs and after-burner thunderclaps to satisfy the pyro freaks on the other side of the fence.

A killer show, eh? You'd think so.

Warby had the hottest machinery money could buy, and a good sort who could drive as well or better than just about any male around. Why, then, are Ransom and Warby bringing the house down in the birthplace of drag racing instead of strutting their stuff right here, in the land of milk and honey? Warby reckons a large dose of good old Aussie indifference and the dented ego of a leading Australian drag racer ended his chances of bringing a touch of professionalism Down Under.

"We missed the peak of the season because of reasons beyond our control, but still believed we would get a sympathetic hearing from the promoters. Instead, we faced a virtual shutout. The only tracks to run our new cars were Tarmac, near Launceston, and





Canberra. And Canberra isn't licensed to run two cars side by side so we were reduced to doing one-at-a-time exhibition runs."

Warby doesn't have to say that two bookings don't go close to covering the expense of buying and importing two racecars worth something of the order of \$75,000 apiece. So, did Warby make an error of judgement in committing himself and his cash to a project doomed to fail? No, he says. The mistake was in not gauging the negative response of the drag strip promoters: "They could have used the cars and they could have made money out of them, but most of them didn't want to get off their backsides at that time of the year and put in some effort."

A political wrangle at another major venue stone-walled the efforts of Warby and Ransom to bring their jet-age show to one particular big metropolitan strip. Warby explains: "The local superstar happened to be one of the track's directors — he had a new car arriving and got very agitated when he thought we might steal a little of his limelight."

Warby is 43. He's no angry young man. His voice allows no suggestion of bitterness. He's been kicked in the teeth before and knows it probably won't be the last time. He has no right to optimism, but it's there, mixed in with the cynicism. Apparently, he lives on hope and some misplaced patriotism. During the American tour, his cars carried the jingoistic names "Advance Australia" and "Spirit of Australia" — despite all.

"We still have the opportunity to bring these cars back to Australia at Christmas and run them around the country. But, at this stage, knowing the attitude of the promoters and the politics involved at one of the best venues, we're never going to run jets as long as one guy stays in control. And this wipes out a major portion of our market."

"The major tracks are Surfers, Castlereagh, Calder, Adelaide, Perth and Bendigo. You've only got to lose one or two bookings and you're in strife. Realistically, we could only expect two bookings at each track, so 12 runs in Australia are all we can anticipate . . . and there are 500 circuits in the US!

"It doesn't really pay us to come back to Australia. The cost of shipping the cars, paying airfares for drivers and crew and then hauling them from one side of the continent to the other may leave us in the red at the end of 12-14 weeks. You can get murdered by overheads."

The underwhelming response to his jet funny cars wasn't the only disappointment shouldered by Warby during the last few months in Australia. Somewhere along the line there was heavy talk of an involvement with motor racing champion, Alan Jones. Warby had intended to pit the World's Greatest Male Chauvinist against the Leading Defender of the Weaker Sex in a Jones-Ransom high noon that couldn't help but be a success.

Jones was red-hot for the idea, as was Ransom. And Warby. But the plan fell in a heap through lack of folding green. "Alan himself wanted a healthy fee, and rightly so. But we just couldn't raise sufficient sponsorship. The most money we looked like plucking was about \$10,000, which would have gone nowhere towards paying Alan alone. We had coast-to-coast television arranged, yet we still couldn't come up with the \$40,000 required to present the show. We'd do it now if we could find the backing. We still have the cars and the cast . . ."

Warby may have been born too late. In another era he could rightly expect to be feted as a sporting god, just as Sir Malcolm Campbell and son Donald were. Or maybe Warby was just born in



the wrong place. He doesn't believe so: "I've got no bitch against Australia — it's still my country. When we're in the States we'll be promoting Australia, although we haven't got one cent of sponsorship from Australia . . . not one cent."

"We put proposals to 95 companies and got not one positive reply. Many of those companies had outlets or connections in the US but their attitude was very negative. We will be headlining wherever we run and will be getting an awful lot of media cover. We honestly believed we had so much to offer . . . it's incredible, really. In Australia I guess I have one of the largest personal followings of any sportsman at grass roots level. It's just that I can't get the business people — the guys that sign cheques — on side."

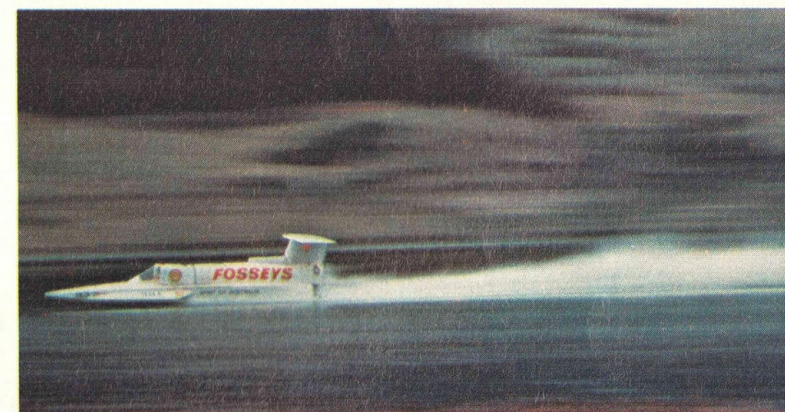
"I'll let them have drag racing in Australia all to themselves, and the tracks can continue to charge top prices for second-rate shows. We'll make some money and friends in America."

The American tour reverses the usual trend of over-priced American race drivers heading Down Under for a holiday in the sun and a chance to inflate their bank accounts.

"Usually the Americans do the globetrotting to show the rest of the world how bloody good they are. But now we're taking them on in their own back yard. It's never been done before and all of a sudden the tracks have got a fresh attraction."

"Local sceptics told me it could never be done, but I'll do it. "We haven't approached American companies yet, but we obviously will. I've knocked back American money before . . . I don't think I'll do it now. You know, you hit your head against the wall and after a while you tell yourself it's starting to hurt, and then you quit."

"I'm at the stage where I've run for God and Country . . . and now I'm running for Money. Amen." ☐



MAN &

BY JANET BRIGHT

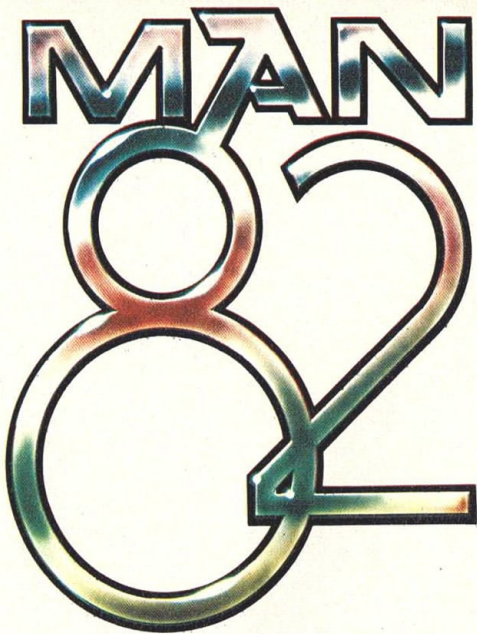


What kind of a man reads Australian Penthouse?

That was the question we asked when we prepared the survey published in our April issue. And now we've got the answers. Penthouse was inundated with replies to the survey questionnaire from all States, allowing the Market Research Workshop computer to compile an accurate assessment of our readers' lifestyles and

EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT YOURSELF . . .





opinions. Well then, who are you? The typical *Australian Penthouse* reader is male (97 percent). He is Australian-born (81 percent), probably aged between 21 and 35, and is likely to be employed in a professional or executive capacity, or self-employed. He considers love, health, peace of mind, friends and money — in that order — to be the most important ingredients of a happy and fulfilling life.

He's cashed up, not afraid to use credit, and mobile — not only in terms of having wheels, but also in his attitudes to life. He likes to travel on his holidays, frequently changes jobs, presumably to further his career, and would happily move to another part of Australia — in fact, if he had the choice he'd live elsewhere.

He enjoys life, takes his work and his leisure seriously and makes full use of the entertainments available to him. He's alive and vital, and concerned about his appearance through his overall interest in health, weight and diet.

He's innovative, experimental and liberal — characteristics expressed in his attitudes towards his sex life, his higher than average use of drugs and his less than chauvinistic attitude towards women, although he does hold some traditional values on marriage.

He's materialistic in the sense that he likes to collect possessions, interested in music, because he spends a lot of money on stereos and records, and appreciates the benefits of modern technology, judging by his keenness to buy video cassette recorders and home computers.

If this sounds like you, read on for more details about the *Penthouse* man of the Eighties.

SEX

The *Penthouse* survey results on the subject of sex contradict many people's assumptions about the magazine's male

readers. The *Penthouse* man of the Eighties is a mature, liberated and caring individual. *Penthouse* is not just a magazine for singles. Half the readers are married (36 percent) or living in de facto relationships (14 percent), with 45 percent of readers single and 10 percent divorced. Traditional values still motivate his attitudes to his relationships. Given the choice, the majority still feel a stable home life, marriage and children are preferable to single status, and that love is more important than sex. Not that sex isn't important.

The *Penthouse* man of the Eighties considers his sex life to be satisfactory, and rarely goes without intercourse for more than a month. He is not convinced that it's a man's world, and believes there is more understanding between the sexes than there was five years ago. He considers that he communicates well with his partner although he could find it difficult to forgive her if she had an affair. Contrary to popular belief, he doesn't get particularly turned on by big tits.

In our first question on the mating habits of the Australian male, we asked if you thought your sex life was satisfactory. More than 70 percent of readers expressed satisfaction. Those with a de facto or married relationship enjoyed the highest degree of contentment, while the majority of complaints came from young, single flat dwellers.

An interesting corollary was uncovered: increasing age leads to increasing sexual satisfaction (70 percent of the over-35s claim to be satisfied, compared with only 51 percent of the under-20s, particularly those living at home, whose parents probably get in the way). Do you in fact get better at it with age? Or could the cynic conclude that the higher level has nothing to do with increased fulfillment, but more to do with increased resignation, as your expectations from sex decrease with age and you become satisfied with less?

There also seems to be a link between money and sex: the lower your income and job status, the less likely you are to have a satisfactory sex life. And another fascinating fact: Liberal voters have better sex lives than Labor party supporters. Seventy percent of Liberal voters were satisfied with their sex lives, compared with only 61 percent of Labor voters.

When asked about the longest periods for which they had gone without intercourse, 38 percent of readers said they rarely go without sex for more than a month. Thirty-five percent have been celibate for periods of between one and six months, and 14 percent of respondents have gone without intercourse for more than a year.

Those with the most consistent sexual habits are married white collar workers, over the age of 35, with an income over

\$20,000. Celibacy for lengthy periods is more prevalent if you are single, live in a flat or with your parents, have a semi-skilled or unskilled job and earn under \$10,000.

Most of our readers have firm ideas on how their sex lives could be improved, and mostly this involves greater innovation on the part of their partners. It seems that for the *Penthouse* man of the Eighties, the missionary position holds few thrills.

The majority want their partner to initiate sex more often, and they want to engage in more spontaneous sex (in the back seat of the car, in the shower, and on the kitchen table). They also thought it would be nice if their partners were more active during sex. One in five readers wanted to act out their fantasies more often, and a similar percentage wanted their partners to be more responsive to their sexual needs.

Not too many readers are into anal sex. Only six percent believe that it would improve their sex lives. However, there was a loud cry for more oral sex. Married men who are over 30 and in a high income bracket are particularly keen for their partner to get down and get funky!

Here's a breakdown of your response to our query on how you felt your sex life could be improved:

	%
Partner initiate sex more often	34
More spontaneous sex	34
Partner more responsive to my sexual needs	21
Act out fantasies more often	20
Partner more active during sex	19
Oral sex	15
More foreplay	11
Partner aroused longer	8
Talk more during sex	8
Anal sex	6

The *Penthouse* man of the Eighties is convinced that it's no longer a man's world: 51 percent of respondents felt men and women had equal opportunities in the 1980s. Those living with a partner are more likely to feel that both sexes have about the same advantages, while singles and those from the lower socio-economic groups tend to feel that women have more advantages than men these days. Perhaps they are the ones who are most threatened by the women's movement. She now has her own income and career, which may surpass his own, and there is perhaps a degree of resentment and insecurity on the part of the single male.

Our next question was: If your partner had an affair, could you forgive her? Forty-four percent of respondents could forgive. Older, married men in the upper socio-economic strata are more likely to forgive, while divorced males reveal themselves to be particularly tolerant. Women, younger people and those in de facto relationships



The lucky winner of the *Penthouse* Man of the Eighties survey competition is 28-year-old David Hughes of Macquarie Fields, in New South Wales. The Market Research Workshop computer picked David's name from the many survey forms sent in by readers.

"The only thing I'd ever won before this was a couple of frozen chooks at the pub," said David, who'll be flying away with his wife Lyn, courtesy of TAA, on an adventure travel holiday organised by The Adventure Travel Centre, one of Australia's leading experts in outdoor holidays.

The Adventure Travel people's excursions include hot air ballooning, cross country skiing, white water rafting, bushwalking, canoeing, beachcombing, bicycling and just plain loafing. David decided on a seven-day stay on tropical Hinchinbrook Island, valued at over \$2000.

Adventure Travel Director Chris Dewhirst (right) and *Penthouse* Pet Carlynda Yarranton are pictured congratulating David Hughes.

are most likely to feel threatened by a partner's infidelity, and are least likely to accept an indiscretion.

Dialogue between the sexes is generally good. The majority of people with a partner said communication was effective (42 percent). Only nine percent said communication was not very good, and two percent said it was not good at all.

Contraception is still considered to be a woman's responsibility. Only 19 percent of males generally use a contraceptive device, compared with 66 percent of women. When asked what they did about contraception when they first had sex with someone, 56 percent of males in the survey said they checked that their partner was using something. Twenty-one percent said they used something themselves, 12 percent claimed they said nothing and hoped for the best, another 12 percent said they didn't bother and two percent said they didn't believe in contraception at all. The one in five men who "used something themselves" presumably a condom, tended to be young — under 20 — and it could be presumed that their numbers in that age group are significant because they are less likely to be in a stable relationship and their girlfriends are less likely to be on the pill. Our survey also showed

that lower socio-economic males are more likely to ignore the question of contraceptives — which no doubt correlates with larger family size.

Only 13 percent of the sample admitted to having had a sexually transmitted disease in the last five years. The incidence of STDs was particularly low amongst those in a permanent relationship — married couples and women. Not surprisingly, the incidence of STDs was highest amongst those most likely to sleep around — ie single, male flat dwellers.

What turns the *Penthouse* man of the Eighties on? In general terms he rates physical attraction, sexual excitement and a sense of humor as the vital qualities of the ideal lover. Being rich is not a prerequisite. As far as specific physical features are concerned, he rates breasts as the biggest turn-on, although size is not important, followed by eyes, bottoms and legs.

	%
Breasts	57
Eyes	42
Bottoms	36
Legs	35
Lips	16
Genitals	14
Other	2

Only one in three men feel large breasts are a sexual turn-on. Younger readers in particular fantasise over them, while our cynical divorced male is particularly adamant that big tits are not more sexy. So the image of a billowing sexual dynamo fits more easily into adolescent dreams than reality.

WORK

Career consciousness and the work ethic are significant motivating forces for the *Penthouse* man. He puts a lot of energy into his career, with both financial security and personal fulfilment as the desired goals. He displays a high degree of job satisfaction. Only 18 percent of respondents expressed dissatisfaction with their present jobs. When asked if they enjoyed work and felt it was important, only one in four said they would stop work-income. That result certainly belies the notion that Australians are lazy "bludgers".

Naturally, the desire to keep working was highest among those who found their jobs most satisfying and it was no coincidence that high levels of job satisfaction were related to high levels of income. Thirty percent of readers claimed they earned more than \$20,000 a year. Forty-six percent were engaged in professional or executive positions or were self-employed, while one in four readers have completed tertiary or postgraduate educational programs.

When asked what they thought were the most important attributes of an ideal job, readers replied emphatically that using their mental potential was the most vital factor. The *Penthouse* man is also interested in doing something meaningful during his working hours, and discovering new challenges. Job security and the desire for new challenges were of greater importance to blue collar workers, while personal growth and a meaningful career were a higher priority for the white collar sector.

A particularly interesting trend is the high degree of job mobility in the work force. Although our sample tended to be young, over half had been in their jobs for less than three years, with almost two in three having two or more jobs in the last five years.

Which leads us to the conclusion that if you want to get ahead, you have to get around.

LEISURE

The *Penthouse* man plays as hard as he works. Keeping fit is a top priority, so sport takes a large slice of his leisure time. But he also enjoys entertainment and eating



taste for reds, perhaps reflecting the age of the sample (under 35), with 15 percent opening a bottle every few days. You are more likely to drink wine if you were born outside Australia, if you vote Liberal, are over 25 or are in a high income bracket.

Spirits are consumed with the same frequency as wines, with 34 percent of readers mixing a drink at least once a week. Once again, the typical spirits drinker is more likely to vote Liberal and earn over \$30,000 a year. Only 12 percent of readers drink liqueurs regularly, with only four percent of our sample drinking them more than once a week.

The *Penthouse* survey confirms the marijuana lobby's claims about the widespread acceptance of the drug in Australian society. Two out of every three readers have smoked marijuana. Not surprisingly, you are more likely to be a cannabis consumer if you live a less traditional, more liberated life style, ie single or have a de facto relationship and live in a flat; if you are aged between 21 and 29 years, vote Labor or are in the middle to lower income brackets.

Experimentation with tranquillisers and sleeping pills is also common, with one in four readers using them. The use of tranquillisers is highest amongst the most "stressed" over-35s: the divorced flat dwellers on incomes over \$30,000 have a particular predilection for sedatives. The use of hallucinogens is also frequent, with 25 percent of readers admitting to experimenting with mind-benders like LSD.

HEALTH AND FITNESS

The *Penthouse* man's mature perspective is supported by his attitude to health and fitness. After love, health was rated the most important factor contributing to a happy and satisfied life. Eighty-five percent of readers expressed an interest in maintaining their health, and a quarter of those said they were very concerned with fitness. However, 15 percent of the sample said they didn't give a damn about their health, so the Aussie slob is not likely to become an endangered species.

A high percentage of men consider themselves overweight. Thirty-eight percent of the sample thought they were carrying too many kilograms. And those readers most inclined to be overweight tended to be over 35 and married. This fact is reflected in statistics which show that concern about weight and diet is highest in the over-30s upper income group.

Weight consciousness is also reflected in readers' diet changes. Sixty-three percent say they are eating less sugar, sweets and cakes; 56 percent eat more fruit and vegetables; 43 percent consume more fibre products, and although the ma-

jority say they have never followed a special diet program, 34 percent say they are eating more low calorie foods and drinks.

LIFESTYLE

How does the man at the top spend his spare cash? Eating out eats up a hefty chunk of his pay packet. Sixty-two percent of our sample dine in a restaurant at least once a month and 43 percent eat lunch in restaurants with a similar frequency. Eighteen percent go out to lunch at least once a week.

The *Penthouse* man also enjoys a variety of entertainments: film, live music and theatre. Fifty-eight percent go to the movies at least once a month, 23 percent to live music and 11 percent to the theatre. He has an excellent record collection, with one in five readers buying more than three LPs a month. He often pulls out his credit card to pay for this type of purchase. Eighty-four percent of readers use credit, particularly Bankcard, which is used by more than half our sample.

The *Penthouse* man is mobile: 90 percent of respondents own a car. Twenty-three percent have a second vehicle, while one in four own motorcycles and one in four a bicycle. Color television (83 percent) and stereos (89 percent) appear to be necessities in life, and a majority aspire to purchase video-tape recorders and home computers in the near future.

FEEDBACK

What does the Australian male like most about *Penthouse*? The girls of course. He'd be mad if he didn't. When it came to applause you clapped loudest for our array of stunning ladies, the *Penthouse* Pets. You were also impressed by *Penthouse*'s hard-hitting investigative features and the frank, personal dialogue in the Forum.

Our female readers were naturally less interested in the girls but were very keen on Forum, Xaviera Hollander and the interviews. When asked what they'd like to see less of, the answer was censorship, and the men agree. We're working on it. The men want to see more girls, more Forum, and more articles on sport and fitness.

We hear your pleas. Although we were interested in finding out what sort of man reads *Penthouse*, the secondary aim of this survey was to solicit your opinions, your preferences and your ideas on the type of men's magazine the Australian male wants to read. From the positive tone of your response, it is obvious that we are on the right track, and our sales figures reflect that fact. Your accolades and advice will further improve the content of the features and pictorials. ☺



carla

DRUGS AND ALCOHOL

The *Penthouse* man consumes alcohol regularly, but in moderation. And again, he's traditional in his drinking habits. Beer is his favorite drink: 60 percent of readers have a few ales at least once a week. Beer is less popular with women and the under-20 age group, while the over-35s drink it more frequently than the average. Sixteen percent of readers drink beer daily.

White wine is the next most popular drink, with one in three readers enjoying Australian whites once a week or more often. Fewer readers have developed a



Fast Lady

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICO METTBACH

"If it's sleek, streamlined and speedy, I'm interested," declares Carla Adams, our racy August Pet of the Month. "I suppose you could say I'm wired for speed — everywhere, that is, except in the bedroom. When I'm making love I like to take things slow and easy," she says.

Folks in Adelaide may have spied our green-eyed traffic stopper adding a souped-up dash of irreverence to the City of Churches as she prowls the streets in her glossy black John Goss Special V8 Ford.





"But don't get the wrong idea," says 18-year-old Carla. "Occasionally I temper my energetic activities with periods of reflection. I love to read — mostly historical romances and other slices of the past," she says.





"Immersing myself in tales of times when the world moved a little slower helps rejuvenate me," says our ultra-slender

beauty. Once refreshed and fired up, she powers back into her passions for cars, fast horses, shooting, skiing and scuba diving.





Carla was born in Germany and grew up travelling Europe and the US before her parents settled in Adelaide. She perfected her downhill racing style on the crisp Austrian slopes at Val d'Isere, and along with her more obvious talents she is an accomplished linguist, speaking flawless German and French.



She admits to being uncertain about the direction her life should take. "I did a year of science at university but I feel drawn toward languages and humanities. Then there's my ambi-

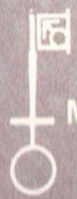


tions to sing, act and become a racing driver." With that vibrant magnetism and intelligence, we believe the future for this South Australian stunner is as rosy as a Barossa Valley red.

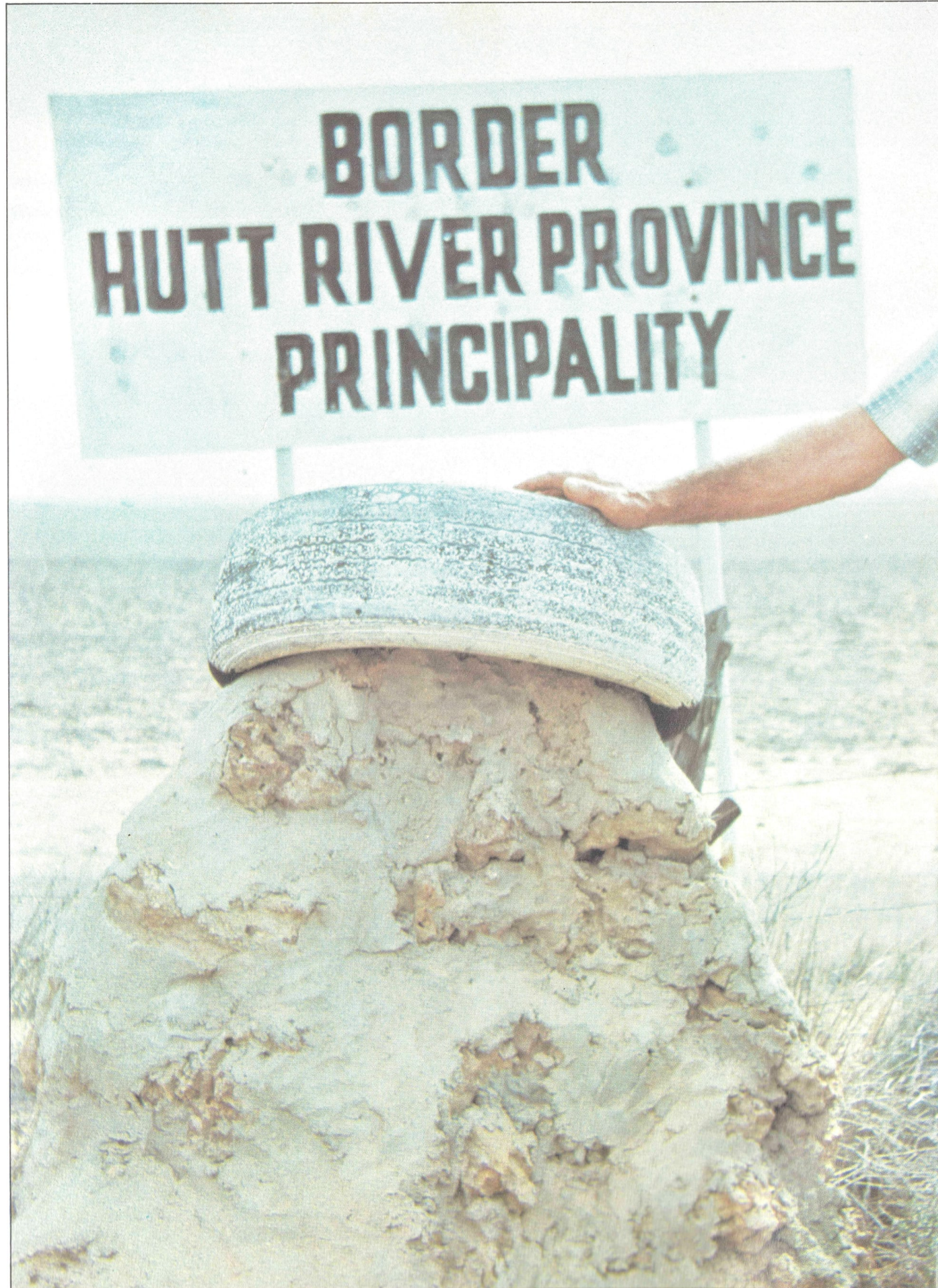


This Leo lass
plays down her pacy
and dominant streak
when she is making
love. "I like to
feel relaxed but not
totally passive when
I'm with my

partners," she
says. My men must
be tender but at the
same time powerful
and masterful.
Bed is the one place
I allow myself to be
dominated." ○✶



MISS CARLA ADAMS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



For the cockie who would be king, secession has become a lucrative business

The Second Biggest Country In Australia

BY PHIL ACKMAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRINCE IAN

"Just imagine for one mad moment that Hutt River Province really does exist," a usually well-informed, though murky, acquaintance told me recently. "That the bloody place really has seceded and that it's actually a country."

"You're joking," I said, though my acquaintance had only a scant sense of humor, and black at that.

"Joking," he repeated, examining the word like an entomologist might examine a dead butterfly. Then he raised his huge hands from the table, as if altitude alone could underline the words that followed. "Imagine that a wheat farmer called Leonard Casley really has pulled it off and that in law he's got as much right to call himself Prince Leonard as Elizabeth Windsor has to call herself Queen."

"It can't be right," I said. "It's a joke. Prince Leonard's nothing more than a cockie, a farmer with a sense of the ridiculous who caught the eye of the Sunday papers."

"I'll put it another way," my acquaintance persisted. "It looks like a dog, it barks like a dog, it's got fleas like a dog. What is it?"

The question hung in the air.

"Such a place," he

continued, after the silence had framed his mood, "such a place could have its uses."

And as it turned out, his observations were perfectly correct. The only joke about Hutt River Province, according to prominent Melbourne barrister and solicitor Anthony Fisher, is that nobody has woken up that it's for real.

"He really has seceded; it's not a fraud and it never has been," Fisher told *Penthouse*.

As the first lawyer ever to speak publicly about the legality of the province, Fisher pronounced that Prince Leonard had clearly established *de facto* recognition. But *de jure* recognition — the sort that might come from the United Nations — had still to be won.

"The Government has never seriously challenged the secession because the outcome might be difficult to predict. They have to either accept him or push it through the courts. As it is, they simply ignore him and hope the whole thing will go away."

Mr Fisher said he understood that Prince Leonard paid Australian taxes only on income derived from outside his self-styled province. "I'm also told that Leonard is pressing forward vigorously to win recognition from the

Second Biggest Country

international community. And, I am led to believe, with considerable success . . ."

They are perhaps the most down-to-earth royal family ever to rule what they fondly refer to as the second-biggest country in Australia. Len Casley, a nuggety wheat farmer with a sense of humor as dry as the 29 square miles of his sovereign territory and an eye for legal detail so acute that in the best Australian tradition he has survived 12 years of giving it a go. And Princess Shirley, as practical as the formica dining table that graces the royal residence and as familiar as the Royal Holden Belmont station wagon parked in the main — and only — street of Hutt River Province. Add Prince Ian, slim and blond, and Prince Richard, whose fondness for a purple singlet carrying the slogan: *To all you virgins: thanks for nothing* never wavers, and you have the basis for a rare family dynasty which the Casleys — if nobody else — are utterly convinced will last 1000 years.

If Hutt River Province is a joke, then it is one so elaborately constructed that it has every chance of ultimately fooling us all.

The province has its own post office, stamps, currency, passports, chapel, tea rooms, economy, diplomats, flag, titles and a radio station as well. The real irony is that it may be a joke and the real thing at the same time; a Disneyland where Daffy Duck has real feathers, Mickey Mouse a real tail and Uncle Scrooge a real bank account filled with loads of real money.

The Immigration officer at Orly Airport in Paris may have been more alert or more curious than most. Perhaps he was young and knew no better. He took the proffered diplomatic passport from retired Melbourne private detective Tom Ericksen, checked the photograph against the huge, rawboned man standing before him, scratched his chin and then flipped back to the front cover.

"Hutt River Province?" he asked in heavily-accented English, his eyebrows rising to meet his cap. "Where is Hutt River Province?"

Ericksen recalls the conversation because he is fond of recalling it. "It's 18 times bigger than Monaco," he replied. "Second-biggest country in Australia."

"One moment," said the passport officer, not at all happy with the green and gold embossed document in his hand, nor apparently with the knighthood it proclaimed for its 20-stone owner.

Ericksen stood politely in the queue while the officer conferred with his superior. Presently the two men returned to the counter. "Yes, excuse me, Your Excellency," said the more senior man, ushering Ericksen through the desk and slapping his underling at the same time.

"Right this way, Your Excellency," he said as he led Victoria's ambassador to Hutt River Province into France, pausing only to stamp his passport on the way through.

Leonard Casley was the son of a railway fireman in Kalgoorlie, and although he first ran foul of the law when it crushed his wildflower-selling business on the docks of Fremantle Harbor before he had reached nine years of age, there was little to mark him out as a future bush lawyer who would one day confound constitutional experts with his unlikely grasp of international law, gleaned from the dog-eared pages of a set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

As appears to be the fashion with self-appointed monarchs, Leonard Casley was moulded from suitably humble beginnings. His first legal victory came when, as a 16-year-old, two-pound-a-week shipping clerk, he discovered a way to save his employers well over his entire salary each week. Leonard checked the Stamp Duty Act of the time (no doubt for a bit of light reading) and discovered that his employer was being needlessly extravagant in attaching duty stamps to bills of lading that passed through their office. The onus, he decided, was on the shipping companies themselves, and since one contract often carried up to 50 shillings worth of stamps, the implications were clear. According to Leonard, the shipping companies ultimately agreed that his reading of the law was quite correct, though with a diplomacy some would say is now distinctly lacking from his current endeavors, he left the matter to rest there.

World War II saw the future blueblood in an Air Force uniform slogging it out, although unfortunately not with the enemy, in the steamy jungles of Borneo. There is a sense of style about a man who will admit that his only action in the bloodiest holocaust of the 20th Century centred around a latrine pit and two opposing camps of men, all on the same side.

The way Leonard remembers it, the brawl started with a dare to cross the pit at one's own peril. Several hundred men, including the Prince, accepted the challenge and the result, though not one of the most glorious in Australian military history, certainly established Leonard as a promising king-hitter. Perhaps he should build a latrine pit around Hutt River and dare the Governor-General to step across.

In any event, Leonard's wartime heroics were soon replaced by a further stint at a familiar desk back in the shipping trade. But like many men who have fought war and famine, he was somehow changed upon his return.

There was little evidence that his father's estate would yield a king's ransom and if Leonard was to have any chance as a monarch he would have to become filthy rich. A little moonlighting was clearly called for and with the

COPY

Original sent to Sir David Brand, Premier, Western Australian Government.

Fate Accompli

In accordance to the rights of the Magna Carta and the rights of the Atlantic Treaty and the International rights to, newly form, "Self Preservation Governments." Resulting from actions determent from the Principles of Unjust Enrichment and the Western Australian Governments further enforcement of a Retrospective Penal Act contrary to the Commonwealths Government promise to the people of Australia thru the United Nations.

It is herewith declared that as no objections has been directly lodged with myself during the last five months against ceding from the State of Western Australia accordingly to reasons given and the area of Independance to be negotiated accordingly to the compensation claim.

That the Western Australian Government having concession of Fate Accompli is herewith duly accepted.

Where in the lands are thus conceded by the Western Australian Government according to the Principles arising from Common Law, International Law, The Atlantic Treaty, The United Nations Charter.

The settlement of cession is thus formerly called for to be ratified by Sir Douglas Kendrew in the name of the Queen as her representative.

The principle of the Ratification is principally the retention of the Western Australian Governments concession of newly conceded area to be still a sovereign part of the British Commonwealth where in also the Queen is the Sovereign ruler of the newly conceded area as is her Royal right, and her lawful right under the Western Australian Constitution.

(Leonard George Casley)
Negotiation of Conceded area.

Address
10 Lockhart Street, Como.
WESTERN AUSTRALIA.
Date 21 April, 1970.



despatch of his first private shipment of tractor parts to Singapore he was on his way to a fortune, even if fame seemed a little further down the wharf.

Gradually building momentum, Leonard turned his attention to bricks and mortar, acquiring and despatching blocks of flats in Perth with near-supersonic haste. He also acquired Shirley Joy Butler, soon to be Princess Shirley, whose arid wit would one day more than match his own.

Around the same time, he acquired a 12,000 ha property north of Perth and in his spare moments he and Princess Shirley co-operated to produce the four sons and three daughters who would lay the foundation of the burgeoning Casley dynasty.

By the late Sixties he had decided

against persevering with the Westonia property and in the words of his official biography, he began sending his children around Western Australia to find something more suitable.

This holy odyssey reached its end in an 8000 ha farm at Hutt River, a stretch of water which flowed like a torrent during the brief winter and hardly at all during the endless summer, which produced flies the size of Honda 50s, but which he hoped would one day produce an entire countryside of wheat.

The Hutt River property proved once and for all that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. Though it is apparently lush by West Australian standards, it is the sort of country in which John Steinbeck and his refugees from the Oklahoma dustbowl would have felt comfortably at home.

Nevertheless, such geographical difficulties have never impeded a true king. And nor did they impede Leonard Casley, whose activities in the Perth home unit market attained a climax of conveyancing rarely witnessed in the quiet, tree-laden streets of the western capital.

By 1969, stretched to their fiscal limit, the Casleys had sown thousands of acres of the golden grain and were laying plans to harvest around 40,000 bushels.

It is said that a true leader of men rises above adversity but the envelope awaiting collection at the Northampton Post Office in October that year must have sorely tempted Leonard Casley to go to war — which he actually did eight years later.

The envelope contained a wheat quota certificate for the current season and the computer printout showed that the Casleys would be allowed to sell just 1647 bushels of their crop. The other 38,000 bushels would wilt in the desiccated fields and the Casley family fortune would die along with it.

This was not a latrine trench that would have to be jumped. It was more like the Grand Canyon.

Leonard picked up a pen and paper and in the bizarre phraseology which forms the Royal vocabulary, he dashed off letters to the Wheat Quota Committee, the Premier and the Governor of Western Australia, Sir Douglas Kendrew. He popped the letters into the nearest post box, which happened to be 50 kms away, and settled back to wait for the replies.

It is impossible to say exactly what reaction his correspondence aroused in Perth. Suffice to note that he got no answer at all from the Wheat Quota people or from the Premier, and only a vague response from

the Governor, who indicated he would confer with his ministers and reply in due course.

Maybe Leonard was unduly wise in these matters or maybe he just suspected the worst. While the Governor conferred with his ministers, Leonard Casley conferred with the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

By the time Sir Douglas wrote back saying he could do nothing, Leonard had made the fascinating discovery that the Wheat Quota Act which was being applied against him had not in fact passed through the Parliament. Of even greater interest was the clause of the proposed Bill which appeared to rule out any appeal.

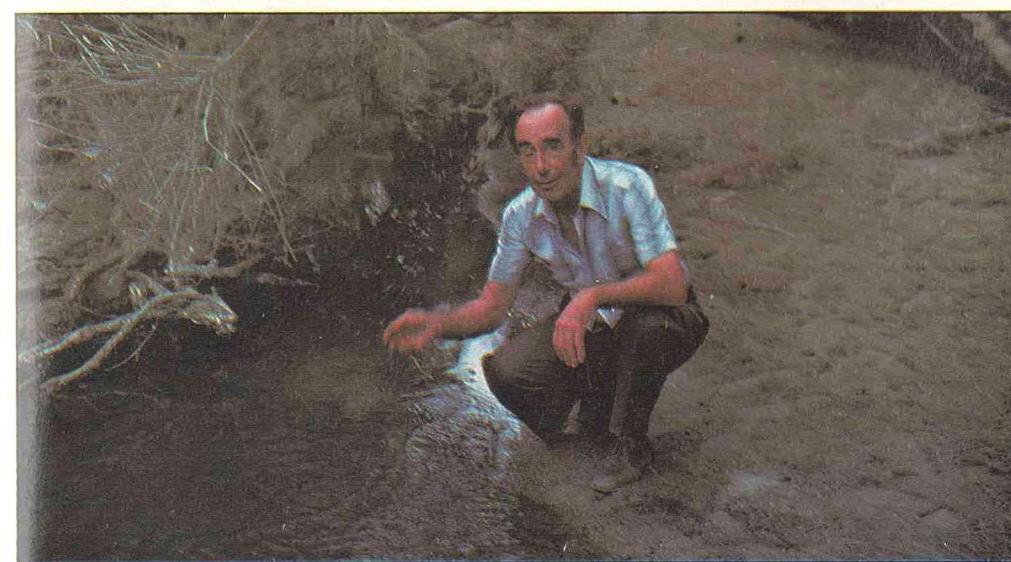
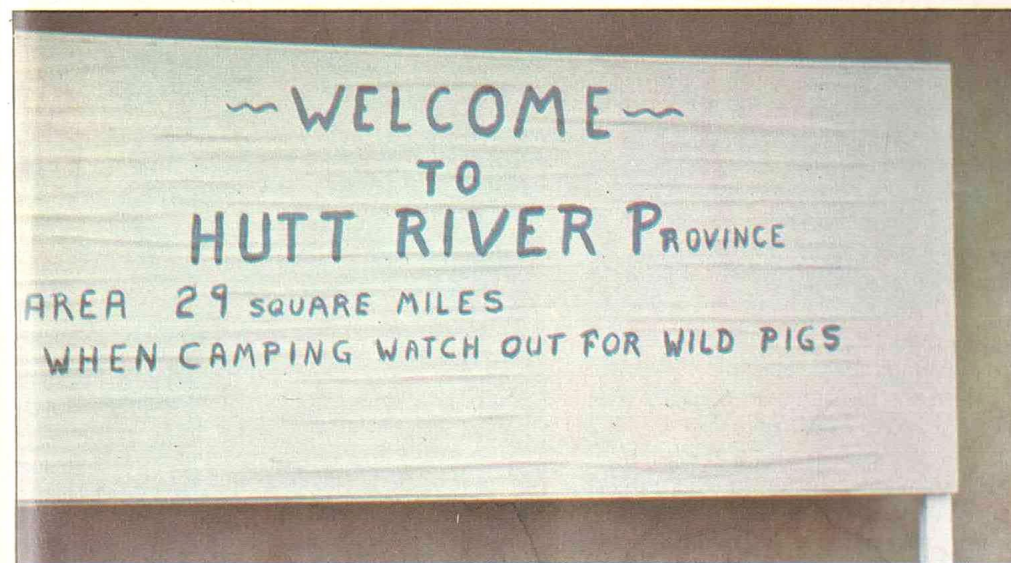
If the not-yet-royal farmer was to do anything it would have to be done before the Bill was passed. He returned to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and brushed up his knowledge of the laws of tort. What it came down to, the way Leonard saw it, was this: The Queen was liable in tort as a master to her servant, which in this case happened to be Leonard. Additionally, under the "unjust enrichment principle" of international law (it was a good encyclopaedia), he was entitled to compensation.

He sharpened a pencil and set to figuring out a suitable sum. The bottom line, based on the amount of land he would have to own to sell his whole 40,000 bushels of wheat, came to \$52 million. If he pulled this off, Leonard Casley was going to be the richest unwheat farmer in the whole of Western Australia.

Some would argue that the backblocks cockie was unduly paranoid, but he was a very distressed future Prince when he read in the papers a couple of days later that the Deputy Premier, Sir Charles Court, had decided to introduce yet another Bill into Parliament, a Bill giving the government power to resume any rural land. He figured his \$52 million claim had gone the way of all flesh and that pretty soon, his Hutt River farm would be Crown land.

With sudden clarity he recalled a predicament which had befallen him during his youth. He had been climbing a picket fence when he had slipped and impaled his right hand in such a way that he could neither reach the ground with his feet nor the top of the fence with his other hand. The incident seemed to be starkly relevant as he sat around the dining table of his fibro homestead wondering what the hell he might do next.

He was still considering his plight — and awaiting a reply from his latest protest to the Governor — when he learned that the Rural Lands Resumption Act had been read in Parliament for the second time. If ever there was a time to reach for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* this was it. It had stood him in good stead so far, though even that was hotly contested by the soon-to-be-Princess Shirley, who had a nagging fear that her exuberant husband had gone



too far already. This wasn't just a game her husband was playing; it was the whole shooting match.

But his courage prevailed and Leonard Casley retreated once again to the ultimate do-it-yourself manual. Presently he lifted his head, called three of his sons — Ian, Wayne and Richard — to his side and told them what he had discovered. He didn't quite believe it himself, but it was hard to argue with the words sitting right there in dog-eared black and white.

"We are going to have to make a heavy and drastic move," he said as the kerosene light flickered across his tired face in the fibro homestead at Hutt River, 50kms north of Northampton and 550kms north of Perth. It was a strange place for a revolution, but there it was.

"I have discovered this," he said, as his family pressed close. "We are entitled under international law to form a self-preservation government provided we can satisfy two points."

The boys said nothing.

"Firstly," he continued, "we must be at risk of having our economy taken away, and that is certainly our position. And secondly, there must be the threat of loss of our land, and that is our position too."

And so, on April 21, 1970, Leonard Casley typed up a document headed *Fait Accompli*, though he misspelled it and typed "fate accompli" instead. At least in his own mind, he had formally seceded from Australia.

This was about the time the papers got hold of it, and it wasn't long before there were more reporters and cameramen and TV dolly birds at Hutt River Province (as it became known) than there was wheat turning to dust in the parched paddocks.

Nor was it long before the startled West Australian and Federal Governments started their counter-offensive and turned a backblocks farmer and his nervous family into a cause that won attention throughout the world and made the pages of *Time* magazine in 1977.

Although the Governor-General, Sir Paul Hasluck, wrote to Leonard confirming that it was a State problem and that it would be unconstitutional for Canberra to intervene, there was plenty of evidence that Canberra and Perth danced to the same anti-Hutt River Province tune.

The Casleys wondered what might happen when the future Prince was finally summoned to Perth for a meeting with the Governor's aide-de-camp, Lt-Colonel John K. Burt.

According to Leonard, the meeting lasted 90 minutes and Burt told him he could proceed and that they would do nothing to stop him — which also happened to be true as far as it went. No government has ever directly challenged the Hutt River secession documents,

although Casley says he has been prodding them to do so for 12 years. And Colonel Burt, though he retains his Government House discretion, has become the Hutt River Province ambassador to Perth.

Well, there was a lull before the storm and Leonard realised he might be on to a good thing after all when there was a knock on his front door. It was the regional representative of the West Australian Government Railways, wanting to know if it'd be okay to start pumping air-conditioned busloads of florid tourists into the middle of Australia's newest country.

Leonard nodded benevolently and immediately started planning the facilities he knew would soon be necessary in his Hutt River Province.

At the same time, he was starting to receive guest speaker invitations from clubs, charities and political groups all over Australia. He addressed the Subiaco Young Liberals in Perth, who applauded his stand "on this issue".

Leonard Casley was calling himself "the administrator of Hutt River Province" at this time, and although he was pretty much a media joke — taking the piss out of him was almost irresistible — he was still there and had not been slapped in jail or, as seemed even more likely, into a close-fitting jacket in a lunatic asylum.

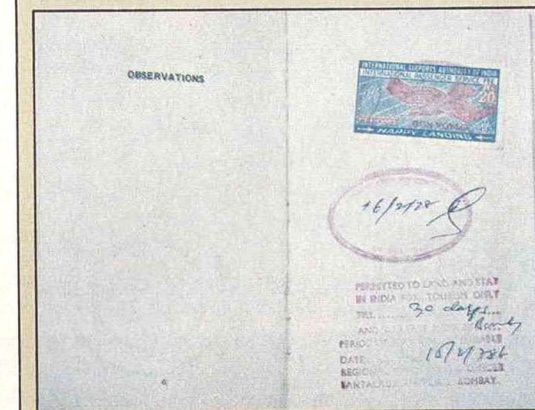
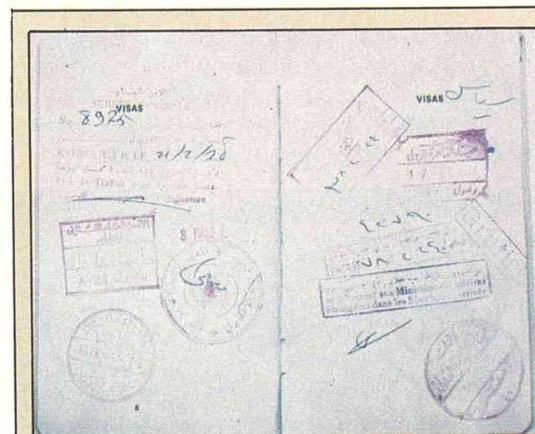
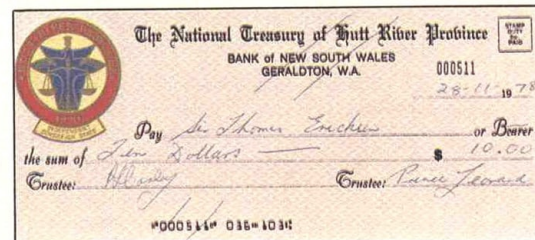
But although he was confident of his own position, he decided he needed to shore up the positions of those people who had helped him. He perceived the law as a bit murky on the subject, but there was a possibility the Commonwealth could move against his helpers by charging them with treason.

Out came the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and Leonard found a fascinating law which held that anyone assisting a *de facto* Prince to attain his office could not be charged with treason. So if he became a Prince and his family helped him attain that office then they would be treason-proof.

And that's how wheat farmer Leonard Casley became a blueblood along with his wife, Princess Shirley, and their seven children, one of whom is a housewife married to an industrial painter and another of whom is a spare parts manager for a trucking company in Perth. They even got



COMMEMORATING His Royal Highness
Prince Leonard's inaugural visit to the Vatican.



a family motto — *Death Before Dishonor* — which some may say puts an intolerably high penalty on bending the rules.

This happy time was soon ruined, however, by the untimely arrival of Prince Wayne's 20th birthday, which, if he was still living in Australia, would make him eligible for the dreaded national service.

If the newly-crowned Prince Leonard had walked a tightrope in the past, it was nothing compared to the little bit of wire he had to balance on now. And Prince Wayne was equally in a bind. If he sent back his registration form it would be an admission

the army all right, but it would also allow his father to cling to the sovereignty of his cursed Hutt River Province. How many other dads are asked for permission to obey Australian law?

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that no formal request was ever drafted. There was another face-to-face meeting and Prince Leonard says he was told that Prince Wayne would have to be called up but could immediately elect to be deported to his own country.

The young royal, meanwhile, was summonsed to the Geraldton Court where he paid a small fine — under protest — for

addressed to "Hutt River Province", the department said it had not been advised to cease child endowment to the residents of the province and that the entitlement would therefore continue.

But the following year the department apparently changed its mind. In a letter dated December 8, it advised that action had now been taken "to cancel your child endowment... as requested by you", although the Casleys were surprised by this since they maintained they had never done more than merely point out they were no longer Australian citizens.

In any event, Prince Leonard says he has received no endowment cheques since that time. Nor, he claims, does he pay tax on any income derived from within the borders of his hotly-disputed nation, though there have been a number of legal battles over this point.

Unfortunately, there are no court transcripts available to confirm his version of what took place. The Justice Department in Perth has told him the records have all been accidentally destroyed. But certainly he has suffered the royal ignominy of a night in the slammer over a matter involving a \$4 tax fine.

Prince Leonard says he has never faced a court case where the authorities have actually wanted money. Rather, they have pursued him virulently with repeated requests for information. They are requests that have apparently fallen on deaf ears. Prince Leonard says he no longer declares income derived from the province. But he claims he does pay non-resident's tax on income generated within Australia. One thing is clear about his fiscal position, however. If it is a joke, it is one in which the Bank of New South Wales plays an important role.

Hutt River cheques are drawn on the bank's Geraldton branch and are headed: THE NATIONAL TREASURY OF HUTT RIVER PROVINCE. The cheques also carry the Province's seal, together with the words *Independent Sovereign State*. A cheque in *Penthouse's* possession is signed *Prince Leonard* and is made out to "Sir" Thomas Ericksen — a title afforded Mr Ericksen by Prince Leonard himself. Though this cheque is uncashed, Ericksen maintains he has cashed a number of others with singular ease.

Bank statements, also in the possession of *Penthouse*, are addressed to: THE ADMINISTRATOR, HUTT RIVER PROVINCE VIA WESTERN AUSTRALIA and the account name is identified as: THE NATIONAL TREASURY, HUTT RIVER PROVINCE.

Another point is equally clear: that is, the trenchant duplicity of the Federal Government and its agencies and commissions.

On April 2, 1979, while the Prince and his cohorts were involved in the usual round of inter-government squabbles, TAA saw fit to issue him, free of charge, two first class return tickets from Perth to



that Hutt River Province was a hoax and that not even the royal family were prepared to admit they no longer answered to Australian law. There would be other fights in the future, Prince Leonard realised. But to be in them meant he had to stay in the ring. And to stay in the ring meant not to budge a centimetre.

With his dad and the ever-present *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to back him up, Prince Wayne wrote to the Australian authorities and told them he was a citizen of Hutt River Province and was therefore not eligible to be called up. According to Prince Leonard, nothing further happened until Prince Wayne got a phone call only days before the deadline for his registration. Taking a leaf from Sir Paul Hasluck's book, the young Prince referred the caller to his dad.

"I subsequently met an officer in Perth," Prince Leonard told *Penthouse*. "He asked me if I would give permission for Wayne to register and I said I would sanction it provided the request was put to me in writing."

Such a request, as the Australian Government apparently took less than an hour to decide, would see Prince Wayne in

refusing to register. Then he was drafted and taken to Perth. Nobody could have been more surprised than Prince Leonard when his son turned up at home a few days later. "They no sooner drafted me," Wayne told his father, "than they called me in and told me I was discharged."

It is perhaps a moot point whether Prince Wayne was actually deported, as his father had been told in Perth. But one thing was certain: he had gone to Australia to join the army and now he was back home.

By contrast, the Commonwealth Department of Social Services proved a lot more amenable to negotiation. Shortly after seceding, the Hutt River Royals wrote to the department pointing out that as they were no longer citizens of Australia, it would be unreasonable for Princess Annette (Prince Ian's wife) to continue to claim child endowment for one of the royal grandchildren.

The amount in dispute was just 50 cents a week but in the legal precedent game — a game Prince Leonard was becoming unusually good at — 50 cents was every bit as important as \$52 million.

In November 1970 and in a letter duly

Townsville so that he might attract some badly-needed publicity for their Magnetic Island tourist resort off the coast of Queensland. The tickets were issued to HRH Prince Leonard and HRH Princess Shirley. Their Royal Highnesses asked *Penthouse* if they could take this opportunity to thank the government for the trip.

While they were away, Prince Leonard met Queensland Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen on what Leonard described as a State visit, and the happy occasion was duly recorded in official photographs. On their way back to Perth they also met Gold Coast mayor Sir Bruce Small, and reportedly many matters of mutual interest were raised and discussed. As Alice in Wonderland once remarked: things were getting curiouser and curiouser.

But while there was the occasional government bouquet there was also a never-ending procession of brickbats. Not least among these was the fascinating brawl with the West Australian State Electricity Commission, which came to Prince Leonard with a proposal to run power lines to a number of farms in the district. The Prince gave royal assent to the proposal, provided the arrangement was made between the electricity authorities and the Province itself.

In due course, the SEC returned to explain that under West Australian legislation they were not allowed to sell current internationally. If Hutt River Province wanted to be in the scheme the bills would have to be directed to an individual rather than a nation.

The bogey of legal precedent raised its head and Prince Leonard was forced to decline. The SEC tore up their plans — no doubt at extra expense — and routed their cable around, instead of through, Hutt River Province. To this day, the Casleys have their own generators and in the days leading up to Easter and their annual off-road racing carnival, they were subjected to a series of crippling blackouts of the sort which have recently affected those two other well-known States — New South Wales and Victoria.

On the lighter side, 30 coach companies (including Ansett) commenced tourist operations to the beleaguered Province and that meant up to 60,000 tourists a year. The Hutt River treasury dashed off a cheque approaching \$200,000 and before long — all without approval from the Shire of Northampton — tearooms, a three-unit motel, souvenir shops and a chapel were erected.

The chapel is a workmanlike brick structure adorned with paintings by Perth artist Frank Pash, which one journalist described, with an accuracy hard to fault, as "awful". The paintings feature such well-known religious scenes as Jesus talking to the fisherman, except that somehow

the faces of Princes Wayne and Ian are included in the throng. Another features Prince Richard as a Biblical blind man, and in the background stand several other figures said to have been inspired by two Melbourne television technicians.

They are an interesting contribution to religious art and the chapel is used, what's more — four times a year by the local Church of England. A country without a chapel is like a man without a soul.

It is not surprising that the shire took exception to all this frantic and unauthorised building. They dragged Prince Leonard before the court and fined him \$20 for overlooking the relevant permits. He pays his rates each year, though, on a specific "without prejudice" basis and more as a goodwill gesture to the local community than anything else.

Nevertheless, he claims to have developed an excellent relationship with the Shire and they certainly accom-

Prince Leonard
dusted off his *Encyclopaedia
Britannica* . . . and in a direct
take-off of *The Mouse
That Roared*, he declared
war on Australia

modate him by promoting the hell out of their aberrant ratepayer with truckloads of tourist brochures and road signs. But for a small shire, one gets the feeling that Hutt River Province and its self-appointed royal family are just a bit much to handle.

Standing next to the chapel, duly signposted in large script, stands the most controversial building Prince Leonard has ever erected. What, after all, would a nation be without a post office? And what would a postal service be without its own stamps?

The post office opened in November 1973, although Prince Leonard had to get his stamps printed elsewhere. The Australians just wouldn't play ball. For three years the inward mail cascaded through the nearby Northampton Post Office, which duly delivered letters from people such as the Commonwealth of Australia News and Information Bureau addressed, quite correctly as Prince Leonard held it, to "Prince Leonard Casley, Hutt River Province via Western Australia".

Mail also came from such luminaries as Federal Opposition leader Malcolm Fraser, although once he got a better job

Mr Fraser stopped writing altogether.

Outward mail posed a different problem. Prince Leonard insisted on using his own Hutt River stamps which Australia Post steadily ignored, studiously avoided postmarking and contemptuously referred to as "stickers". In November, 1973 Australia Post floated a memo, which unfortunately fell into Prince Leonard's hands, outlining their considerable alarm at this new rebel service. The memo pointed out that neither the Federal nor the State authorities recognised "a self-styled province of this kind" and contained an opinion from the assistant crown solicitor that mail addressed to "fictitious persons" like Prince Leonard was simply undeliverable. The memo also pointed out that under international postal agreements "stickers" of the sort used by Prince Leonard must not be fixed to the address side of an envelope.

But the Prince wasn't to be outfoxed. If Australia Post wouldn't accept his stamps on the front of the envelope, he would put them on the back. Not only that, he would send his mail in bulk to the Cocos Islands and affix their stamps to the front. Actually it worked out cheaper than using Australian stamps in the first place.

This uneasy arrangement worked for some time until one day the mail simply dried up. Australia Post pulled down the shutters and like small children in a kindergarten disagreement, they refused to talk to him at all, either by mail or any other way. For four letterless months the embargo continued. It was impossible to write to Prince Leonard or to hear from him because officially he had ceased to exist.

Clearly the situation had become intolerable. Prince Leonard dashed off a couple of telegrams to the Prime Minister, pointing out that the government was committing an offence. Four days later, he found that a full bag of diverted mail had been suddenly delivered to his Perth home, a six-hour drive away. The address on every envelope had been crossed out and replaced with a government stamp proclaiming: "ADDRESSEE UNKNOWN. TRY L. CASLEY, 10 LOCKHARD STREET, COMO, PERTH."

Nobody, not even Australia Post, could keep up this backbreaking task for long and in due course the old Prince Leonard letters began turning up again. In fact, the Post Office officials themselves forgot about the dispute and began issuing official receipts in Prince Leonard's name. The only difficulty was that they steadfastly refused to deliver the mail to Hutt River or even to their own post office at Northampton. It was rather like living in Sydney and having to pick up your mail in Bourke.

Eventually, according to Prince Leonard, he worked out a deal with the post office where he would despatch mail with his own stamps and then pay Australia Post with Hutt River cheques for using

their service. This, he says, is in accordance with international postal protocol.

But if Australia Post didn't want much to do with Australia's own royal family, the same could not be said for the Vatican. In 1978, Prince Leonard was granted official permission to commemorate his visit to the Vatican by issuing a stamp featuring his Beatitude Patriarch, Cardinal Archbishop Major Josyf Slipyj, Patriarch of Kiev, Holych and all of the Ukraine — by all accounts the only Archbishop Major in the whole Catholic Church and a close associate of the Pope.

More recently, on February 12, 1980, the Perth Magistrate's Court hearing a sales tax action against Prince Leonard (he lost) ruled that it proposed to call Prince Leonard's "stickers" "postage stamps issued by the Hutt River Province, backing or indicating or backed (sic) by a postal service."

Even more galling for the Australian authorities was the pat on the back Mr Rasmussen SM gave Prince Leonard. "Mr Casley is engaged in a very commendable operation. He is creating material and goods of very real worth," the magistrate said.

Last year, Prince Leonard's ambassador to Austria, Dr Emil Quadri, was invited to represent Hutt River Province on the honorary committee of the Internationale Postwertzeichenausstellung (International Philatelic Association) in Vienna. Also on the committee was the Federal President of Austria.

But while the postage stamp debacle was winding its way to a promising conclusion, Prince Leonard was deeply worried about other moves he saw the Commonwealth making against him. It had not been used for some time, but in 1977, Prince Leonard dusted off his encyclopaedia, turned to the appropriate section and in a direct take-off of *The Mouse That Roared*, he declared war on Australia.

Sir John Kerr, in those dying days of his Governor-Generalship, must have been relieved indeed when three days later he received a second telegram, notifying him that the war was now over and that the government should show the full respect now due, according to international law, to a nation undefeated from a state of war.

The way Prince Leonard saw it — and no Australian troops had appeared in Hutt River Province to change his mind — his right to govern had now been shored up by the Geneva Conventions which obliged a duty to govern on any occupying power. In Hutt River Province, of course, the occupying power was him.

Closing even more loopholes which he feared could potentially challenge his sovereignty, Prince Leonard concluded that under British law the legality of the government seeking recognition — in this case himself — was not the question to be considered. What was of sole relevance, the law told him, was the right of that

government to speak for the people it represented.

As he looked over the desiccated pastures of Hutt River, he heard not a murmur of protest that he should speak for his country's inhabitants which, to be fair, consisted solely of members of his own family . . .

Prince Leonard was at last satisfied. If the Australians wanted to test his authority they would be obliged to do so in an impartial international court and the convoluted arguments involved would be enough to tie up the whole Attorney-General's Department for years to come.

He relaxed, reached for another Winfield (he smokes them constantly) and began to plan his first international State visit. What would set the visit apart was the fact that the entire royal party would be travelling on Hutt River passports. Here, surely, was his boldest venture.

The Prince had been planning this ex-

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cursion for many years. He had been appointing diplomatic representatives all over the world since 1973 and some of them had succeeded beyond their wildest dreams. In 1976, Professor E. Altmann, his consul-general to Macao, reported that he had been fully accredited for the local authorities and now held official documentation confirming his status as a diplomat representing surely the most bizarre dream any Australian wheat farmer had ever brought off. *Penthouse* holds a copy of the document. Not only that — the *Tasmanian Almanac* had taken to listing Prince Leonard's ambassador to the State in its consular listings under *Other Consular Representation*.

Other less spectacular victories had been won from the Royal Automobile Club of Western Australia, which had taken to showing Hutt River Province on its official road maps together with the bald statement that the province had seceded from the Commonwealth of Australia in 1970; from the giant German Volksbank, which had been kind enough to issue posters showing some of the world's more unusual currencies, including, of course,

Prince Leonard's own banknotes; and from the Standard Catalogue of World Coins, which did likewise.

Now it was time to enter the lion's mouth. Leonard despatched his Victorian ambassador to the Lebanese Consulate in Melbourne to secure the necessary visas to enter that country. The consular official had accepted the passports, Tom Erickson reported. He had examined them carefully, noting the particulars. Then he had adjourned to another room where he'd apparently made a telephone call. On his return, the official told Erickson the Australian Government had requested him not to stamp visas into the rebel passports. "Who's running your country?" the vast Mr Erickson had demanded to know. "You or the Australian Government?" The diplomat looked briefly nonplussed. Then he shrugged his shoulders and issued the visas. The trip, by all accounts, was a grand success. There was a brief delay entering France — a minor difficulty in the vernacular of diplomacy — but no problems at all in India, Greece, the Vatican, Syria, Lebanon and a string of other countries.

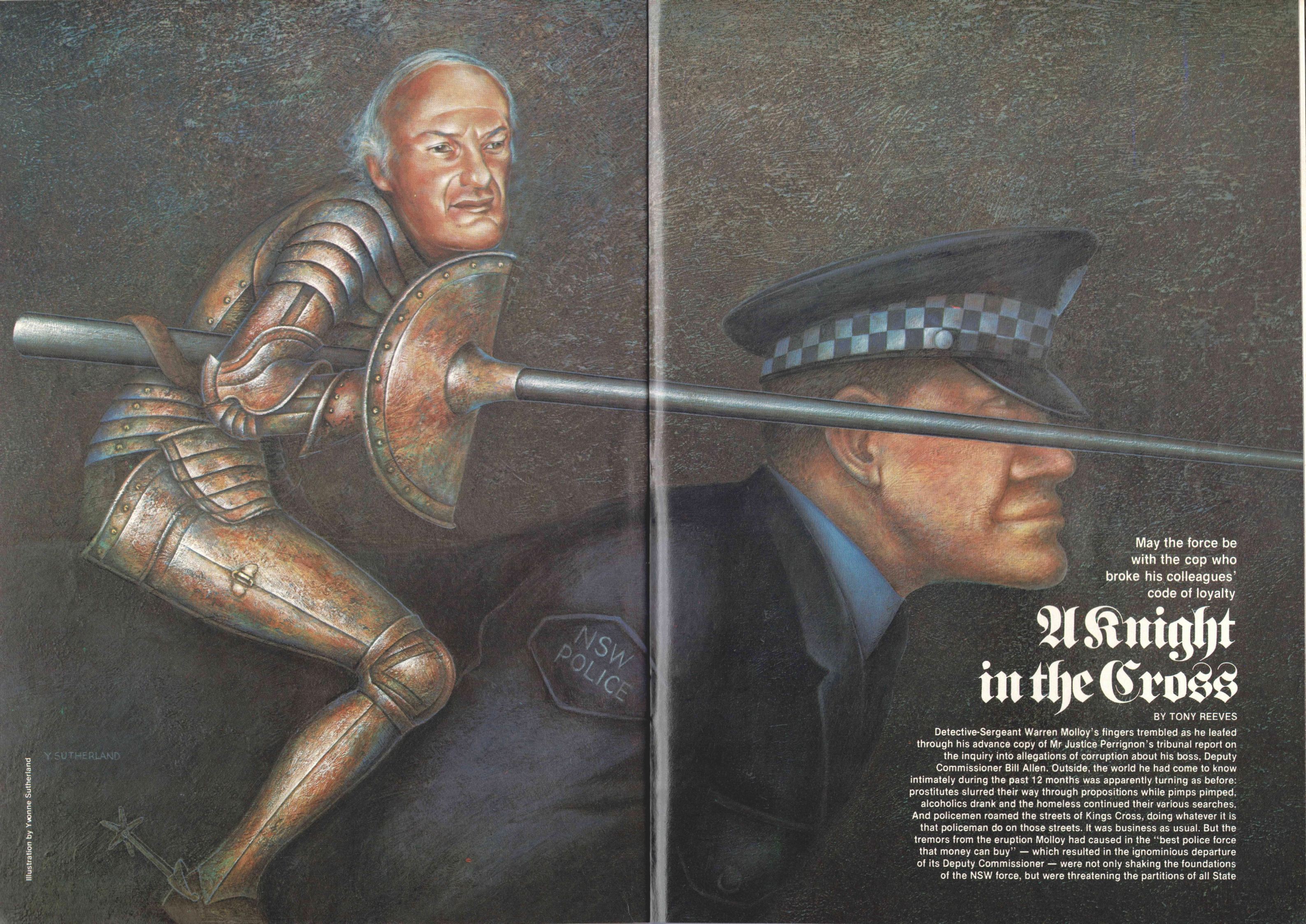
And from time to time, Leonard bounces back into the limelight by claiming another "victory". Late last April he announced that the RAAF had staged two fly-overs of Hutt River to mark the 12th anniversary of the Province — a claim denied by the Wing Commander who had supposedly organised the tribute. On Anzac Day he made a regal entrance to Pearce Air Force Base to inspect for possible purchase some Mirage Jet Fighters, which he would need to establish his "Air Peace Force".

Certainly the Australian Federal Police were just as helpful as they could be, Prince Leonard told *Penthouse*. The gumshoe brigade wanted to know whether they could be of assistance in security vetting arrangements for persons applying for the province's passports. Just a helping hand, he was told, in case the Prince got the wrong sort of people wanting to get on to the bandwagon. Though Prince Leonard says the offer was declined, he does admit to a warm and friendly relationship with his nearest neighbor's most important law enforcement agency. And he also admits to providing Hutt River passports on a "no questions" basis to persons whom he claimed the authorities had sent to him.

Being a monarch, he sees no need to say more than that.

About future plans, he is more open. There are negotiations, he says, with international banks, airlines . . . all the paraphernalia of State.

In the meantime, there is a farm to run, grandchildren to educate, an economy to control and a dream to chase; a dream so bold, so crazy and yet so irresistibly plausible that in the end it may turn out not to have been a dream at all. 



May the force be
with the cop who
broke his colleagues'
code of loyalty

A Knight in the Cross

BY TONY REEVES

Detective-Sergeant Warren Molloy's fingers trembled as he leafed through his advance copy of Mr Justice Perrignon's tribunal report on the inquiry into allegations of corruption about his boss, Deputy Commissioner Bill Allen. Outside, the world he had come to know intimately during the past 12 months was apparently turning as before: prostitutes slurred their way through propositions while pimps pimped, alcoholics drank and the homeless continued their various searches. And policemen roamed the streets of Kings Cross, doing whatever it is that policemen do on those streets. It was business as usual. But the tremors from the eruption Molloy had caused in the "best police force that money can buy" — which resulted in the ignominious departure of its Deputy Commissioner — were not only shaking the foundations of the NSW force, but were threatening the partitions of all State

Y. SUTHERLAND

A Knight in the Cross

police forces in Australia. The finding by a public tribunal that Deputy Commissioner Allen — the man one step from total control of the nation's largest body of law-keepers — had conducted close and corrupt dealings with top-line local and international criminals has put under scrutiny the vexed question of institutionalised corruption at the highest levels of Australian society.

A week before he left for a one-month holiday on Fraser Island, off the southern Queensland coast, Warren Molloy talked over lunch about his life in the force, and about his part in the downfall of Bill Allen. It was just over an hour since he had received his copy of the tribunal report, which dealt with, among other things, Molloy's claims that Deputy Commissioner Allen had paid him sums of money to "go soft" on various premises in the Cross which were violating the law.

During his 25 years in the force, according to Molloy, unfolding circumstances had insulated him from the "sort of pressures" which are exerted upon police who spend most of their careers in the Sydney metropolitan area.

"I heard stories, of course, but I just never experienced anything in the way of corruption myself. In fact, when I was on motorcycle patrols, I arrested the first driver who offered me a bribe."

He wasn't playing white crusaders; he was simply talking about the way he has always viewed the role of a policeman. The battering of the past year has left the scar-tissue of experience, but it has been an enlightening journey of self-discovery for the 45-year-old copper who has always kept his dealings above board, and who assumed nearly every other cop did likewise.

Molloy is considered by his mates to be a knock-about sort of a bloke. He has no political affiliations and his recreation has always centred around surfboats and surf clubs. He lives in a world where a bit of boozing and fun is the norm.

"I'm certainly not a wowser or a moralist," he says. "And I don't like the tag I was given of 'cleaning up' Kings Cross."

What he found in that seedy, sordid district surprised, shocked and scandalised him. He found so-called nightclubs without any kitchens (a sign of the lax attitude by City Council inspectors, he says); he found premises where alcohol was being served either without a liquor licence or in clear contravention of the liquor laws. And the practices were all well established. His main question was why the situation had been allowed to get so out of hand.

Off the main drag of Darlinghurst Road, in Hughes Street, he was to come across his most disquieting experience. A bar called the "Raft Room", previously known

as the "Venus Room" and with a long history as a rather grubby, rip-off strip joint where you could buy grass or something stronger, had now become a vulgar sex palace where children sold themselves.

Here Molloy saw children — boys and girls — hawking their little bodies in a game that most reasonable people accept is fair enough for adults. Junk-soaked kids were plainly being exploited, and even an open-minded man like Molloy felt his stomach turn at what he saw.

Abe Saffron had an interest in this club, and through Molloy's actions it was later closed by court order.

Molloy is genuinely confused and perhaps a little frightened by the discoveries he made on his year-long magical mystery tour of Kings Cross.

And now, having brought down a Deputy Commissioner, he is most anxious not to say anything that will bring the police force into further disrepute. He

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than do the job of
an honest copper
”

strongly declares his confidence in Commissioner Cec Abbott and Deputy Commissioner Barney Ross. And, he is certain, most of the members of the force are good, honest men.

The Lusher Report on police, commissioned by the NSW Government, makes the most astute comments on institutionalised corruption in the force, Molloy says. "It is recommended reading." His own experiences with bribery and corruption have been minimal.

There was the errant driver he arrested for attempted bribery. Then, in 1973, a man euphemistically described in the media as a "leading Sydney businessman" had a meeting with him and offered him a monthly payment to turn a "blind eye" to certain illicit activities at an eastern suburbs disco in which the businessman had a controlling interest. "It didn't go as far as discussing an amount," says Molloy. "I turned him down flat, to which he said: 'Warren, I respect you, but I must tell you, you are going it alone.' Whatever that meant."

The next instance was the one which led him to file the complaints which

caused the downfall of Bill Allen. In January 1981 — on Bill Allen's recommendation — he was put in charge of the Special Licensing Squad based in Kings Cross, and he started what has been described as a "blitz" on cabarets, discos and blue movie houses, some of which were owned by Abraham Gilbert Saffron.

He'd first met Allen in 1975, and they had become close friends. "Our families became quite close," he said. "Allen put me there, he knew the sort of bloke I was, so it never entered my head that he would want me to do anything other than do the job of an honest copper. I went to the job as I always have worked in the force: with a straight bat."

"When I transferred into Kings Cross, friends in and out of the force warned me against the possibility of physical violence: 'You're handling some rough customers,' I was told." Comforted by a snub-nosed .38 Smith and Wesson revolver strapped to his calf, Molloy took little notice of these friendly warnings as he went about the business of bringing licensed premises and other places of public entertainment into line with the law.

"I had no axe to grind, and I wasn't seeking to destroy any personalities," he said. "I was determined to do my job without fear or favor, and to just let whoever wanted to make moves show their colors."

What amazed Molloy throughout his experience in Kings Cross was the apparent total acceptance of unlawfulness. "What's so different about me that I was able to bring these places into line?" he asks. "I don't think I'm all that much out of the ordinary. I'm just a law enforcer doing his job, but I'm fair. I don't book anyone on technicalities. Nobody could say that I am less than fair."

He is reluctant to say it, but it begs the question: what were his predecessor cop colleagues doing in the Cross over the years? The answer emerged during the tribunal into the Allen affair. Centred on Kings Cross was a massive police corruption racket involving payment of huge sums of money to police (and probably other authorities) over a period of 20 years. And in the streets of Kings Cross Molloy saw unmistakable evidence that police had not bothered with enforcement of the law for a very long time.

He didn't worry much about the massage parlors or the street hookers; they've been part and parcel of Kings Cross life for as long as anyone can remember. His was no Mary Whitehouse/Fred Nile morality campaign. But he was to discover, to his dismay, that simple enforcement of the law in the booze shops, discos and blue movie houses was to disrupt a lucrative system of live and let live — lucrative for the owners and operators who stood outside the law, and for the police, who over the decades had taken generous contribu-

tions to the police retirement fund to turn a blind eye at best, or at worst to become active participants in some of the illicit goings-on around town. Molloy was making big waves, and he waited in almost breathless anticipation for some reaction.

It seems that the "leading Sydney businessman", having tried Molloy some years earlier with a bent penny for a crooked copper, without success, was not about to make a direct attempt at bribery again, despite the fact that many of his establishments became the target of Molloy's unstinting enforcement of the law.

That the first person to "show his colors" with a bribe attempt was his personal friend, Bill Allen, was a bitter disappointment to Molloy. "It was first thrust upon me. My whole world tumbled down. He put me there to do the job and I trusted him. I was prepared for offers from other sources; I can handle those situations. But to come from him, the man of such senior rank who had put me there to do the job... Where does it go to...?"

Molloy, a bloke who genuinely values mateship, faced the biggest dilemma of his career: mateship versus integrity. It is on this rock of conscience that many a young policeman has foundered when first exposed to a corrupt situation which he would have reported — were it not for the fact that senior mates in the force would be exposed.

"They were pretty big things to weigh up," said Molloy. "I had to weigh up my principles, and in the balance I found my respect for the police force as a whole and my responsibility to the community were bigger than my friendship with Bill Allen."

Apart from his personal friendship with Allen and his family, it crossed Molloy's mind that the politics of the situation were pretty heavy going. Allen had been hand-picked by Premier Neville Wran as a "crime-buster", and in a few years he'd been promoted to Deputy Commissioner over the heads of other, more senior, officers. When, in April 1979, Premier Wran put him in charge of the CIB, the Crime Intelligence Unit, the No 21 Special Squad and the Licensing Division, Wran said Allen's job was "to crack down on SP betting and get rid of organised crime, if it exists."

Molloy had some idea, if not a comprehensive understanding, of the eruption he would cause by laying an official complaint against such a favored policeman as Allen. But his integrity was at stake, so he filed his complaint.

It is interesting to speculate that probably not much more would have happened if it had not been for the federal police force providing information on the affair to the Prime Minister, Malcolm Fraser, who saw this as an ideal opportunity to give a highly successful political opponent (Wran) a pounding around his credibility. The matter of Allen bribing Molloy with a

total of \$2500 escalated into the federal political arena, and Wran felt he had to be seen to be doing something publicly. So he set up the tribunal, with the powers of a Royal Commission, and put Mr Justice Perignon in charge of the inquiry. Molloy, on his own, could never have precipitated such an unprecedented public exposure of corruption in the NSW police force. He had, having seen his complaints go into the all-too-familiar "too hard" basket, experienced the bitter dilemma: "Who do you go to?"

According to Dr John Braithwaite of the Australian Institute of Criminology, had there been a Labor Government in power in Canberra at the time the Allen affair began, or obversely a Liberal Government in power in NSW, it is most improbable that Molloy's complaints would ever have got any further.

"This is a very healthy — albeit small — start," says Dr Braithwaite. "A most im-

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only policeman answerable
to Allen, so how many
other payments were being
filtered through in
the same way?
”

portant implication is that it was a State matter that was brought out into the open by federal pressure." Braithwaite sees it as "healthy" to have police forces investigated by other police forces.

"The only public mechanisms for such inquiry — such as recourse to the Ombudsman — are fine, but the real investigative ability lies with police forces," he says. "There exists a structure whereby State and federal police have an exchange of information," he says, "so it is reasonable to assume that where corruption exists in a force, it too tends to flood over into other forces. It is therefore also logical that investigation of corruption should flood over."

"But the overwhelming need is for the setting up of an institution — possibly a crime commission — with powers to subpoena documents and witnesses. This could get very good results," he says. And while there may be some valid civil liberties objections to giving such a body wide powers, this, in Braithwaite's view, should be balanced against the otherwise uncontrollable violation of privacy — and the cost to the community as a whole —

created by the corrupt influences generated by organised crime.

To its credit, the NSW Government did conduct an inquiry into the NSW police, appointing Mr Justice Lusher to carry out the task. And indeed, some of the Lusher recommendations on the management structure of the force have been implemented. Appointing Molloy, an honest cop, to the turbulent Kings Cross area, and making him answerable only to very senior officers (Deputy Commissioner Allen and the Commissioner) are actions in line with recommendations of the Lusher Report. The tragedy, in this case, was that even in this refined management structure, one of the officers was himself corrupt. But had that not been the case, Molloy's activities in the Cross would have been processed at the highest levels in the force, eliminating the lower-level bureaucracy where files could be lost, actions not taken, court cases delayed — all for a reward from people who have only known a way of life that involves bribery, corruption and blackmail.

And when corruption is found in a police force at such an elevated rank as Deputy Commissioner, it becomes nigh impossible to support the view that corruption exists only on the "rotten apple theory" — which claims that it is simply a matter of removing the "rotten apples" so that the remainder is healthy and intact.

While the terms of reference of the Lusher inquiry did not (possibly deliberately) require it to inquire into specifics of corruption within the NSW force, Lusher, in his report, devoted a chapter of 12 foolscap pages to the subject generally. The "rotten apple theory" — for long one of the catchcries of Premier Neville Wran when confronted with questions of corruption — should be firmly rejected by (police) management as a control measure, says Lusher. That does not mean individual transgressions — actual cases or "rotten apples" — should not be dealt with, but while this is accepted as the only means of control no real progress is likely to be made in the removal of corruption.

The "rotten apple theory", according to Lusher, deals with the corrupt individual and sees all corruption in terms of an individual. It does not conceive the existence of a corrupt, or substantially corrupt, organisation (such as, for example, a police force or part of it), which is a vastly different concept.

While the Lusher Report did not comment on the Allen affair (having historically preceded the Molloy revelations) it is interesting to note that, after a lengthy public tribunal, the result was the removal from the force of only one person, Bill Allen, over questions of corruption. The question which the tribunal leaves unanswered is whether Allen was a rotten apple, or, more importantly, whether a person of such prominent rank could possibly be corrupt in isolation from other

A Knight in the Cross

senior — and more junior — officers.

Lusher's comments apply directly to the Allen situation: "For corruption to be successful there must be an established capacity to deliver the required service, since, like every other service, there is no point in paying for non-performance. Failure at one point (within the force) may lead to withdrawal or to an approach to another or higher level by those requiring the service," said Lusher. "Again, for corruption in this sense to develop, it is essential that it be able to operate beyond the capacity of a single individual policeman. It must involve organised co-operation with other police in equally relevant areas . . ."

If Molloy, for instance, had willingly or grudgingly accepted the payments from Allen, and in return delivered the service sought (in this case, turning a blind eye to illicit activities on his Kings Cross beat), the corruption would have been effective, would have turned the full circle, and the services paid for would have been delivered. Another question arises: Molloy was not the only policeman working in sensitive areas who was answerable to Allen, so how many other payments were being filtered through to the sergeants in the same way that Allen gave money to Molloy? Is it possible that Allen's interests involved only the non-enforcement of licensing laws in Kings Cross, and did not embrace SP book-making, gambling casinos, vice and possibly drugs? The restrictions of the terms of reference of Justice Perignon's tribunal denied an opportunity for a further investigation into other possible areas of corruption at that or other levels of the police force.

Lusher acknowledged other factors which come into play to assist the introduction and maintenance of corruption, including the "code of loyalty" which carries with it the code of silence that can develop within a law enforcement body. This can become traditional, in that newer members can be indoctrinated into it, and it can be further supported by peer group pressure and by the reluctance to submit offenders to the usual consequences of exposure such as dismissal, loss of job, pension rights and disgrace — not only personal, but disgrace and dishonor for the force itself. "It is for the latter reason that such a body will prefer to regard corruption as personal and individual rather than institutional," remarked Lusher. "It also ensures survival and maintains the power structure of the group involved."

So in the wake of the departure of Bill Allen from the NSW force, what follows? For the public viewing, there is much political tub-thumping from Canberra about the need for a crime commission. The sincerity of Prime Minister Fraser on such a do-gooder mission may be questioned by cynics who have closely ob-

served the individual behavior of some past and present members of the Fraser Ministry.

The Wran Government, having been through the political upheaval caused by the tribunal and its findings, now wants to close the door on the matter. But in its handling of the matter, and particularly in its peculiar manner of ridding the force of Bill Allen, the government has set the scene for community cynicism about the whole affair. So the questions stay on the boil. Why didn't the government simply sack Allen? Why did it demote him to Sergeant First Class before allowing him to retire on the appropriate (albeit considerably reduced) pension? Did the government "do a deal" with Allen, and if so, what were the trump cards that Allen held? But the government can tough it out, so that in a year's time the Allen affair will be foggy history, remote in the public memory. And the "System" will have

It would be dangerous to allow the federal police force to be the only body in Australia to act as watchdog over the State police forces

settled down once again.

The Allen affair will be closely scrutinised by the new Victorian Minister for Police, Mr Race Matthews, whose first action upon his appointment to the portfolio was to order an inquiry into the Victorian police. It is the general implications of the Allen affair, rather than its specifics, which will be of interest to the Victorian inquiry. And the active involvement by the federal police in the Allen case — embroiled in political games-playing as it may have been — has rewarded them with gold stars on their foreheads, and will no doubt stir them to bigger and better things. But it would be dangerous to allow the federal police force to assume the mantle of being the body in Australia to act as watchdog over the State police forces. After all, who will watch the watchers?

And as the dust settles, what of the man who started it all, Warren Molloy? He just wants to get on with the job of playing a straight bat, of getting his job done as a policeman. Ironically, he has the age and rank which would enable him to become — if the circumstances all fell into place — the Deputy Commissioner of the NSW

police force. But in the shorter term, even though he provided the lever which heaved Allen out of the force, he too is something of a loser. With the setting up of Judge Perignon's tribunal, Molloy was taken off his Kings Cross duties pending the outcome of the inquiry and was put on nine-to-five duties in the police personnel section. To his deep concern, the terms of reference for the tribunal actually cast a shadow over his own integrity.

This distressed him greatly. He had in the course of his duties gained the respect and co-operation of magistrates, the Lord Mayor and other pillars of the community. Now there was a question-mark over him, and these people, by virtue of their public office, had to distance themselves from him. In the upshot, the tribunal totally cleared Molloy. But there were months of stress before he was to know that he would emerge as an honest witness. He dealt with it by throwing himself even further into hard exercise routines.

The pressures were increased by the death threat sent to him through his 17-year-old daughter, Vikki. A caller rang and asked her: "Is your father home?" When told that he was at surfboat training, the caller said: "It doesn't matter, you won't have a father for long . . . he won't come home from work one day." Vikki hung up the phone and then tried to dial her mother to report the incident, but the caller was still on the line, laughing callously. There were other lesser incidents, and Molloy took to checking his car every day to make sure it hadn't been booby-trapped with explosives. He understood that he had made big waves, and it was just possible that someone would "have a go at him".

But for the full circle of justice to be seen to be done, Molloy needed to be sent back to his unfinished work at Kings Cross. He had been sent there originally, and apart from some slight delay in reporting the payments he received from Allen as he tussled with the dilemma they created, his reputation was squeaky clean. And there was still work to be done.

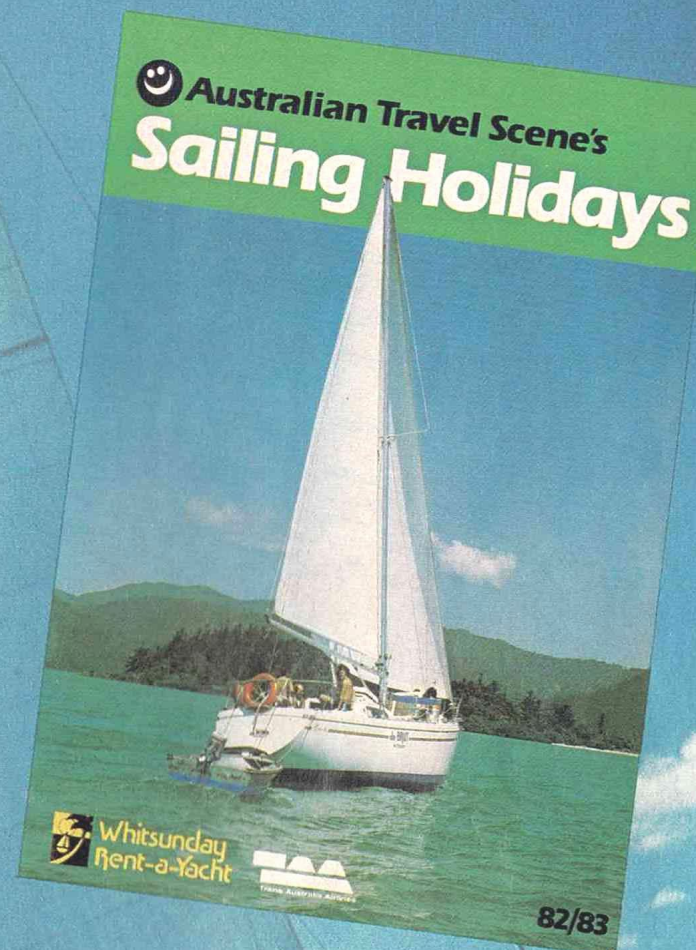
But just before taking off on his Queensland holiday, he was told that to go back to Kings Cross "would not be in his (Molloy's) best interests."

His work in Kings Cross had brought Abraham Saffron to visit Bill Allen a number of times, and had caused Bill Allen to make payments of money to Molloy. Allen was now gone, but without Molloy's own return to the Cross, Saffron would be left to run his empire of entertainment places, with his credibility battered by the tribunal's report, but otherwise with everything intact.

Warren Molloy's unfinished work in Kings Cross may never again receive the dedicated attention which he paid to it. So if it's a game of winners and losers, the first prize in this rubber has gone to Abe Saffron. —

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WINE GUIDE

second Great Depression or the button is pressed for World War III. (On consideration, I'm probably wrong about World War III; if we declared it every other country would simply assume it was a joke in rather poor taste. No. All that any rum-sodden Australian minister would do would be to *officially* declare war on the Aborigines.)

You can't blame the wine trade for this kitchen table shambles. Mind you, they do some stupid things at times. A few years back one company (which I am unable to name but it just happened to be Penfolds) put out a number that was supposed to go with blue jeans. It was supposed to go with blue jeans because it was colored blue. Oddly enough, it didn't work because it reminded people of the ugly witch scene in the old Snow White movie. But mostly the wine companies indicate that we should buy their product because they've made a lot of it by mistake, but it won't happen again because they've sacked the winemaker, who has gone over to the opposition and is now screwing up their fermentation process.

No. It's the wine critics who create all this mayhem. They are the ones who won't leave you alone. They get sent all the stuff free, and having to fill a certain amount of space once a week, they rabbit on and on about what you should look for in a perfectly ordinary bottle of steam. They state that you have to constantly judge every mouthful. They will not allow you to sit down and just drink the stuff in peace. Every bottle has to be looked at as a future investment. You have to keep a cellar. You must do this, you must do that and you must do the other damned thing.

I am of the opinion that Australian wine consumption is rising despite the wine critics. In fact I believe that critics in general have scared many reasonable, decent men and women away from the stuff over the years. Because they read all this rubbish and feel inadequate. Worse than that, they feel scared when they go into a wine shop. And if they put the bottle of their choice on the table that same night they feel that their dinner guests will laugh at them because the guests have read some other whacker's column in the meantime and are really in the know.

So it's okay for the hostess to fart at the dinner table these days, but if she has the gall to serve a perfectly decent cafe of what the frogs call *vin ordinaire* — flagon wine to you — all her so-called superior friends will accuse her the next day of having filthy knickers as well.

An acquaintance of mine used to play a game at his dinner table with these critic-worshipping dickheads. At the start of every meal he would dump a bunch of bottles with labels at one end of the table. At his end he dumped a double-sized carafe,

ie one that would hold a decanted flagon. He would then inquire as to their choice. They all drank the labels. He drank the carafe. The carafe always contained the wine acknowledged to be one of this country's finest. If not the finest — Grange, courtesy of Penfolds.

The point here is that most wine critics have their facts arse-about with care. It is indeed true that our wine consumption has risen to some degree, but it isn't at the so-called quality end of the market at all. Eighty percent of the wine consumed in this country is bulk, that is flagon or cask. Given that, I just don't know how they can bear to continue to write for all those hostesses with dirty knickers.

The critics should look at a few store advertisements for wine, as distinct from the nice quality-orientated trade advertisements. Store ads don't appear in nice magazines in living color. They appear in small suburban and country papers. And

If the stuff in
your cask tastes like
rat's piss, take it back
and demand a refund. In
99 cases out of 100
it is rat's piss

what they put on special is what they are going to sell to the real people who don't live in Toorak or Hunters Hill. As they say in the scribbling trade: I'm looking at one right this minute.

It is an advertisement for the Freemasons Hotel bottle shop in the good town of Molong. The week's specials are Miranda flagons of dry red and white fluid at \$1.95, flagons of Lindemans sweet and dry sherry at \$3.95 and Penfolds special sweet sherry, port and muscat at \$1.55. Henschke's Hill of Grace is nowhere to be seen. It doesn't happen to be very big with the shearers, fencers and combine harvester drivers in my neck of the woods. Like it or not, the old cheap fortified culture — fourpenny dark — is alive and well in this country. They've only allowed the old wine bars to be turned into discos where glasses of white battery acid are *de rigeur* because the flagon trade has meant that fortified steam is now cheaper by the old-fashioned imperial half gallon measure (as long as you can get the clumsy glass bugger home without smashing it to smithereens on the pavement). I've often idly wondered why the trade has never

bothered to stop fooling around entirely and slam the famous brown muscat into 5-litre casks. One can only suppose that it is because glass is the only thing that can keep the fearsome stuff under control. The vicious fluid would no doubt make short work of its little silver-lined baggie, rip right through the tastefully-illustrated cardboard container, and then chew up the walls of the surrounding booze shop, leading to vexatious litigation and claims for workers' compensation. The Three Mile Island China Syndrome pales into insignificance when compared to an oozing Green Door liquor store.

But maybe that's not it. Perhaps the wine conglomerates fervently believe that shearers and other low life can't open the containers properly, or that it is beyond the capabilities of those who inhabit Sydney's Belmore Park during the daytime and the single men's shelters at night (if they are lucky).

And anyway, how on earth would you illustrate the damned box? It would have to be an obscene version of one of those misty-eyed, glycerine-over-the-camera-lens Mateus Rose ads. Instead of depicting the nubile piece of arse slurping down a bathtub or so of pink Portuguese before being thrown into the nearby swan pond, it would have to be a picture of a great big fat police sergeant about to hurl a muscat-sodden derro into the voluntary statement room. And you couldn't plonk that down on your buffet table next to the cucumber and onion in black vinegar and Margaret Fulton's special sweet and sour (chop up a live possum and hurl a tin of Golden Circle pineapple chunks over the quivering fur), could you? No. What would the kiddies think? I know what the kiddies would do, mind you. They'd slosh the muscat over the damned possum and set the whole mess on fire.

On the question of opening wine bags, most people that I know can't do so without a great deal of pain and anguish. A lawyer and playwright of my acquaintance came home one night after a tiring day and decided that he needed a drink of red. After reading the instructions 16 times and struggling with the monster for about half an hour, he lost patience entirely and stabbed the damned thing to death with a carving knife. Catching a good deal of its contents in a bucket, he drank deeply and retired for the night. The next day a friend called in and, disturbed by the appearance of the front door (my lawyer acquaintance had entered his humble dwelling without the aid of a key), he walked into the living room, which appeared to his early-morning eyes to be covered in dried blood. Letting out a cry of alarm, he rushed into the bedroom expecting to find the lawyer slain. No such luck. Old fatso was alive and snoring.

Still on the subject of wine casks, another mate of mine says the most horrifying sight he has ever seen was a bathtub



PITY THE POOR UNFORTUNATE
WHO SQUANDERS HIS INHERITANCE.

WINE GUIDE

full of the things without their cardboard wrappings. They all contained white wine and they were all shining on a bed of ice in their clear plastic containers. "It looked like the biggest urine test in the world," he remarked later. He also remembered that he drank beer that night.

So that's my life and hard times with wine casks and flagons over and done with. What happens to myself and my good friends happens to all of us. You can't take the damned things seriously apart from not worrying about them when you drink them. As a matter of personal choice I happen to trust Lindemans and the Berri people above the others in the bulk business. I also fervently believe that all casks should be date-stamped so you know how long they've been lying around in some wholesaler's back shed. Although wines don't improve any in flagons (they're not the type of fluid that lends itself to improvement), casks, despite what their makers claim, do go off. If the stuff in your cask tastes like rat's piss, take it back and demand a refund. In 99 cases out of 100 you're right. The stuff is rat's piss and it's gone over the hill.

Now, as to the stuff they put in bottles. For the past four seasons Australia has had a glut of wine grapes, especially in the red division. The classic red wine grapes, shiraz and cabernet sauvignon, are in wild over-supply simply because back in 1970-72 those who were predicting industry futures got it all wrong. These crystal ball-gazers stated that red wine of the non-fortified variety was going to boom in this country.

It didn't. Instead, white wine became moderately fashionable. This fashion was aided by a lot of pseudo-scientific rubbish secretly put out by the people who market mineral water and a number of quacks in the Diet Doctor division, who claimed that red wine would kill you. Well any alcohol will kill you in the end if you care to swim about in a hogshead of the stuff on a daily basis, and some people react more violently than others — hence the classic Australian term: "two pot screamer".

About the only inherent disadvantage of drinking red wine is that in those who have a predisposition (usually inherited) to gout, it makes matters worse. You can suffer from gout even if you swallow nothing more noxious than your own saliva. But, as I said, red wine doesn't help. However, a badly made white wine can batter you about far more vigorously than a half-decent red.

Anyway, with all this red wine grape glut one would expect that those reds made in this country would be increasing in excellence, wouldn't one? Unfortunately this isn't the case. The general standard of Australian dry reds remains middling-poor. It has always been so and I can't see

it changing in the foreseeable future.

The reason for this is not hard to discern. Back in the early Seventies when the smart accountants were doing their sums, a large number of company conglomerates saw a very quick quid in the booze boom. After all, they reasoned, if that grand old pair Penfolds and McWilliams had made their fortunes out of selling millions of litres of fortified to the masses, they would make even more millions by selling even larger quantities of still dry red and white wines to the people who believed they were bordering on sophistication.

When this didn't happen, in a desperate attempt to make the books balance these companies literally flooded the market with discount wine in an effort to make at least some money out of the wretched stuff.

So when I look at wines made by large companies I tend to look at them with

The white ribbon means
you are unable to tell
a Rothbury red from a
combination of Nugget
black boot polish, meths
and lemon essence

some suspicion. On a personal choice basis I place trust in Hardy's wines, because this company has always been good at medium quality blends. McWilliams are still a fair shake because they make wines from the NSW MIA district work. Outside of these two Seppelts are a good bet, as are Mildara wines. (Mildara incidentally also makes the best sherries in this country and if you can get hold of a bottle of their liqueur brandy don't let the bastard get away from you at any cost.)

Otherwise I go for the smaller wine-makers in any area of Australia, mainly because they've got to try to make good gear to stay in the market at all. Pretty much anything from South Australia's Southern Vales area is good, as are the products of Rutherglen and the Mudgee area of NSW. Hunter wines quite frankly bother me, and they will continue to bother me until the day I die. No doubt the Len Evans set will froth with rage at this remark. (The Len Evans set, by the way, does read *Penthouse* as well as *Kiss Of The Whip*. It's just that they hide copies of it inside *Quadrant* when they attend blind wine tastings.)

Many of these smaller and medium-sized wineries either have tasting societies or a sort of friends-of-the-winery organisation. Some are quite pleasant and unpretentious. They hold gatherings to discuss the latest vintage or the latest bottling or the latest special offer to members or whatever. Some wine is drunk and talked about in non-stupid terms, some food is eaten and you may or may not learn something. I went along to one given by Amberton Wines at Mudgee recently and had quite a good time until I went outside for a snake's, fell into the middle of a coiled wine hose on my return and was unable to stand. I was allowed to wallow around on my back like a disabled turtle for a time and then was rescued by my fair companion, who was so much in control of matters herself that she kept on screaming about me being so drunk that I was trapped in a coil of rope. A domestic ensued because I kept on pointing out to the silly bitch that I knew all about wineries and that fucking rope wasn't part of the standard equipment. Some of the nicer fascist friends of the winery were alarmed. The rest simply didn't notice. That's what I call a good wine tasting — very civilised.

Other wine functions seem to me perfectly stupid in the extreme. For instance, the Rothbury Estate in the Hunter Valley has an insane tasting business in which, on joining the scramble, you are given a white ribbon with a Rothbury tasting cup dangling from the end of the thing. The white ribbon means you are unable to tell the difference between a Rothbury red and a combination of melted Nugget black boot polish, meths and lemon essence (and the Rothbury people can take that remark any way they want to). As you learn to tell the difference you work your way upwards through green and red ribbons on your silly cup until you reach the purple division. By this time you will have drunk an awful lot of Rothbury products, and hopefully for that company, spent a considerable quantity of money. By this time you should be able to tell the difference between a Rothbury red and Tooheys New. (For those who are still in the dark, Tooheys New is sort of light brown, has bubbles in it and froth on the top.)

Of course, if you like to shop around and you live near a wine-growing area you can have a bash at a number of wineries in the one day, but this can be a dangerous business. For starters, some wine areas (notably the irrigation areas such as the MIA) seem to specialise in coach parties. If you are in possession of your senses at, say, 5pm of a Saturday afternoon, and are pondering whether or not to buy a dozen abstemious chardonnay (the *in* white wine at the moment) or give the whole business away and take off for a feed at the nearest Chows, a coachload of certifiable lunatics bent on collecting sparkling pearl wines and flagons of sweet sherry can be un-

nerving. Likewise, some winery shops in other areas seem to sell everything except discount refrigerators and the stupider members of your own party can often be distracted by wombat snout corkscrews and other trivia.

Actually, the big trick is to attempt to stay sober, otherwise you can end up buying something you'll regret utterly for a long time afterwards. You will be forced to take bottles of it to other people's BYO parties and dump it hurriedly in the bath before getting stuck into their single-malt Scotch. And even then you've got to basically hope that by the time everyone gets to your offering they'll be too drunk to give a damn.

Of course, competition is so fierce these days that you can usually get a taste at your own local booze shop (when the traveller isn't trying to get the owner-manager drunk). But these events, too, can be disastrous. One morning I found the entrance to my local watering hole blocked by a woman who at first glance appeared to be a certified follower of the Church of Rome. A closer inspection, however, revealed that she was indeed dressed in a nun's habit but was all in blue (including her lipstick, if I remember rightly, but perhaps it was just a shade too early in the day for my eyes). She was, of course, the Blue Nun. But that's Lutheran-German bad taste as distinct from Australian ocker intelligent promotion.

On another occasion at the same place in Oxford Street, Sydney, I found the demonstrating woman in tears at the back and the tasting stand engulfed by the ragged brigade from Belmore Park. The sensation, it seemed, was a combination of red wine and whisky that was going for a snap — a mere \$2.10 out of your pension, so to speak. The loyal inhabitants of Belmore Park had sniffed the wind and a bargain. They were getting as many free tastings as possible before investing in a bottle or so. Although the tearful tart had lost control she was making a lot of money (these latter-day millgirls are paid by commission only, it seems). The owner and I had an interesting discussion about *legality* and *morality* while I purchased my early morning bottle of vintage port and no-star brandy, which I intended to blend later in the privacy of my own home. (I've tried Ben Ean with brandy but it doesn't work.) Looking back on it all, I suppose everyone was happy, money was being made, the good old boys were getting drunk for next to nothing and the coppers (those were the days before the layabout legislation was revoked) would have had a fine time later getting their arrest tallies up for the month. An instructive lesson in how wine capitalism really works.

At the end of all this I suppose I'm back at my kitchen table drinking my own choice without talking to or about the damned stuff. Basically wine, like anything else, is a little of what you fancy and the

other bloke can go to buggery. I've made the remark before, but it is worthwhile repeating. Underneath all the claptrap it's only a drink — no better or worse really than Tibetan fermented yak's milk. Just remember that the good, individual wine usually comes from the small outfits.

Sooner or later, anyone who talks or writes about wine with or without any expertise should own up and tell the audience what wines and styles he or she likes. These choices are subjective, although not many critics will admit to preferring one style over another. Their approach is rather like that of the food critic who kicks to death those restaurants which specialise in broiled crayfish with drawn butter sauce. What he doesn't bother to tell his audience is that broiled crayfish usually bring on an attack of crablice in his nether regions.

Too many people in this world pontificate without telling others what their likes and dislikes really are. I have no such qualms, so here goes:

Domestic champagne: Seppelt's Great Western, followed by Hardy's. Both are better than the lesser European offerings, although some of the Spanish sparkling material available about 18 months ago gave both of them a run for their money. Of course, if I had a lot of money I'd drink the froggy product any day, but then I don't normally hurl away \$20 or so on a bottle.

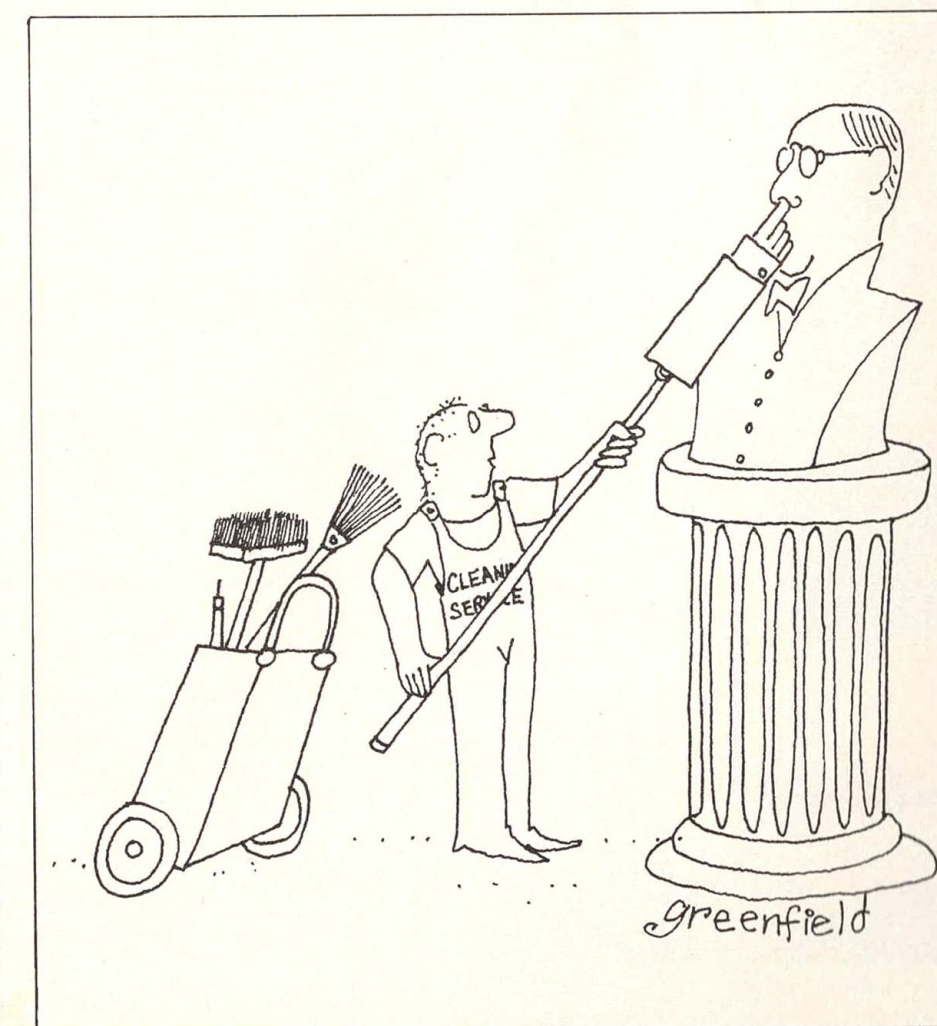
Still whites: I have three preferences at the moment. The first is the medal-winning Semillon chardonnay made by Amberton Wines of Mudgee in NSW. This is real class stuff. Hard to get and expensive but worth it.

Amberton also makes an excellent Sauvignon blanc. For seconds I'd go for Seppelt's Black Label Rhine riesling, and for a very close third All Saints Lyrebird white burgundy. Both of the latter wines are Victorian.

Reds: I can never get past anything made by Wolf Blass, who blends his stuff in the Barossa Valley.

Blass yells a lot about his product, but it is okay. Expensive, though, so don't be too generous. I'd buy Penfolds Grange if I could afford it. I can't. Apart from that, almost anything from the Coonawarra area of South Australia is good (if it really does come from there). Huntington Estate in the Mudgee area also produces wines of quality and some of the Rutherglen offerings, if you can bite the damned stuff out of the glass, are good. There's also a rather odd light dry red from the Riverina marketed by Orlando, known as late-picked shiraz, which is pleasant to say the least.

Ports: I loath and detest vintage ports. Of the others I prefer Yalumba Director's Special followed by almost anything from the Rutherglen area of Victoria — Brown's and Bullers for first preference. ☉



Inspiration didn't come
easy for the aspiring pornographer

The Professor Begins

House abandoned, goods in secret storage, his two cars sold for a rapid song, Fielding, 42, a Professor of Literature, checked into a large hotel. His wife, under another name, had fled to another country, his children similarly disguised and dispersed. Fielding checked in wearing the clothes of a woman.

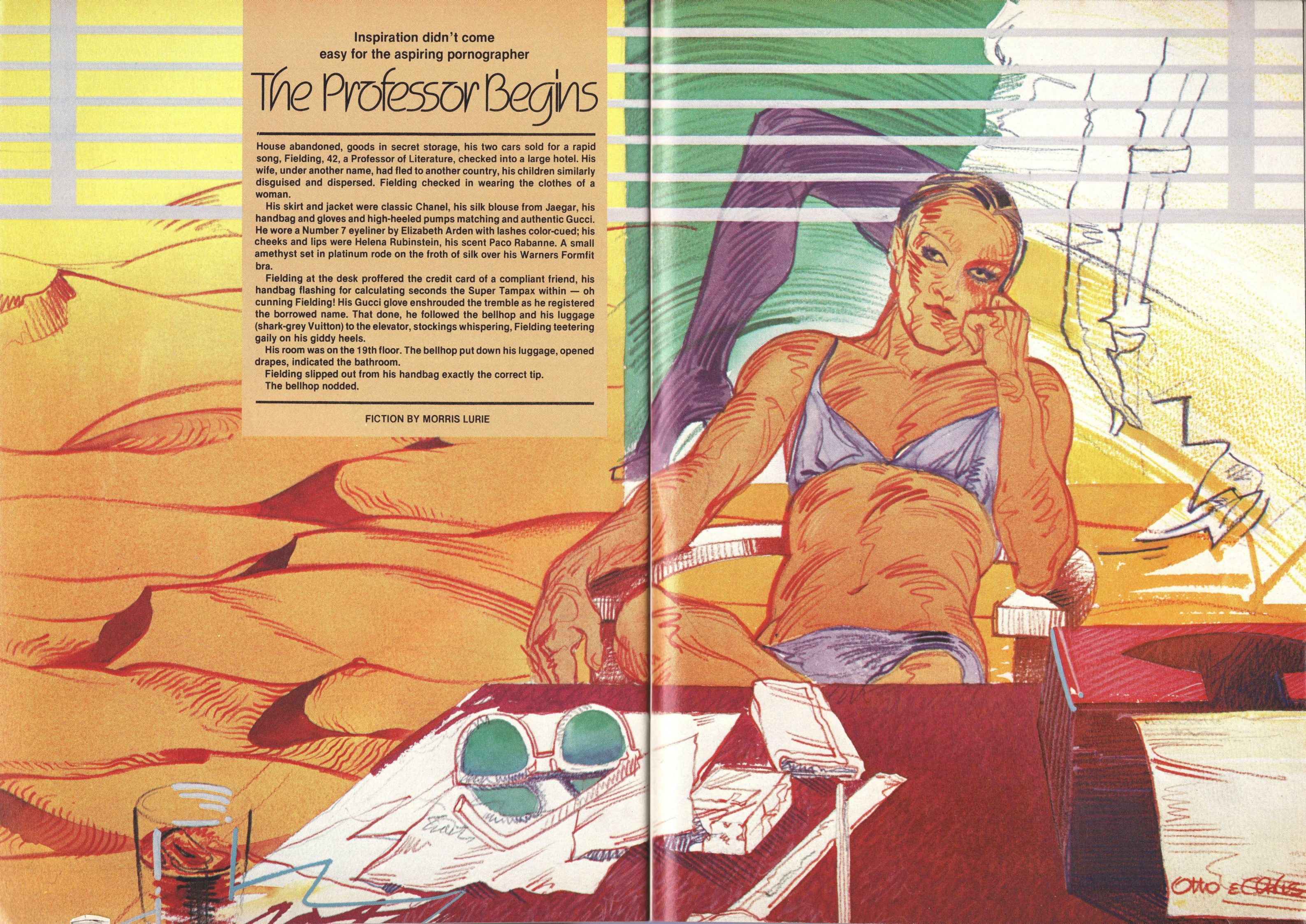
His skirt and jacket were classic Chanel, his silk blouse from Jaegar, his handbag and gloves and high-heeled pumps matching and authentic Gucci. He wore a Number 7 eyeliner by Elizabeth Arden with lashes color-cued; his cheeks and lips were Helena Rubinstein, his scent Paco Rabanne. A small amethyst set in platinum rode on the froth of silk over his Warners Formfit bra.

Fielding at the desk proffered the credit card of a compliant friend, his handbag flashing for calculating seconds the Super Tampax within — oh cunning Fielding! His Gucci glove enshrouded the tremble as he registered the borrowed name. That done, he followed the bellhop and his luggage (shark-grey Vuitton) to the elevator, stockings whispering, Fielding teetering gaily on his giddy heels.

His room was on the 19th floor. The bellhop put down his luggage, opened drapes, indicated the bathroom.

Fielding slipped out from his handbag exactly the correct tip.
The bellhop nodded.

FICTION BY MORRIS LURIE



The Professor Begins

The door closed.
Fielding stood alone.
"Hee hee," he giggled, a naughty boy in a big man's world, all alone in a grand hotel.

But this was no time for horseplay.
He began to unpack.
He attended to his clothes quickly — the skirts, the blouses, the slither of stockings, the delicious underwear — and then he turned to the other case.

A ream of quarto bond.
A ream of quarto bank.
Carbon paper.
Pencils.

He unzipped and set out on the desk opposite the bed his portable typewriter, the selfsame Olivetti Lettera 22 upon which so many years ago, he had written his Master's thesis — oh, sentimental magic!

The Golden Bowel: Anal Retentive Symbolism in the Fiction of Henry James.

His hand rested on it for a tender moment.

"Christ, it's hot in here," he suddenly said.

He took off the Chanel jacket, stepped out of the Chanel skirt. The silk Jaegar blouse flapped. He took that off too.

"Ah," said Fielding. "That's better."

Now, on the desk opposite the bed, he set out a line of books. *Roget's Thesaurus*. *Fowler's Modern English Usage*. *The Pocket Oxford Dictionary*.

Then, from his case, he took a bottle of Scotch.

Opened it.
A carton of unfiltered cigarettes.
Tore off the cellophane.

Ashtray.
Lighter.
A glass.
Everything?
Everything.
Fielding closed his eyes.

Inhaled and exhaled a long shaky breath.

Then crossed himself quickly.
Fell to his knees.

"O Chaucer, O Shakespeare, O Milton and Keats," he intoned, his eyes still closed. "O Dostoyevsky, O Turgenev, O Chekhov, O Hemingway and Norman Mailer and Harold Robbins and Enid Blyton, yes, even Enid Blyton. O writers of literature since the world began: forgive me for what I am about to do."

His mouth a grim line.
"But I do it for the reason that you yourselves toiled."

His mouth grimmer still.
"Money."

Fielding stood up.
"All right," he said, addressing the desk, the Olivetti, the waiting white pages. "Here's the whole sad story. Suckered by gangsters. Rigged wheel, marked deck, mirrors, the whole bag of tricks. Now they

want their money — which I won't have in a leap year of Sundays — or me and mine are deadlier than death."

Fielding shuddered.
"And one of them was a politician!" he suddenly howled.

From his handbag Fielding now took a card, grimy and much thumbled, propped it against his books, stared at it, read it over and over — his inspiration, his target, his mantra.

*Grossman Press
Erotica for the Connoisseur*
Now he was quick, efficient.

He wound paper into the typewriter, bond and bank, carbon between.

He poured and drank a deep finger of undiluted Scotch.

He lit and sucked greedily upon an unfiltered cigarette.

His hands positioned themselves over the typewriter keys.

And then he froze.

"Oh do me
do me!" cried
bang-happy Val, white
thighs springing apart
like a flung-open
encyclopedia

"Oh Jesus," he said. "What?"
Nothing.
The ashtray on the desk filled with butts.
The level in the Scotch bottle sank.
An hour.
An hour and a half.
Nothing.

A howling blank.
Fielding saw suddenly his innocent children, saw in exact close-up their trusting open smiles. His eyes lensed with tears.

"Come on," he pleaded. "Come on."
Oh where were they, those creamy-limbed lovelies who ran in his head day and night, so easily summoned, thrashing and wanton, slick with heat, angled and open in every conceivable — and then some — way?

Departed.
Fled.
Fielding's brain blanker than blank.
Desperate, deep into the second hour now, his throat stiff with Scotch and smoke, Fielding began to rummage through his personal history, the details of his sexual life.

"Valerie!" he remembered.

Yes Valerie, Valerie, bang-happy Val, already massive at 14 under her stretched sweater, a legend in the neighborhood; there wasn't a boy who hadn't at least copped a feel, and here was Fielding, just turned 13, copping it with the best; her things sprung up right into his face, those mad guzzly bags, to which he'd attached himself feverishly as though here was the source of all mortal courage, twin fountains of audacity, come get your fill, and yes, suddenly courageous outside his years, heroic beyond measure, he'd reached up her skirt, and up it flew, shameless Val shamelessly assisting, and down came —

Skid marks.
"Oh do me do me!" cried bang-happy Val, white thighs springing apart like a flung-open encyclopedia in the school library. "Oh do me do me I have to I don't care if I die!"

Skid marks on her underpants.
Which Fielding must have glimpsed for less than a second, a second at most, but that was enough, that did it, good clean WASP Fielding fled in horror, limp for six months.

Fielding at his desk, fled to Veronica. His first. Yes, his very first. Actual penetration. His very first time actually in.

Wait a minute, Fielding remembered, it was like doing it to sand, it was the driest thing in the whole world, a desert, a drought, and right through the entire hammering and battering shameful experience Veronica just lying there chattering gaily about the most gorgeous ming blue cashmere sweater she'd ever seen, oh it was heavenly, except, well, there was that scrumptious blush pink one too, and oh yes the darling mauve one, oh but Mumsy had a sort of mauve one so maybe she couldn't do that, she — "Oh, you're not even *listening*!" she had suddenly said to Fielding, who that very second had actually and finally triumphed over the drought and managed to get it in.

"Oh shit," moaned Fielding, feeling it die.

Fielding fled on.
"Audrey?" he attempted.

And one by one he went through them all, every girl, every woman, every wink, every nudge, every slightest feel, a frantic novice clicking his beads: the nurse, the statistician, the shop assistant, the student, the stewardess, the sloe-eyed translator with the black mole, but where Fielding sought to recall passion, wetness, heat, wild flicking tongues and tearing gripping fingers and outrageous mad pelvic thrusts, what he encountered was otherwise.

Bad breath.
Rashes.
Groper's wrist.
Lounge lizard back.
Endless WASP guilt.

Continued on page 160

"The wet grip test proves that NCT Steels offer more grip."

Jack Brabham

Goodyear NCT Steel is a totally new type of radial, designed from scratch to deliver the one most important quality on a tyre — grip.

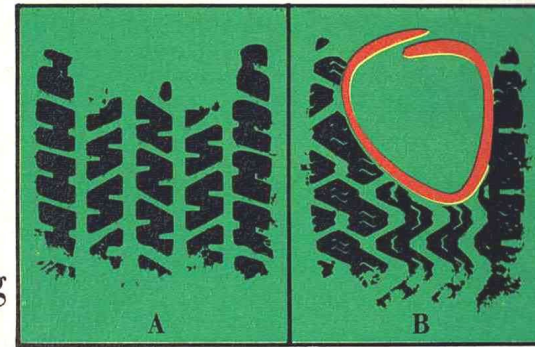
In the dry or in the wet, NCT steel grip gives you an extra reserve of safety whenever you need it.

The wet grip test proves it. Under the independent supervision of C.A.M.S. and the critical observation of Jack Brabham, NCT Steel and its top local and imported competitors ran over a glass plate at 100km/h. A high speed camera recorded the amount of

tread that remained in contact with the road under aquaplaning conditions.

Print A, on the left, shows NCT Steels firm full-width grip, while print B shows the grip, or more correctly the loss of grip, of the best of the imported steel radial competitors.

Goodyear NCT Steels.
More grip, more driver control.



3-Dimensional Sound

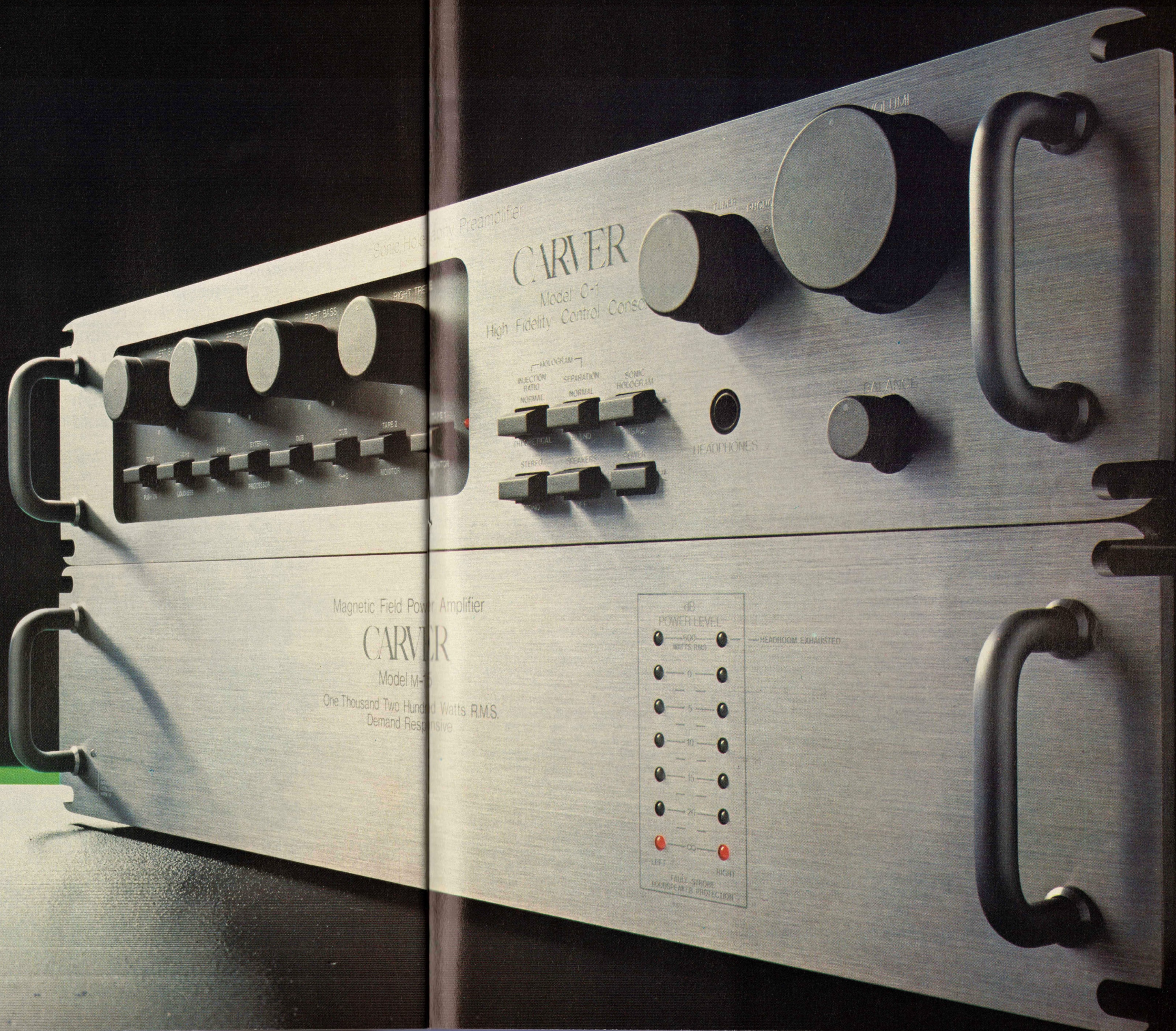
BY RICHARD MORGAN

Exact reproduction of a live performance is the unattainable holy grail of hi-fi, and if you can accept that, there are a number of interesting devices available that are capable of producing some rather sensational sound effects.

These can take many forms, but one of the most contemporary (at least as far as Australia is concerned) and most interesting and innovative is sonic holography.

To understand the term we need to make a comparison between an "optical" hologram and a "sonic" hologram — the latter a manufacturer's definition. An optical hologram is a three-dimensional image projected into space by a sophisticated laser system. A holographic image of a person projected near you looks real until you try to touch it and discover that it is not, as you thought, solid because your hand passes right through the substanceless illusion. Based

Photos by Keith Arnold



3-Dimensional Sound

A sonic hologram uses beams of sounds to create an acoustic pattern that resembles a three-dimensional sound image. Sonic holography can fill the 180-degree hemisphere in front of the listener with sonic images localised not only between the speakers but beyond them, in front of them and, occasionally, even around to the left and right of the listener.

Of course, the holographic system is the result of a gargantuan number of research and development hours. It's the brainchild of Bob Carver, who heads the Carver Corporation — a Washington-based audio company. In developing sonic holography, and in particular the hologram generator (as well as complementary audio products), Bob's main aim was to free music and sound reproduction from the confinement of the speaker system to give it a "credible" sonic quality.

Sonic holography must not be placed in the same bracket as that great audio white elephant of the past: "quadrophonic" or "4-channel" sound. Unlike 4-channel sound, sonic holography does not require special source material (records and the like) and uses only two speakers as opposed to four. But like 4-channel sound it does require special electronics.

These can, at present, be provided in three formats — in three of Bob Carver's products, in fact. They include two preamplifiers — the models C-4000 (\$1800) and C-1 (\$1050), and one outboard (add on) generator unit, the C-9 at \$500. The preamplifiers require a power amplifier to become fully operational and Carver produces models to meet those requirements. The C-9 generator is designed to be added to an existing system.

The Australian distributor, Convoy International Pty Ltd, is very enthusiastic about the product and was more than happy to meet the request for on-loan equipment. They supplied *Penthouse* with the C-1 preamp and the M400 magnetic field power amp — itself a masterpiece of electronic engineering. The thick instruction manual accompanying the preamp indicates that installation is not going to be a simple plug-it-in-and-listen procedure.

In terms of design, the C-1 is much like any other preamp — sleek and good-looking. The power amp is a small cube, light enough to be held in the palm of the hand yet capable of pushing out 200 watts (RMS) of power per channel. Where the C-1 does differ from the norm is in the inclusion of the sonic hologram generator — identified by three small front panel push-buttons. Two of these buttons are used to tune the system to a particular room environment and the third switches the system in and out of the signal path.

Although the instructions inform the

user that he can use the preamp without in-depth consultation of the manual, it is not possible to make the holographic generator work correctly without a thorough reading.

Correct setup of the speakers in relation to the room boundaries and the listening position is of vital importance to the operation of the holographic generator and to the quality of the illusion it produces. And this is the main bugbear with the system because, as you will learn when you read the brief installation requirements below, it intrudes heavily into a person's normal domestic routine by actually dominating the living room it occupies to the extent that the room can be used for little else. Also, only one listening perspective is available; thus only one person at a time is able to benefit from the sonic holography effect.

For correct operation of the holographic "system" the speakers must be separated from the walls by about two metres, and their distance apart must be shorter than their distance from the listener. The speakers must be situated at the points of this equilateral triangle (with the listener at the apex) to within 7mm relative to the listener. Apparently even a deviation as small as 7mm can have a deleterious effect on the holographic imagery. The listener, incidentally, should be about one metre from the rear wall.

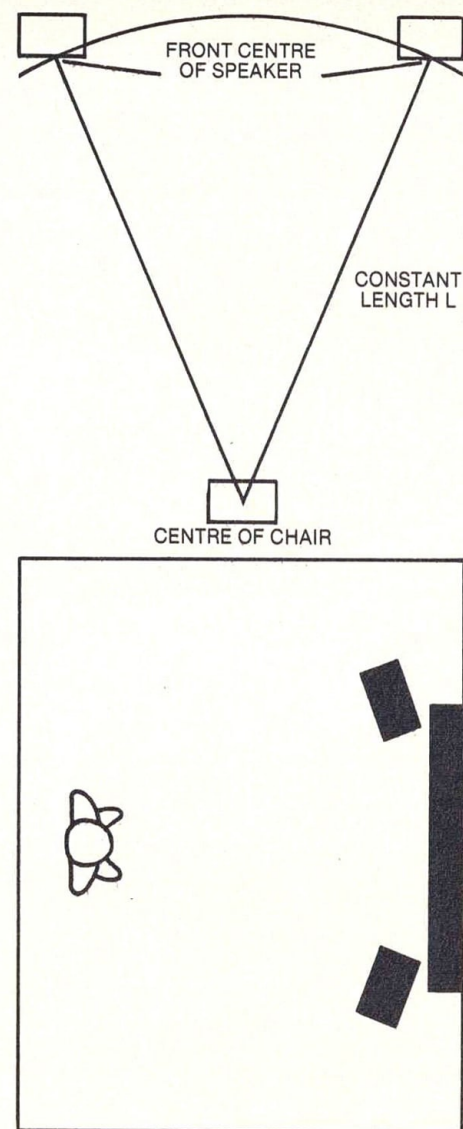
The manual has alternative installation requirements but these are only offered as a compromise, to give the user some scope in component placement. You can expect a downgrading of the holographic effect with other-than-ideal placement, though the preamp controls can make up for these deficiencies in some areas.

Carver even recommends modification to the acoustic "flavor" of your listening room (the way the room reacts to sound waves) by controlling sound wave reflections off walls, floors and glass.

All the real work in achieving a holographic illusion is done in the initial setup phase — things like controlling early sound reflections and correct matching of speaker-to-listener distances. Surprisingly, it only takes about 15 minutes to set the thing up.

Listening firstly without the sonic hologram facility indicates that the C-1 is a fine preamp in its own right. The effect of switching the holographic generator on is not apparent until you resume your seat. Then the sensation hits you. The thing really does work!

You're sitting in the middle of an amazingly detailed sound "field". You can locate instrument position with unimaginable ease; singers appear at times to be moving across the room (you begin to mentally trace their steps); you can sense a trumpeter tilting his instrument up to reach a high note and even imagine cymbals wavering in mid-air after being struck.



Diagrams: Achieving optimum sonic holographic effect involves careful positioning of equipment. The listener should be placed on the stereo axis equidistant from both speakers.

One of the major difficulties in acclimatising to sonic holography is the conflict between your eyes and ears. Your eyes tell you that you're in a living room looking at a pair of speaker boxes which are the sources of sound, but your ears tell you you're in this three-dimensional sound illusion... and at times it's difficult to remember that it is an illusion.

The great thing about sonic holography is that the longer you listen to it, the stronger the three-dimensional image becomes.

In short, sonic holography, or specifically the hologram generator, has the effect of "energising" the air and making the space in a broad arc in front of you come alive with sound. The image does live up to the manufacturer's specifications, with the imagery transcending the boundaries of the room.

However, it can't be denied that no matter how lifelike the sonic image presented by a sound system is, it will never accurately reflect that of a live performance.

This is due, in part, to differences in acoustic environments (cramming a concert hall into your living room is not possible, even if we could record and translate the relevant ambient information); but mainly it's because the dynamic range (ratio of the loudest to the softest sound produced) of a live performance firstly cannot be successfully "captured" and, secondly, is not capable of being reproduced by current audio technology.

The holographic system is source-dependent to some extent: that is, the better the recording and the record pressing, the more detail there will be. But this goes for any high-quality audio setup and is not a peculiarity of the Carver system.

The only fault that could be attributed to sonic holography — and even then it is only after extensive listening tests — is that the very qualities that "make" the holographic effect tend to become a little larger than life. Whether this translates as listener "fatigue" in the long term, or as a "fault", is a matter of personal opinion.

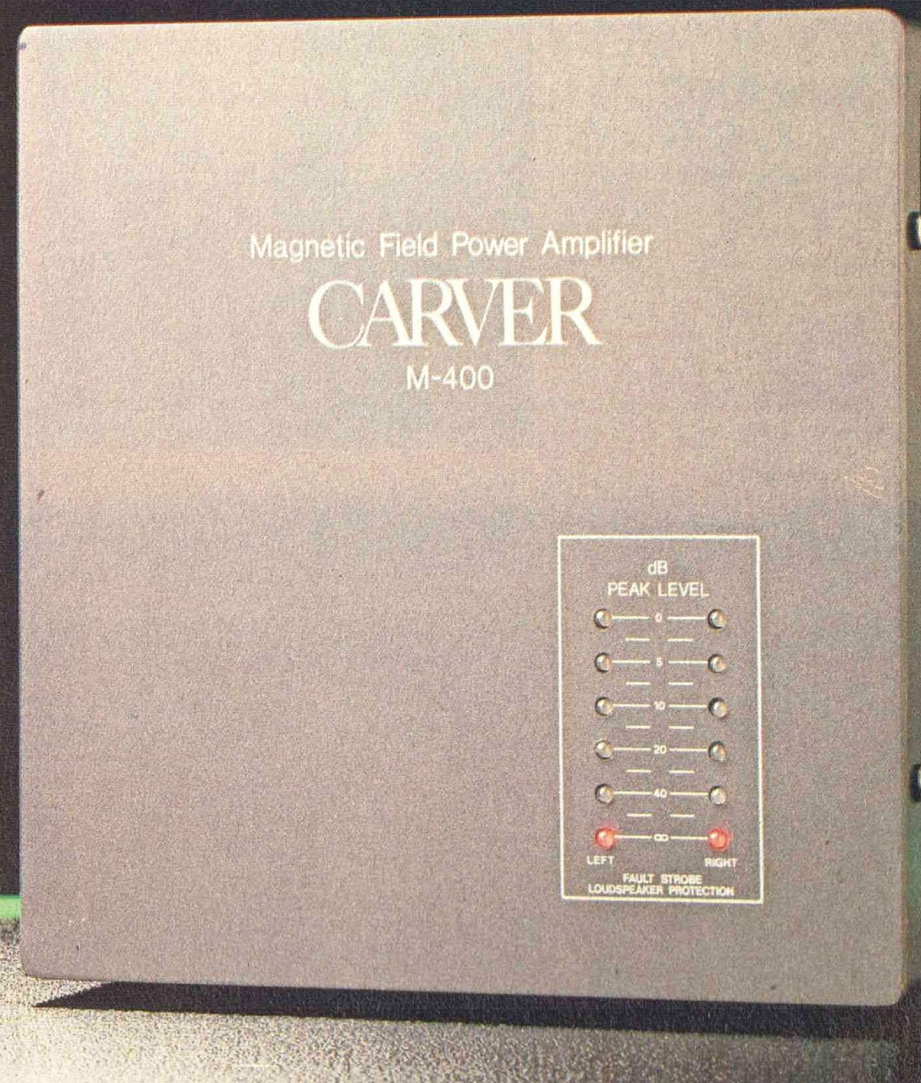
Whatever that opinion, the Carver sonic holography system undeniably does amazing things to music and sound reproduction. And if stereo sound is (as some believe) an illusion, then sonic holography is the master magician... the ultimate in sensational sound effects, something that really should be heard to be believed.

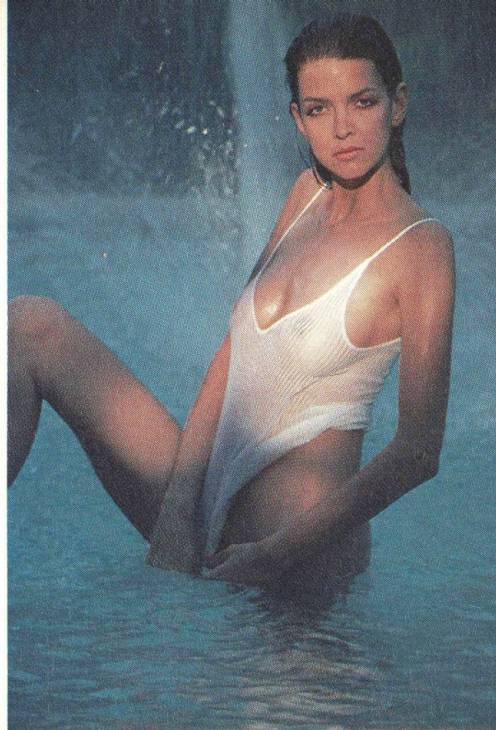
Not everyone has the bank balance to afford sonic holography. However, there are measures you can take to ensure that the sound you get from your system contains every bit of "ambience" information and detail possible.

The following is a simple 10 point plan aimed at improving room acoustics. Adhere to the guidelines presented and you can be assured of an improvement in sound quality.

(1) Read the manufacturer's instruction manuals. These often give you worthwhile advice on speaker placement and notify you of any special requirements.

- (2) Raise the loudspeakers off the floor (unless they are specifically made for floor mounting). The tweeter (treble speaker) should be in line with the listener's ear level. Using stands (or whatever) will reduce vibrations that can color the sound produced by the speaker. It will also improve bass performance markedly.
- (3) Keep speakers well away from room boundaries. Separating the speakers from walls will help stereo imagery, improve the clarity of the system, reduce "coloration" of the sound once again, and reduce emphasis of bass tones. Never place a speaker in a corner.
- (4) Experiment with speaker positions, taking heed of the comments in point (3). The difference even a few centimetres can make is surprising. Pick a position which offers the best compromise between performance and domestic requirements.
- (5) Locate your speakers for correct stereo positioning. They should be at least two metres apart and, depending on the speaker, no more than three metres apart. Trial and error (and patience) are needed to find the optimum position in your room. Placement is especially critical in some speakers.
- (6) Avoid large surfaces such as glass doors, windows and open spaces of wall, because they reflect sound. If your system sounds top-heavy with treble, experiment with wall hangings, etc. These will absorb some of the reflections and tone down the treble stridency.
- (7) If your system's sound is lacking in treble, you must increase the amount of reflective surface to compensate. Experiment with furnishings but don't go overboard.
- (8) Experiment with general room furnishings to tame problems with the overall sound. Soft furnishings will absorb sound waves (mostly in the treble range), so once again experiment with scatter rug positions, chair and sofa placement, etc.
- (9) Don't sit flush against the rear wall. Do this and you will lose some clarity. Clarity can be improved by placing material on the rear wall to absorb reflections. Well-positioned bookshelves can aid in diffusing unwanted sound reflections.
- (10) For optimum stereo sound reproduction, you must have an unimpeded pathway between the listener and the speakers. So keep the air between the speakers and the listener clear of obstacles such as furniture. Also, make sure the speakers are angled towards the listener at approximately 30 degrees. This will enhance the stereo imaging effect.





BLACK MAGIC WOMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

Jane Felber, our enticing green-eyed Pet, tells us she's a city slicker who keeps her sanity in the big city by allowing her fantasies to roam the world's most exotic and mystical places. As a model on the road to the top she gets the occasional opportunity to bring those fantasies to reality on photographic assignments. Our photographer first caught up with this enchantress on the Caribbean isle of Haiti, standing out like dazzling ivory in a land of darkest ebony.



Adaptable Jane claims to be many women at once. When dressed in a demure evening gown, she becomes a proper gracious lady . . . But left to herself and the elements, she reveals a far earthier side, her body drinking in the sunshine as she revels in a little bit of self-made heaven. Being of sound mind and sensational body our Pet has never been shy or inhibited.





Although she's never modelled nude before she felt perfectly at ease displaying her undeniable charms.



It's our bet
those silky
curves and
that erotic
allure will
spell
success for
this black
magic lady.
O+E





THE PENTHOUSE HISTORY OF
CRIME IN AUSTRALIA — PART IV

THE SHADOW OF SQUIZZY TAYLOR

BY DENIS WHITBURN

You bastard, Stokes!" came the cry from the hulking figure who stood outside the hotel in Little Collins Street, as Henry Stokes, "the two-up king" of Melbourne, stepped onto the street. He had just left the daily gang meeting held by his business partner, Leslie "Squizzy" Taylor, with the intention of returning to the afternoon session of his two-up school in Goodwood Road, Richmond. The man shouting the insult, "Long Harry" Slater, had been waiting for Stokes to exit the meeting. Before Stokes could react to Slater's insult, "Long Harry" had a gun in his hand and was firing at his target. Stokes retaliated with a barrage of his own from a Colt automatic, forcing Slater back along the road into Swanson Street.

The bustle of the lunchtime crowd of office workers and shoppers going about their routine near the intersection of the two streets was suddenly disrupted by the gunshots. At first, people mistook the sound for the backfiring of a car. Then Slater appeared, backing across Swanson Street and firing shots at the second gunman — a short, thick-set man who was matching him shot for shot. Then Slater stumbled, his foot caught in the tramline. Seeing his chance, Stokes fired two shots into him as he rose, sending him sprawling across the street to the far pavement, covered in blood.

Within minutes of the first shots, Constable Hardwicke was running to the scene of the duel. He grabbed Stokes, handcuffing him and relieving him of his automatic. Rushed

SQUIZZY TAYLOR

to hospital under police guard, Slater answered their interrogation in the best tradition of the underworld: "On your way, coppers. You won't get anything out of me."

With neither man willing to testify against the other, the police were left with only a possession of illegal firearms charge to file against them. It was a sign of the times: the police had to accept weakened control over the "small squids" of the underworld, who settled their grievances among themselves. Slater and Stokes were advised by the police to leave Melbourne. In the company of John "Snowy" Cutmore, Slater headed north to Sydney, organising a gang of stand-over men who extorted from prostitutes, sly grog shops and SP bookies. Stokes moved south to Tasmania.

The year was 1921, and the stage had been set for "Squizzy" Taylor — friend of "Snowy" Cutmore and business associate of Stokes — to take charge of Melbourne's underworld.

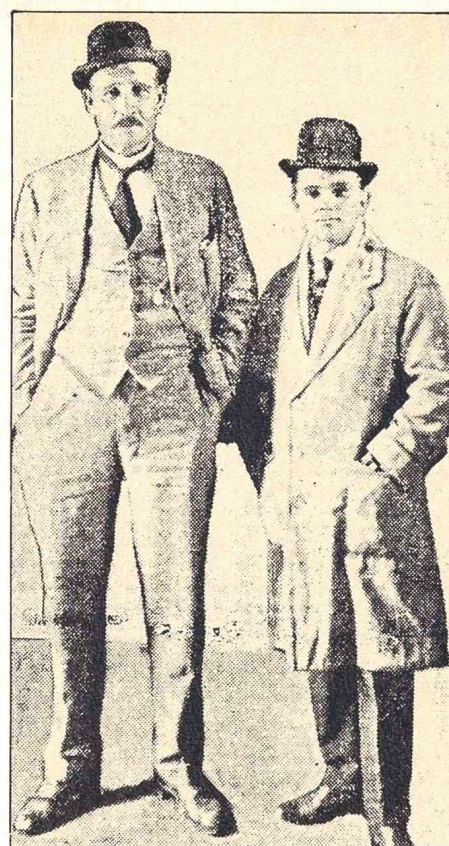
Taylor has become to 20th Century Australian folklore what Ned Kelly was to that of the previous century. The larrikin crook — product of an oppressive working class environment who rose to notoriety through criminal exploits — was foisted onto history as a man wronged by society. Each had the markings that go with legend-making: Kelly with his steel helmet and chest armor; Taylor with his pugnacious manner and diminutive size. A slight, elfin build belied the violent nature — but not the impish humor — of the man.

Kelly's bushranging exploits extended for a short six years, ending at the hangman's rope in 1880; that period stood as the Australian counterpart of America's wild west outlaws. Taylor's reign, during the turbulent 1920s, over Melbourne's underworld also had a six-year run, brought to a bloody finale in a gunfight with one "Snowy" Cutmore.

Against a backdrop of sombre Victorian society, with trams clanging and rumbling over the criss-crossed lines of the city while cars and motorbikes proclaimed themselves the new symbols of Australian social mobility, Taylor — born Joseph Leslie Theodore on June 29, 1888 — and his slum-raised recruits executed bloody vendettas in gang wars reminiscent of Chicago during the Prohibition. The battle was fought for control of the city's criminal industries — illegal gambling, prostitution, sly grog outlets and dope peddling. Proudly extolling itself as the financial capital of the nation, Melbourne lived a Jekyll and Hyde existence. On the one hand it projected the righteousness of its namesake, Lord Melbourne, former British Prime Minister; on the other it fostered the spread, from the backlanes of its stoical main thoroughfares, of insidious



Above: A young Leslie "Squizzy" Taylor poses for the police camera. Right: Taylor and his bondsman, R. Loughnan, organiser for the Builders' Laborers Union (1922).



ghettos. Such places formed slum societies as strict in their code of survival as were the honorable members of the Melbourne Club in theirs. The silence insisted upon by Slater and Stokes in the aftermath of their daylight duel was tantamount to that code.

Whereas Kelly's crimes had dash and daring, and could be construed as a continuance of the old Irish-British confrontations, Taylor's criminal enterprises did not have the same moral undertones. In short, he was a thug tolerated longer than society could possibly justify.

Apprenticed to a racehorse trainer and given mounts at Richmond racetrack, his ambition to be a jockey was curtailed when increasing weight and a drift towards unsavory company diminished his employer's enthusiasm for him. Taylor subsequently fell in with Bourke Street pick-pockets and became so adept at the trade that he was taken on various trips around Australia by train and coastal steamer, on an apprenticeship of another kind.

Returning to Melbourne around four years later, when Lew "The Count" Stirling ruled as underworld Lord, Taylor's "imagination was fired", *Truth* revealed later, "with the idea of promoting a rival gang which would figure even larger in the eyes of the underworld." What followed, once the pick-pocket and petty crim commenced to transform the dream into reality, was "an epidemic of desultory pistol duels . . . between rival factions."

The Taylor style was to drive past his enemies in a car with faked number plates and fire wildly into the air in their general direction. It was a bombastic habit which gave him what he sought most: press and

public notoriety and the burgeoning of his reputation in the underworld as a man to be reckoned with. "Up to that time," *Truth* continued, "he had been more or less unknown, except to senior members of the detective force who resolutely believed he was the man who shot a chauffeur in the back at Heidelberg and who, they also believed, was intimately concerned in the shooting of . . . one of MacRobertson's travellers through the eye as he lay in bed in his home in Fitzroy."

Realising the police had suspicions about his part in two murders, Taylor came to an arrangement with certain detectives. He provided information with which they were able to prosecute other criminals in return for an easy go. By "running with the hare, hunting with the hound", he was able to stay relatively free of prosecution, but not without lending weight to another aspect of his growing reputation among the underworld. Lew "The Count" Stirling regarded him as little more than "a parasite on real criminals." *Truth* did not mince words when referring to him as a "shrinking cur", adding further color to his already illustrious reputation by explaining, after his death, that Taylor "was a strange mixture of gunman, pick-pocket, dandy and swaggerer whose ruling passion in life was to stand well, or what he interpreted to be well, in the eyes of the underworld."

A synopsis by Hugh Anderson in his biography of Taylor, *The Larrikin Crook*, portrayed the criminal as flitting "like a will o'wisp from crime to crime; he was behind every really spectacular coup of the fevered Twenties, ruling and terrorising the underworld of Melbourne and masterminding innumerable criminal enter-

prises." Anderson lists "the cheap, flash fop" as master of a wide repertoire of crimes ranging from blackmail, murder, witness-bashing, jury-squaring, intimidation, thieving, dope-peddling, two-up racketing, house-breaking and incendiarism to welshing, perjury and shelving fellow criminals.

Of such material are myths created, legends manufactured. Taylor played a strange role in the creation of an Australian gangster tradition. His territory was suburban, his vision reaching no further than the boundaries of Melbourne. He was an integral part of the period when the larrikin turned from his fists to the gun.

Anderson places 1919 as the year when the hired assassin entered the Australian underworld, and "within a year or so, the treacherous, cocaine-sniffing tough was as important a part of the social fabric of local crime as the professional gunman in the USA." Again, the advent of World War I is held responsible for this change in social mores — as it had been in bringing about the acceleration of cocaine trafficking. "Pre-war, the first thought of a thief was escape, but under similar circumstances in 1918 he was considered likely to resort to violence and sometimes even murder."

The explanation offered was that the "new" criminal, grown callous after four years' experience of killing, was indifferent to taking a life and to his own safety. Freed from the restraint of ordinary law, the returned servicemen "had a lowered respect for, and less fear of, the legal institutions, leading to an increase in crime generally, and a particular rise in robberies."

Yet another factor in the establishment of a productive underworld was the introduction of early closing during the war. Victory in Europe had no effect on removing the six o'clock swill, and the mild form of prohibition that was six o'clock closing spawned the growth of illegal beer houses in the slum areas of Carlton, Fitzroy and Richmond. The effect was similar to outright prohibition in America, with the criminal element either setting up the places or standing over them for protec-

tion money. Either aligned to the beer houses or operating in close proximity were the numerous brothels, also part of the criminal franchise. The *Police Offences Act* plainly stated the laws restricting the operations of brothels. Sections within the Act also placed the onus on any landlords knowingly letting premises for prostitution: they were as good as running the brothel. A profession as old as prostitution relied on means equally ancient to ensure that operations could continue, for the most part, uninterrupted: corruption. Protection money was either paid directly to organised stand-over merchants who looked after the police, or to the police themselves.

Sal Redan, proprietor of a supper house for police officials called The Poplars, and active in "the game" through her interests in dwellings let as brothels, averaged \$100 a month in payouts to the police. The recipients were at the top of a system called "sugar bagging", with the level of authority dictating the degree of the payment. The boys at the top received the cream, the amount diminishing down through the ranks. The man on the beat had to resort to whatever ruse he could think up to get a bite of the apple. Standing outside a known brothel, a policeman could interfere with the flow of business until persuaded to move on with a token gesture of a pound note — at a time when unions were fighting to get one pound a week for laborers.

Any business operating outside the law was dependent for survival on an arrangement between the operator and the police hierarchy — either in monetary terms or through an "understanding". Credited with making "innovative and lasting contributions to the establishment of organised crime" in Melbourne, Henry Stokes built his illegal business empire on a two-pronged security basis — an arrangement with the law, and the recruitment of "Squizzy" Taylor to keep the opposition in line.

Stokes was also short (but nowhere near as stunted as Taylor) and thick-set, with iron-grey hair. His dark, penetrating eyes and features were described as indicating a forcefulness and tenacity to get

things done. He was a "stern, implacable enemy and an unscrupulous user of his strange powers." Starting out as a clerk, he took to two-up before he reached 20, seeing in the game the potential to organise large "schools" to take advantage of the working man's bent for a punt on two coins tossed into the air. His schools were elaborate and well-protected from busts, just as John Wren's Collingwood tote had been before Wren moved on into entrepreuneuring sport and setting up his own machine within the Victorian Labor Party. Stokes took precautions to make certain his clientele were not harassed by the thugs who would corner a winner and take the easy pickings in some dark alley after a game. Able to play on both sides of the track, Stokes attracted the cream of Melbourne's business and social set to his schools.

Moving up in the world, Stokes refurbished what had once been the pleasure yacht of King Edward VII, turning it into a floating gambling palace complete with deep carpets, saloon walls of oak and ornamented stairways. A hundred people or more would be on board when the floating casino slipped its moorings, to return in the early hours of the morning flush with winnings and gamblers determined to return another night to win their money back.

On one occasion, perhaps due to the displeasure of a person of influence who had been stripped of his money once too often, police came through the skylight and battered down the doors of the yacht while it was moored on the Yarra River. Stokes was arrested as a principal in a gaming offence and fined \$300 — a pittance in view of the wide investments he had made in real estate in some of Melbourne's choicest areas.

Dubbed "The Turk" by Stokes, Taylor was recruited by him to form an alliance. A cut from Stokes' gambling profits were paid to Taylor for protection, while a reciprocal arrangement gave Stokes an investment share in Taylor's various beer houses and outlets for sly grog and cocaine. Stokes also became the planner for many of Taylor's robberies and hold-ups.



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SQUIZZY TAYLOR

The third character in control of Melbourne's underworld was the six feet-four inch, 17 stone "Long Harry" Slater. For a while, they were able to work in unison. But a break came following a quarrel over the division of the loot from two daylight jewel robberies in 1919. Slater was convinced Taylor had pocketed the bulk of the proceeds, and summoned anti-Taylor factions to a meeting at a beer house in Fitzroy to discuss what was to be done about the upstart.

Hearing word of the intended meeting, Taylor planted his mistress to feed back information. Although dull-witted and credited with a lack of reasoning power, Slater guessed the purpose of the woman's presence and got her drunk. When she collapsed in a stupor, he and his mates stripped her of her jewellery, furs and gifts from Taylor, and assaulted her.

Swearing vengeance, Taylor set his thugs on to the men involved. Somehow escaping punishment, Slater was now convinced he had Taylor on the run. He pulled together his own gang and proceeded to hit Taylor and Stokes' liquor and gambling establishments by setting up his own two-up school and sly grog shops. For two years, the friction between the two combines raged in what was known as the "Fitzroy vendetta". With the numbers on their side, Taylor and Stokes still had to reckon with Slater's animal logic. He was prepared to resort to any means, any weapon to hold his territory — and inch into theirs.

The alleys and laneways of Melbourne known as the "narrows" became "vendetta country", echoing to the gun fire and hand-to-hand fights between the opposing forces. By early 1921, the feud had reached the point where Slater decided to take on Stokes himself. The culminating gun-duel in Swanson Street cleared the way for Taylor's ascension to the throne of underworld power, a position he would hold, sharing his exploits with the public through constant newspaper coverage, until Slater's companion in his Sydney exile, "Snowy" Cutmore, returned to Melbourne and challenged Taylor's authority as Slater had done. At one time, during the Fitzroy vendettas, Cutmore had been brought down from Sydney to eliminate Taylor, but nothing had eventuated.

Taylor's "will o'wisp" tenaciousness swung him between the organisational aspect of crime and the need to "keep his hand in". Wanted by police for various street crimes, he would drop from sight for months on end, holed up in one "dugout" or the other. He carried on a continuous flow of one-sided correspondence with the press, delighting in newspaper glory.

"Dear Sir," one letter to the editor of Melbourne's *Herald* started, "In reference to the article in Friday's *Herald* referring to

Miss Pender, I think it is only right I should deny the young lady is sharing my hiding place. It is taking me all my time to keep myself in 'balk' without having to look after a second person."

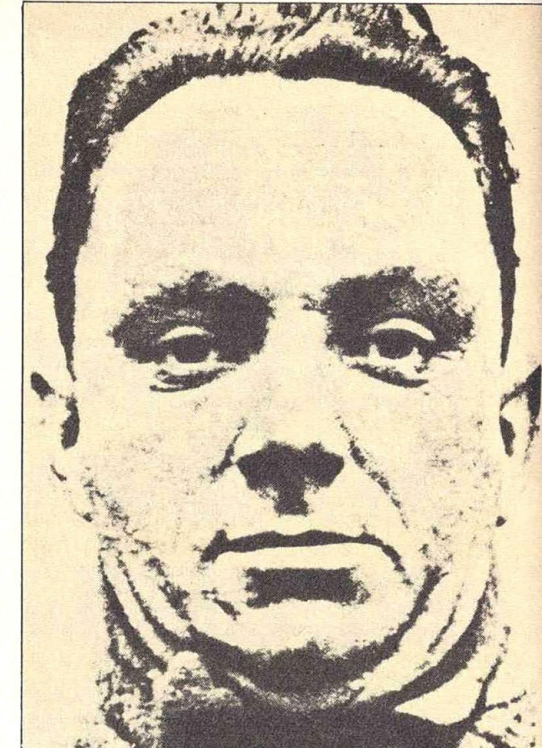
The Miss Pender referred to was a dark-haired teenager Taylor had met in 1921 at a jazz dance at the St Kilda Palais de Danse while he was still married to Lorna Kelly. Despite his denial to the press, Taylor was in fact sharing his year-long self-imposed exile with the lady, turning her freakishness of dress and character into a subdued stylishness. The two eventually had a daughter, Gloria, in 1924, and following his divorce from Lorna they married.

Taylor's letter to the *Herald* went on to state that "the elusive pimpnel" intended to keep his word and come forward "very shortly, to take whatever punishment there is in store for me and to test the honor system." Before he had the chance to keep his word, four men posing as police constables visited the home of a bookmaker in St Kilda. "One drew a revolver and produced a fictitious warrant and demanded to search the house for Taylor," reported the Melbourne *Sun* on September 9, 1922. The bookmaker's wife stood by helpless as she watched the men she was convinced were policemen ransack the house. It wasn't only the police who wanted to know Taylor's whereabouts.

Close to a fortnight later, Taylor walked into Russell Street police station, neatly dressed, to a congenial welcome from police, who exchanged cheery "good mornings" with him. It was as if he were a member of the division returning from annual leave, rather than "the sinister person behind the criminal organisation of Melbourne." Formally charged at the watch-house with having broken into a warehouse in June the previous year, he was given bail on a personal bond of \$700 — backed by Richard Loughnan, organiser for the Builders' Laborers' Federation. His reputation having infiltrated all strata of Melbourne society, largely through his own letters to the press, Taylor stood in the dock facing a crowded courtroom of onlookers. As with a large proportion of the charges he faced over the years, he was able to walk away, free to continue business.

So far had his notoriety spread that in 1924, the wife of a former Governor-General to Victoria, Sir Arthur Stanley, took it upon herself to convert the criminal into a person of good standing in society. Brought together through a social worker at the Menzies Hotel, the two discussed Taylor's wayward life and promises were made by him to mend his ways. For the honor and kindness extended him, Taylor made a gift of a silver jewel casket. It carried the inscription: "To one who understands, from one misunderstood."

For the next three years operations



within the underworld continued along the pattern Taylor had inherited by default after the Slater-Stokes gun duel and exile. Then, in late October, 1927, the man who had left town with Slater, "Snowy" Cutmore, returned to Melbourne. Fair-haired, plump, of medium height, he had a long record of convictions of assault and was once the top man in a group known as the "Safe Prosecution Gang". Preying on criminals, they relieved them of their loot from robberies safe in the knowledge that their victims would have no recourse to the police. Conflict flared between Taylor and Cutmore from the day of his return.

Visiting a beer house in St Kilda which was under Taylor's protection, Cutmore strong-armed the proprietress, destroyed



Clockwise from below: John "Snowy" Cutmore, underworld baron, photographed in 1927; a re-enacted version of Squizzy Taylor on the run in the streets of Melbourne from the recent motion picture of the life of the underworld "Napoleon"; Squizzy's brother, Claude Taylor photographed in 1913; a less prosperous Taylor on release from Pentridge Prison. By this latter stage of his career, press coverage of Taylor's escapades had guaranteed the criminal a place in Australian folklore; Two-up and sly grog running were staples in the Roaring Twenties underworld.



Scenes from the film "Squizzy Taylor"

furniture and left with the takings and stock after stripping one of the girls and throwing her into the street. The following day, both men attended Richmond race-track as illegal bookies. Cutmore was warned off, while Taylor was allowed to stay. The two came together two nights later at a hotel in Bourke Street, Taylor demanding recompense for the damage to the beer house, replacement of stock (which came mostly from goods stolen from liquor stores) and satisfaction over Cutmore's boasts in public that he was going to get Taylor. The "Napoleon" of the underworld left after having been belittled by Cutmore, who had no intention of meeting any of the demands.

Late the next afternoon, Taylor left the

Bookmakers' Club in Lonsdale Street and, joined by two men outside, got into a hired car driven by John Hall. Taking the front passenger seat, he instructed Hall to drive to Carlton by way of a number of stop-offs. He was heading toward the house of Cutmore's mother, a solid, blue-stone cottage in Barkly Street, a place which backed onto the "narrows". At each stop-over — hotels where Cutmore might be found drinking — the same procedure occurred. Taylor alighted and, with the two men in tow, entered the hotel. Having no luck at each destination, they returned to the car and continued until eventually they arrived in Barkly Street just before 5.30 pm. "If the bastard listens to reason," Taylor said to the two men as they left the car, "there

won't be any row. If he don't . . . well, come on."

Herbert Wilson, a laborer from Sydney and a tenant of Cutmore's mother, had risen from an afternoon nap 15 minutes earlier. He had gone to the backyard to take a look at a suit he had hanging on the line, then to the lavatory. Cutmore's wife, Gladys, had been sent to the shop for milk by Cutmore's mother, Bridget. Minutes later, the front door opened and Bridget was faced with two men striding in, down the passage and straight into Cutmore's bedroom to the rear of the house.

Moments later, the quiet of the Carlton night was broken by a barrage of shots. Doing up his trousers, Wilson ran back inside in time to see a small man running

SQUIZZY TAYLOR

from the front of the house, then another rushing from Cutmore's room, pushing past as Wilson tried to grab him.

"What's up, Johnny?" Wilson called out as he entered the room. He found Cutmore sprawled across the bed, his revolver near him. He had a bullet wound in the left breast, his right hand little finger broken by another bullet. The room bore the evidence of a gunfight. The walls were marked with bullet holes; shells dotted the bed; a bullet had lodged in a wall-mirror frame. In all, 15 shots had been fired. Bridget Cutmore had also been wounded

in the confusion of the assailants' escape.

Outside John Hall, disturbed by the shots, saw Taylor coming towards the car, clutching at his side. "Drive to St Vincent's like hell," he ordered as he opened the passenger door and managed to pull himself in. Before the car was underway, he had collapsed towards Hall, over the steering wheel. One of the men, who had jumped into the back of the car, made Hall drive in a particular direction and when traffic forced the car to stop at an intersection he bailed out, deserting Taylor, who now lay unconscious and bloodied.

In casualty at St Vincent's, Taylor was examined by the resident surgeon Dr Foley, who found two bullet holes in the right side of the dying man's chest. A .32 calibre pistol and a box of live cartridges were in his coat pocket. Within the hour, Taylor had been pronounced dead.

The incident appeared, on the surface, to be cut and dried. Taylor had barged in on Cutmore with a henchman and pistol to force Cutmore to meet his demands. Cutmore, expecting trouble, had his gun under the covers. The two exchanged shots, killing each other. But three days following their deaths, *Truth* asked: "Who was the mystery man in the double killing of Squizzy Taylor and Snowy Cutmore? Taylor was certainly killed by Cutmore, for the two bullets found in his body were fired upwards from where Cutmore lay in bed. But could Taylor, always a bad shot, have hit Cutmore five times with a six-chambered revolver? And in the dark?"

It was a question that has never been satisfactorily answered. Bridget Cutmore, true to the code of silence, never gave police a precise description of what happened from the moment the front door opened and the two men came in until she was shot in the shoulder as they left. There was a theory that revenge against Cutmore was sought by Sydney crims in con-

nection with a gangland murder in that city five months before Cutmore had moved back south. Taylor was then supposedly dispensed with in the same instance.

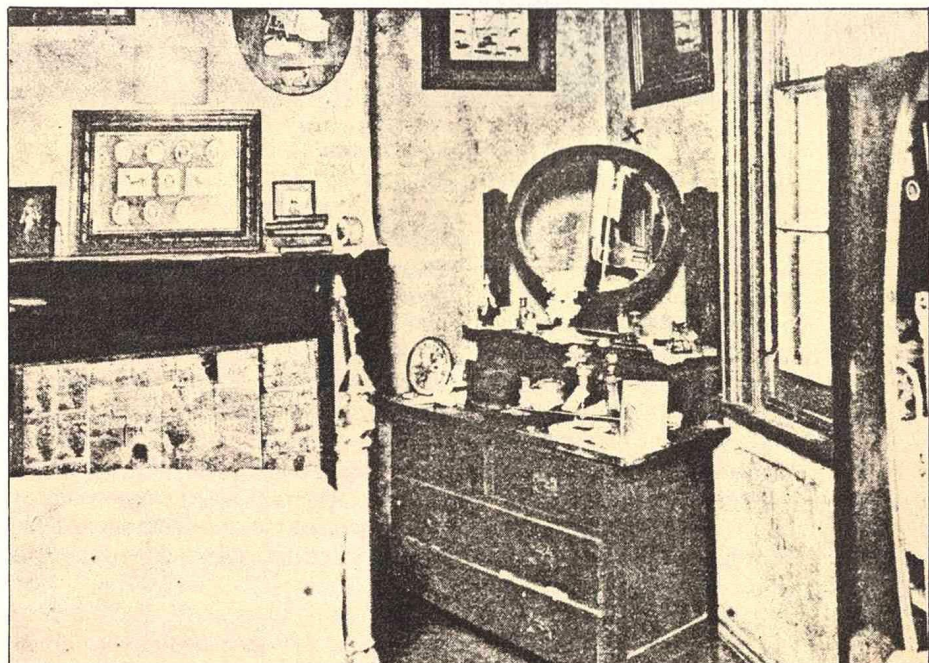
The underworld environment again took on a change. Henry Stokes resurfaced in Melbourne, gaining public attention in 1928 through the trials that followed the bombing of the Greek Club in Lonsdale Street. Until his death by heart attack at one of his gambling clubs in 1945, he continued to dabble in criminal activities, the most ambitious of which — a plan to embezzle \$200,000 from the Commonwealth Bank — brought him four years in Ballarat jail. "Long Harry" Slater later faced trial three times for a shooting, and three times the jury failed to agree, forcing the Crown to drop the charges. He dropped out of sight for a number of years, returning to Sydney when the rackets and easy money brought by World War II and the influx of American servicemen set off a new round of underworld organisational changes.

What Slater had not reckoned with was the "new blood" that had come into the business. There was no room for an old timer set in his ways — ways that, although faithful to the Australian criminal stand-over tradition, were inappropriate to an industry taking on modernisation. To survive, every business had to keep up with the times.

Slater died by the bullet, shot on a lonely stretch of road at Yarra Bay, near La Perouse. The gunman finally accomplished what Stokes had failed at when the two brought a touch of Chicago to Melbourne back in the city's own "Roaring Twenties".

PART FIVE: The other side of the Roaring Twenties, when the razor ruled Sydney's underworld and women came into their own as underworld queens.

Cutmore's bedroom, scene of the shooting of Taylor and Cutmore.



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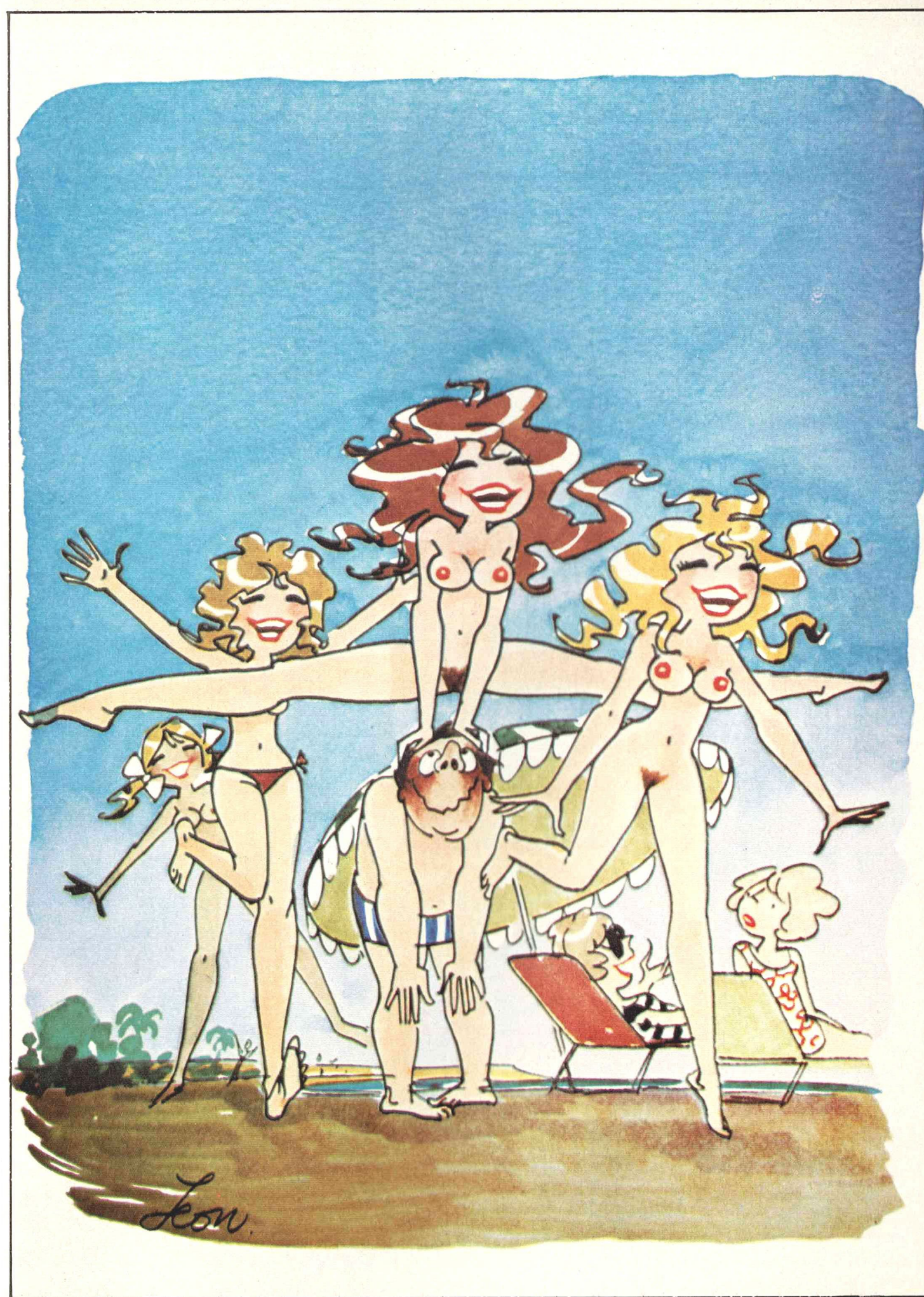
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PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

MOLLY MELDRUM

“
The power of it all is
a frightening thing. I never
asked for the power and *Countdown*
certainly never asked for it.
It just happened
”

Ian “Molly” Meldrum is a gigantic figurehead who wields inestimable power over the Australian rock business through his weekly appearances on the ABC’s top-rating rock show *Countdown*. Meldrum evinces stronger emotions outside the industry than in it. He is respected — even liked — by a majority of the radio stations he criticises, and his reputation is that of a major contributor to a highly fickle, volatile business.

His target audience of high disposable income kids (average age 12) has come to idolise him; however, parents love to hate him, conservatives are repulsed by his flamboyancy and intellectuals cringe as he sycophantically mumbles and bumbles his way through his interviews with the luminaries of rock. Nobody, it seems, is indifferent to Molly Meldrum.

Meldrum was a law student down from the country when he started boarding with the Burns family, whose boy Ronnie had long hair and played in a band. Ian was appalled at young Ron and, avoiding him, would study classical piano and attend musical comedy shows. But as Burns began to impress himself on the Melbourne pop scene, Ian got sucked in and by 1966 he was writing for the pop rag *Go Set* and dropping out of law. Then the big break: a part-time job on the teen-scream TV show *Kommotion*, which led to a PR gig in London for the Beatles’ Apple label. The lad from the bush, whose mum had sung opera and whose father was a gentleman farmer, suddenly found himself surrounded by megastars. He was all agog — and now, after 15 years in the rock biz, he still seems somewhat overawed by it all.

Penthouse writer Elaine Glick found Meldrum to be a ball of nerves — edgy, wary and non-committal. His suspicion of *Penthouse*’s motives put a strain on the interview at first, but when he finally lowered his defences it was hard to keep up. Besides having a firm opinion on just about everything, he’s emotional, hyperactive and at times hysterical. Meldrum has an easy-going side which, even now, collapses into panic when he’s under pressure.

The key question was this: “Is *Countdown* inordinately powerful and is its power being abused?” Meldrum’s credibility is laid on the line every time he opens his mouth on camera. With a national audience of 3.5 million, *Countdown* is the power of rock. Many have suggested that Meldrum and his *Countdown* cronies control the industry. There’s talk of corruption, payola and personal favors, and the truth is somewhere amongst the jealousy, commercial wrangling, fickleness and transience which pervade the music business. In spite of that, no statement was made to *Penthouse* (and we asked) by industry insiders that Meldrum himself took favors or money. There was the odd

whinge about friends being promoted, but nothing heavy.

The *Countdown* format was not planned. It turned out that way because the program filled a chasm in the rock scene. Shows have come and gone without much impact during the past 10 years, but somehow *Countdown* and Meldrum, with his unprofessional bumbling and unpretentious, disarming silliness, caught on — to the great surprise of everybody. As a result, many Australian groups owe an enormous debt to Meldrum, as do some big-time overseas acts such as Abba. Hits are created on *Countdown* by exposure which is sometimes minimal. While it’s true some records have made it up the charts without *Countdown*’s endorsement, the record company people admit it’s a long, hard road. Meldrum and the members of his selection unit decide who has to take that road.

An appearance on *Countdown* does not always guarantee that radio will jump on the new release and flog it to death. *Countdown*’s audience is the only arbiter, and their response is carefully viewed. Many stations are grateful to *Countdown* because the decision on what to play is based on *Countdown*’s audience response. That probably explains why Meldrum draws more praise than flak within the industry.

The teenybop marketplace is highly unpredictable and now even more fickle since the arrival of the Top Forty and the Top Ten. Not even Meldrum is infallible when it comes to predicting audience response, and trying to locate some sense — let alone a clearly-defined success — in this chaos is practically impossible. Yet Meldrum has maintained his position at the top of this baffling and complex heap simply by being himself — by refusing to endorse any old product and by maintaining, believe it or not, a conservative outlook. In fact, he’s probably the most unaffected person in Australian television, because the Molly you see on the screen is precisely the same kind of guy as the real-life Meldrum.

Despite his eccentricities — the cowboy hats and the black Rolls — Molly is deadly serious about his responsibilities to the rock business and particularly to *Countdown*’s impressionable audience. He’s no white knight, but neither is he the malign corruptor of the nation’s youth. His friendship with a musician who destroyed his creativity and his life because of a heroin addiction has moulded Molly’s strong views on drugs and young people, and he takes pains to propagate those views. He’s particularly angry about unemployment in the youth sector, which he regards as the major cause of delinquency and drug addiction. For Meldrum, the kids are OK and the adults have a lot to answer for.

INTERVIEW

Penthouse: What was your involvement in the music scene prior to your eviction from the Beatles concert in 1964?

Meldrum: None up until 1965, when I became a sort of roadie with The Groop and was hanging around Anglesea and Lorne as a surfer.

Penthouse: Tell us about that eviction from the Beatles concert.

Meldrum: I went there with a guy called Ronnie Burns, who had aspirations even then of becoming a pop star. At the concert I got excited like everybody else and there was a girl in front of me who was just utterly and totally hysterical. This girl was going completely bananas and at one stage in the concert I leapt up and grabbed the seat in front of me, and unfortunately her hair as well, and there was a hell of a kerfuffle. A television crew at the time was filming the audience. They turned on our scene and about four of us, including Ronnie, were thrown out.

Penthouse: You used to be a conservative shirt and tie man who'd cross the street to avoid long-haired musicians. What brought about the change?

Meldrum: The Beatles changed it, you know, but it was a gradual change for me once I got stuck into music. But I couldn't cope with the long hair bit for a while and it wasn't until I got involved with music that I changed. I came to understand what long hair was all about.

Penthouse: Mike Walsh said he made his way through radio to a show he always wanted to do. Are you now where you always wanted to be?

Meldrum: Yes, but it certainly wasn't planned. It just happened gradually since 1965 when I was a roadie, then got into record production and just got to love it.

Penthouse: What makes Molly run?

Meldrum: Music, music, music. It's my whole life.

Penthouse: Have you ever been involved in the music scene on-stage?

Meldrum: Apart from *Rocky Horror* and *Tommy*, no.

Penthouse: Despite rumors over the years that you would change to a commercial channel, you've stayed with the ABC. Why?

Meldrum: Because we're not hindered by commercials, we're not hindered by politics and we've got the best crews and the best studios in the southern hemisphere, so therefore if we took *Countdown* across to another channel it would only be a shadow of what it is now. A program like *Countdown* could only be done on the ABC. Besides, money doesn't interest me for the sake of making money. To sell out to a commercial station would be wrong.

Penthouse: Would you ever consider starting another show with a different format?

Meldrum: That's a possibility — but it would be a totally different format, and would probably have very little to do with music.

Penthouse: Gustav Mahler is one of your favorites, isn't he?

Meldrum: Well, I was brought up to appreciate all forms of music and I think he was important to my understanding. But I hate musical snobbery. I will always remember Robert Helpmann being interviewed on Parkinson and talking about snobbery as far as ballet was concerned. Ita Buttrose, on the same show, was expounding her theories about the *Women's Weekly* approach, which in essence showed Ita was promoting the very same snobbery that Helpmann was criticising. Helpmann also pointed out something very

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important in music, and that is feeling. He talked about dancing with Margot Fontaine, where on one night in a particular sequence she would do two pirouettes and on another night she'd do four in the same sequence, and it all depended on how she felt. It is a matter of feeling, and with music it's the same, whether it's classics, pop-rock or heavy metal. It's what you feel in your gut, I guess, not what's supposedly the in thing at the time.

Penthouse: Talking about feelings, how do you let a band down gently when you feel they just won't make it?

Meldrum: Bands, songwriters or whatever can come in here any time. I try to give them the best advice I can. But I always point out to them that it's only my opinion and they mustn't treat it as all-important. I encourage them to go out, try again, do what they feel they must, and to cut my opinion in half so they may get it in perspective.

Penthouse: How much personal say do you have on *Countdown*? Is there a consortium or committee that makes selections for the show?

Meldrum: Personally, I have a fair bit. But it's not a committee, it's a selection unit.

Penthouse: How many people does it consist of?

Meldrum: Quite a few — producers, directors, executive producer, first and second assistant and the people who work around the office. Bands get a fairer assessment that way.

Penthouse: Do you have a “nose” for success?

Meldrum: No, none at all. People can say I'm a success and the things I've picked out have been successful, but they're only assessing the ones that made it; they're not looking at an overall picture of what I do in a year, and the things I think could have made it but didn't.

Penthouse: It's been said that *Countdown* can make or break a rock record. How do you cope with the responsibility?

Meldrum: I take it very seriously. I mean, it's something that *Countdown* has never wanted, and I've tried to point that out many times. I think radio should take a far more active role by not waiting for *Countdown* or shows like us to make or break a record.

Penthouse: Do you think radio stations follow too closely at your heels and don't make their own decisions?

Meldrum: Yes, and I think that's unfortunate. They've got seven days a week and 24 hours a day of airtime. We've only got 54 minutes once a week with a repeat.

Penthouse: Do radio stations ever influence *Countdown*?

Meldrum: Sure, radio can break hits as well. We may have over-looked something, like when *Nightmoves* broke Emerson, Lake and Palmer, and this happens all the time, especially where there isn't a video clip. Radio breaks the hit and suddenly we're in an embarrassing situation. It's Top Ten and we can't show it, so what do we do?

Penthouse: Rock and roll is a visual culture, then. Is the look just as important as the noise?

Meldrum: No, I think video and film play an important part in today's music but I still think a good song — no matter whether it's on film or not — will make the grade. If it's well-recorded, everything goes back to the song itself.

Penthouse: Mick Jagger calls himself “the Cary Grant of rock and roll.” How do you account for the fact that you still appeal to 12-year-olds?

Meldrum: I think they find me accessible. They can talk to me and I have no particular image. Consequently, I've been able to go to the football and cricket because I've never let television affect my life on that score, unlike other personalities who tend to close themselves in.

Penthouse: Does a generation gap exist for you?

Meldrum: In certain areas, yes. But overall, no. I find it easier to talk to kids — and I mean young kids — than I do to adults, because I think sometimes kids make a lot more sense.

Penthouse: Your hair seems to defy gravity — it stays constantly in place.

Meldrum: I don't know why. I don't even go to a hairdresser.

Penthouse: How involved are you with record production at the moment?

Meldrum: I've just completed working on *Starstruck* and production is my greatest love, but I simply can't do more of it at this time because as talent coordinator for *Countdown*, how could I possibly not appear biased if I produced an artist while being involved with *Countdown*?

Penthouse: Does this lead to accusations of vested interest, such as the plugs Cheetah and The Ferrets got on the show for tracks you produced?

Meldrum: No, it doesn't. Those bands were put in rather a difficult position because I was the record producer. To get on *Countdown* they have to make it to the Top Ten nationally, not just in one State. Now luckily, those two records did because they were such strong records. But that doesn't happen all the time. In reality, groups do need a show like *Countdown* to sell records, and that's why it's wrong for me to produce records.

Penthouse: Which record producers are your idols?

Meldrum: I've always liked Phil Spector and I've always liked George Martin, through the Beatles thing. There are some Australian producers who are brilliant, like Cameron Allan, who did the stuff with Ice House. And guys like John French and John Sayers.

Penthouse: Did you get paid for record production?

Meldrum: No, I don't get paid at all. I don't know how they would have ever paid me for The Ferrets. For a start, we spent 12,500 hours on it.

Penthouse: Let's look at your involvement in *Starstruck*. Despite reports that you were only working in an advisory capacity, songwriter Billy Miller said: “With Molly on deck it took five mixes to get ‘I Want To Live In A House’ right.” Did you produce it?

Meldrum: No, it was a co-production by me and Billy. But when it came down to the mix it was very difficult because we were faced with the problem of having an actor who couldn't sing, who we finally taught to sing to some extent, which sort of worked. When we took him into the studio we still had a lot of bum notes, and since we had a recording of Billy singing it anyway, we came up with the idea of mixing the two together. In the end, though, we settled

for Ross O'Donovan to do it alone after x number of takes.

Penthouse: What did you think of the film?

Meldrum: The music was thought out very carefully. When Gillian said to me that they were going to use “Body and Soul”, an old Split Enz track, I thought she'd gone nuts, but it fitted that part of the film perfectly. I think that if any criticism could be levelled at the film it would be that there is too much music and not enough dialogue to set the characters up, especially at the start. You're lambasted with three songs before you can work out what's going on.

Penthouse: How much talent scouting do you do?

Meldrum: A hell of a lot, and it goes further than going out and listening to new bands at different gigs. Every day of the week people are bringing tapes around for me to listen to, demo tapes that may

“
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I guess. I can sit
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tears streaming from
my eyes
”

have been recorded in the back yard. I accept it as part of my job to listen to new talent. The thing that worries me is I can't afford to think anyone is unimportant. There could be another John Lennon in the making. As long as I've got the time, I'll sit down and listen.

Penthouse: Your friends say you cry a lot. Are you a sentimentalist, or just emotional?

Meldrum: I'm a bit of a sentimentalist and I'm emotional as well. I don't know, I'm a baby I guess. I can sit down and watch a sad film and there'll be tears streaming from my eyes. I cried through the stage version of *The Elephant Man* with David Bowie, but the film really hit me hard. I had to pull myself together to leave the theatre. After *Gallipoli* I stood outside the theatre and bawled my eyes out.

Penthouse: Not the typical Australian macho image?

Meldrum: I'm not into that. I've never pursued that image.

Penthouse: You DJ at Croxton Park Hotel every Thursday. Is this another tradition, like following St Kilda?

Meldrum: It's become that. Everything stops for me on a Thursday night. “The Crok” is not like a disco in town; the audience wants to hear everything. The moment I walk into the DJ's box and for the next four hours, it's full-on requests. It feeds me information on what the people want to hear.

Penthouse: Are you worried about your bumbling image on television?

Meldrum: I hate being put in a position — and I will not do it any more — where an overseas artist arrives and is thrown on the show in front of an audience to be interviewed. In fact, it happened a couple of weeks ago with Grace Jones, where I had only x amount of time. And anyone who does interviews knows it takes a minute or two to warm up. This type of interview is an insult to the artist, it's an insult to the viewers and it's difficult for me — so that's why I get into a real flap. I remember another time with Billy Joel. I had about half a minute to ask about six or seven questions. I was lost . . . you know. I don't like doing interviews that way. From now on we'll spend time before the show, or go overseas and do our interviews, then carefully edit me out.

Penthouse: Angry Anderson of Rose Tattoo has been quoted in the British press referring to Australia as a “wasteland”.

Meldrum: What! Angry is a good friend of mine. I think he said that in a moment of anger. No, I think Australia is very important for a start to its own musical industry, then to an overseas counterpart. For an Australian group to break into the English market is difficult, because the English programmers and critics have very set ideas. Consequently, unless a group is radical enough to be what they call “flavor of the month” then it's a futile effort. But just from The Zoot, B. Birtles has gone on to become a successful songwriter and Rick Springfield did “Speak To The Sky” which went to number one in this country, and went to number two in the States.

Penthouse: Given the Australian image overseas, what reaction do you get from artists and groups when you are over there gathering interviews?

Meldrum: I'm very lucky that most industry people overseas know, or are aware of, *Countdown* and Molly Meldrum. Going back to 1970, through working there and becoming friends with a lot of the industry people in England and America, it has all become like a family thing. *Countdown* has got a name overseas as being the top television rock show in the country, and any artist who doesn't know this is made aware of it by his or her recording company.

Penthouse: You must have struck a few snags with interviews, though?

INTERVIEW

Meldrum: Yes. Johnny Rotten of The Sex Pistols was one. We were in London during a power crisis and they were having spot blackouts in different parts of the city, so the camera crew was carrying a battery recorder-pack around. I'd already interviewed two members of The Sex Pistols early in the morning and Sid later in the afternoon. Johnny was scheduled for late, late. We arranged to shoot in a pub just down from their offices. We got there to find P.J. Proby in town for the Elvis Presley musical, drinking in a corner. Johnny wanted to meet him and we stood around waiting until P.J. left. I'd already altered our flights home to do this interview so I quickly organised the lights, but as I began to line Johnny up, he said: "Oh, no. I don't want to do this interview." "Oh no you don't, you little bugger," I thought to myself, and I went back to the crew and said, "Look, we'll just walk in, turn on the lights and do the interview." And we did exactly that. Well, rotten Johnny Rotten flicked his cigarette into my cameraman's eye and that did it. Shame our producer Grant Rule switched the lights off, or we'd have had great news footage of me rolling around on the floor with Johnny Rotten.

Penthouse: You have a reputation around the traps for getting into fights.

Meldrum: I stand up for myself. I don't need anyone to look after *Ian* Meldrum, though perhaps *Ian* Meldrum has to look after *Molly* Meldrum.

Penthouse: Exactly what happened?

Meldrum: We were briefed that Scaggs would do no television, and we all thought "fair enough". So we arranged to do a filmed interview with him at the Hilton after his press conference. We arrived there and Patti Mostyn, who is a friend and an enemy of mine, arranged the interview. While we were there I overheard that Scaggs would be going in the following night to do the *Don Lane Show* live. I said to Patti, "This is wrong. I've interviewed him overseas, anyway. He's here on Saturday — let him come in and do the show. After all, why is he doing *Don Lane*? *Don Lane* up until now has never played any of his songs. We and the rock stations are the ones who've made his records hits." Anyway we did the interview and decided we wouldn't put it on *Countdown* that particular week. When we taped the show on Saturday afternoon Peter Carten from CBS Records was down there, and he went back to the Hilton

and reported that we hadn't used the interview. After the concert I was invited backstage, and Patti started abusing me about not using the interview.

Penthouse: Was there an element of spite in this?

Meldrum: No, not at all. All through the summer specials we had been promoting Scaggs coming to this country, and that alone is worth a fortune to anyone. I was invited to a party at the Hilton. I walked in and I was only there for a minute when Scaggs walked across to me and said: "I'd like you to leave, and I want you to apologise to my promoter and to my publicist." I said I wasn't apologising to anyone. It got a bit heavy and he hauled me across to Patti Mostyn. I looked at Patti and said, "Have I insulted you?" Patti, playing the full bit, said "Yes", and so he ushered me out and he pushed me. I said, "Don't push me" and by this time

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we were out in the corridor. I pushed him back and that was it.

Penthouse: Who is Molly Meldrum and who is *Ian*?

Meldrum: Molly is the person who is put forward through the media, and *Ian* is a person who likes the simple things in life and calls a spade a spade.

Penthouse: You also have a reputation for pranks. Want to say something about the shaving cream incident?

Meldrum: I had spent a week with Elton John and Patti Mostyn. They had gone to Indian restaurants every night and I was sick of it. So I rang up Patti and said: "Look, I won't come in tonight because I'm really tired." And she said: "Well, thanks a lot. Now you've got what you wanted, he did *Countdown* and now you're just forgetting him," and she hung up in my ear. Andre, my personal manager, and I stopped off at a Seven Eleven and got four cans of shaving cream and a sheet of cardboard. I piled the cream up on the way over. She came to the door and I let her have it. "Happy Birthday," I said. (It wasn't her birthday.) Elton was behind

her and it hit him as well. It all developed into everyone laughing. But Patti did go overboard by laying that on me.

Penthouse: Elton John is a close friend. Is that the reason he appears on your show?

Meldrum: Yes, I think it is. He is a good friend of mine. He rang last night to ask me, "Did you go to Watford?" Watford was out here playing. I got to meet him in '71.

Penthouse: How much power do you need to exert over yourself to control your own power within the industry?

Meldrum: A lot... a hell of a lot. The power of it all is a frightening thing. I never asked for the power and *Countdown* certainly didn't ask for the power. It just happened, and the responsibility seemed to be put on to *Countdown* more than any other medium to break hits. I give a lot of thought to it all the time.

Penthouse: The manager of an FM station made the point that you like to stir a bit. Would you agree?

Meldrum: I will stir when it comes to a performer like Ignatius Jones, who made a big hit yet was ignored by the stations. The group Prince with the song "Controversy" is another example. 3XY didn't have them on their playlist.

Penthouse: Ron Tudor claims "commercial" is the best word in the business — and anyone who wants to record art is in the wrong business.

Meldrum: Well, I agree and disagree with that. I don't think any group or artist should record a song because it's a current thing, in vogue at the time. They've got to be creative. Like in my own production, "The Real Thing" with Russell Morris, those sounds hadn't been heard before so I took a gamble. I didn't record it for the sake of art — I recorded it to be different enough to make people take notice. A single used to have to be commercially viable. Today, it's an album which can have a track lifted to go on the singles chart. This gives scope to the performer and the producer, to vary the album enough to satisfy their own creative urges and to select that "commercial" single to go on the charts and help promote the album.

Penthouse: AM radio has a limited playlist, and this attitude is reflected in the recent cessation of the Channel Ten-Wrok AM simulcast due to the show screening too much material not in the radio playlist. What did you think of that?

Meldrum: When they came up with the concept of WROK, to do a TV show for at least that half-hour per night would have been the ideal opportunity for AM radio to at least forget their program playlists for that week and take some

chances. I found it really stupid that they still stuck to their own format.

Penthouse: But then, commercial radio stations have commercial considerations. *Countdown*, on the other hand, doesn't?

Meldrum: Yes, ratings are a hindrance. That's one of the reasons why I wouldn't change to a commercial channel. I'm lucky we don't particularly have to worry about ratings.

Penthouse: How did you become involved in "Molly's Aus Evolution"?

Meldrum: I've been approached several times over the last three or four years by different record companies to come up with just such a selection, but I've always said "no" to avoid favoring any one of the record companies I deal with regularly through *Countdown*. So when a friend of mine at Summit, an independent, suggested it about a year ago I decided to go ahead with it. To keep absolute sound we kept it to 32 tracks for a double-disc package, and we've kept the sound just as it was when each record was released.

Penthouse: Has the promotion for the record been heavy?

Meldrum: Daryl Sambell would be a good publicist if he'd curb his enthusiasm. I've done over a hundred interviews since the release.

Penthouse: Does the fact that you changed the album cover 14 times indicate manic perfectionism?

Meldrum: No. I had a certain concept of how I wanted the album cover to be, with caricatures of the artists looking like communist revolutionaries marching towards a glorious future — you know. In the final artwork, the artists looked so hideous we would all have ended up being sued. It was *Ian McCauseland* who finally came up with a logo which ended up being our cover design.

Penthouse: To what extent is the industry bitchy, fickle and incestuous?

Meldrum: I don't think it's bitchy or even incestuous at present. I think there are a lot of bands floating around who shouldn't be one-hit wonders, but they become one-hit wonders because they can't come to grips with what the industry is about. The first stepping-stone is to get a well-knit group together who understand each other — musically, creatively and just on a personal level — so they can come to grips with who are the songwriters, who is the lead singer, what his role is, and so on. Once they get over that and go out to their gigs and get over their financial burden, they might get a record contract, get the record down on vinyl and it may become a hit. I've seen it so many times: one hit can destroy a group. For some reason a group can be together for two years, going through this trauma and economic crises, etc, and

they seem to survive all of that, but once they get into the charts, you suddenly find all sorts of internal hassles.

Penthouse: Is there bitchiness between record companies?

Meldrum: There's that fierce competition and I face it head on, because I deal with them every Monday and they all want their product on *Countdown*. They all think up different ideas and gimmicks to get on — but as far as I'm concerned they can keep their gimmicks and they can keep their promotions. I don't go to lunches with them; I go to a reception if I think it's important, but in essence it's the record on the turntable in my house or in any house throughout Australia, and its entertainment value, that is important to me.

Penthouse: In your position, how can you afford to have friends in the industry? Couldn't you be accused of favoritism?

Joining the ABC was the best thing in my life. It gave me something I've always strived for — integrity

Meldrum: No. If anything, being a friend of mine can be more of a hindrance than a help. My friends come under scrutiny a lot more — and under fire — and I'll certainly argue with them a lot.

Penthouse: It's not that you're protecting your reputation?

Meldrum: No. My reputation within the industry is dubious anyhow. What the press make me out as, or make the figurehead of Molly out to be, is not Molly Meldrum at all. Molly Meldrum is what the industry "within the industry" knows me as — a person who has a desire to better the industry and who will not be shaken by a crisis or drama within that industry.

Penthouse: Are you ever offered bribes?

Meldrum: The reason I'm not offered bribes is that I'd expose anyone who did so immediately. It did happen once, though. Some crazy guy offered me \$1000 and an interest in a record — down in the ABC canteen, of all places. I rang up his record company and told them. They said goodbye to him that day.

Penthouse: What about endorsements? **Meldrum:** I get a lot of calls for endorsements. I only do community things. It would be a bit stupid my doing anything else, wouldn't it?

Penthouse: What is the basic philosophy behind the programming of *Countdown*?

Meldrum: First and foremost, it's a television show and it has to be entertaining. That is the major criterion. Then it comes down to Australian product taking preference over overseas product, but an awareness that we must have overseas products to balance out the show.

Penthouse: Is there more room for live material on the show?

Meldrum: No, because the structure of *Countdown* in itself limits more. To do a good job of presenting each group on its own merit, with the production that's needed to give the thing a visual effect, makes more live material an impossibility for the director.

Penthouse: Do other rock shows that are springing up threaten you at all?

Meldrum: No, not at all, because they are not like *Countdown*. We may use the same songs, but they just don't have the presentation of *Countdown*.

Penthouse: Has the success of *Countdown* triggered the current run of pop shows on TV?

Meldrum: I think *Countdown* has done that and has also forced local record companies into allowing their groups to make film clips. We still maintain that on *Countdown* a band should do a different performance from their film clip. After all, anyone can present a show consisting of a heap of film clips, but where is the creativity? We've done some great segments in the studio and built an entire set for Cold Chisel which recreated their album cover. The whole scene, though, has changed a lot in the past six years. In the early days of *Countdown* there were no clips at all — they were too expensive to make. Now there are plenty of clips, but it would defeat the purpose of *Countdown* if we just showed clips like the other shows do. What would we, or those of us working in the ABC, be achieving by that?

Penthouse: You demand first pick of film clips. Isn't that a case of flexing muscle?

Meldrum: You've got to remember that *Countdown* came on the scene when no other show existed, and we command a great viewing audience. When it comes down to us wanting film clips, be they local or overseas, I think we have every right. It's not a position we wanted, but it's a position we must hold on to. If Air Supply's manager told the *Johnny Carson Show* the band had plans to appear on another tonight show in LA before the Carson Show,

INTERVIEW

Carson should tell him to get knotted!
Penthouse: What has *Countdown* meant to you?

Meldrum: I think joining the ABC was the best thing in my life. I needed the discipline, and in this business it's easy to become like an unguided missile. It made me understand the advantages of keeping to a rigid format, but more than anything I think the ABC presented me with something I've always strived for — integrity. There are people in the ABC who don't like *Countdown* and who don't agree *Countdown* is playing a role that the ABC should play. My moral outlook could upset certain ABC factions, too.

Penthouse: What is your moral outlook?

Meldrum: Live and let live. I live my life without hurting anyone or affecting anyone. I do what I want to do. I don't know whether or not it would be acceptable to the mainstream, but I do it honestly and I don't hurt or affect anyone. To my mind, minority groups with opinions like Fred Nile's do more to harm society than to help it — like censorship. After all, who is to say what is right and wrong for us?

Penthouse: Does that mean you accept everything?

Meldrum: No. I don't accept unemployment and I don't accept drugs. I hate drugs. I lived with a drug addict — a heroin addict — for a year and a bit. It was soul-destroying for both of us. I worked on a drug special that was a minor success, but it's such a vast subject to cover. I did an interview the other day on the *Mike Walsh Show* with Stevie Wright. He'd been through the whole drug thing but I worried that kids out there may see it as an adventure rather than a disaster. I think Stevie got the horror of it across, though. I see the drug problem as an offshoot of unemployment. It's too easy for a kid to leave school, go on the dole and after six months on the dole the boredom factor sets in and drugs relieve that. Then they need money for drugs... and next it's crime.

Penthouse: What do you think music means to kids today?

Meldrum: What it meant to me in The Beatles' time. Kids need idols, and what's wrong with that? Only the idols have changed. In 1962, we as kids were only exposed to the Vietnam War in the media, and even then after a while it all became like *Hogan's Heroes* to me. But kids today are exposed to everything. Horrible news is spilling out of the television — news of people talking about killing each other and justifying it. We can't stop the media and we can't

knock the advantages of satellites, but it's a frightening world particularly for the kids. Kids today need music more than ever. It's always been a form of escapism.

Penthouse: Do you see yourself as a separate and powerful entity from *Countdown*?

Meldrum: No, I'm part of *Countdown* and *Countdown* is a group effort.

Penthouse: What is the future of *Countdown* and where do you go from here?

Meldrum: *Countdown* will go for as long as music survives, as far as I'm concerned. At the moment a generation gap hasn't occurred for me, but the facts are I'm going on 37, I can't stay with one thing forever and I don't intend to. The Molly Meldrum image has given me so many outlets it's ridiculous, so I'll pursue those outlets when it's time. I feel frustrated. This may sound silly to you, but I like being a backroom boy. I would love to produce television. Film — never. Long before I worked on *Starstruck* I realised I don't have the patience needed to make even a good 30-minute documentary. I may be patient in a recording studio but certainly not in a film editing room.

Penthouse: How many more years do you see yourself with *Countdown*?

Meldrum: I don't know and I don't really give it much thought at the moment. You're looking at me as though perhaps I should! I've lived my life without really planning it. I know what I'm going to do for the next year because it has been mapped out for me, and I know there are certain things I have to do within my personal life.

Penthouse: How is your autobiography coming along?

Meldrum: No-one is hurt in the autobiography at all. It sends people up and if anyone is hurt, it's me. But it's one of those things that can wait.

Penthouse: Wait for what?

Meldrum: Until I don't have the responsibilities I have now.

Penthouse: You've done your share of interviews: is there anything left to say?

Meldrum: It's all been said before in such a flippant manner. I've never understood why people wanted to interview an interviewer. I never know, either, why *Countdown* is continually put on trial.

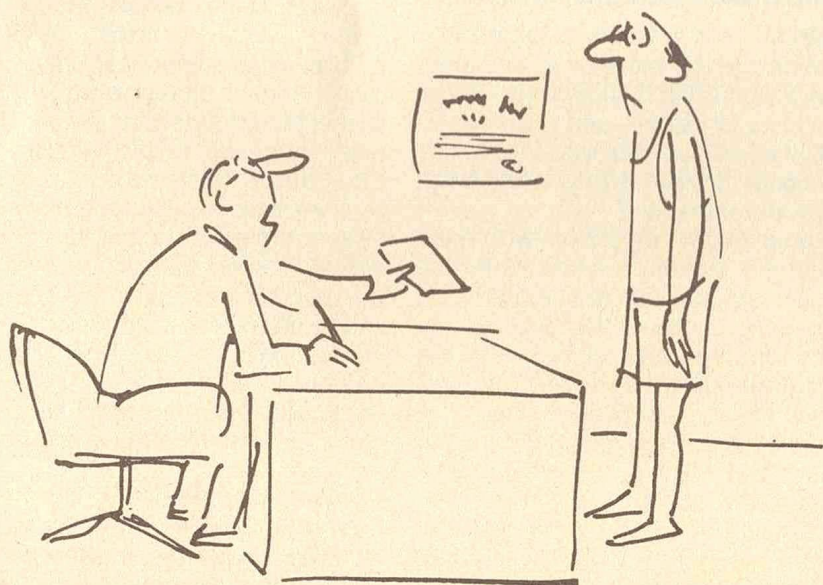
Penthouse: Perhaps it's you that's on trial?

Meldrum: Yes, perhaps it is me. Molly Meldrum has become larger than life, and Ian Meldrum hasn't.

That worries me, actually, because it's like a Dr Jeckyll and Mr Hyde and I don't want the Dr Jeckyll to turn into Mr Hyde.

Penthouse: Which is which?

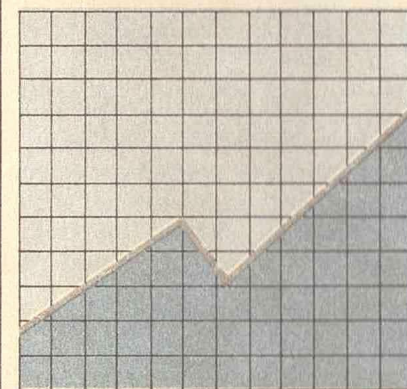
Meldrum: I think Dr Jeckyll is the straight one. ☉—



"This is somewhat irregular,
but take this prescription to any bartender."

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU COMING ACROSS?



touchy in those areas." Do you agree or disagree?

- (a) agree strongly
- (b) agree somewhat
- (c) disagree somewhat
- (d) disagree strongly, those being two of my favorite subjects for argument.

4. If you were being really honest with yourself, how accurate would you say this statement is: "Once I make up my mind about something, I won't budge, no matter what anybody says"?

- (a) I'm afraid that's very accurate.
- (b) That's quite accurate; I'm often like that.
- (c) That's somewhat accurate; I occasionally close my mind like that.
- (d) That's not like me at all.

5. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?

- (a) I believe most things people tell me. You might say I'm gullible, but I guess that's just the way I am.
- (b) Sometimes I believe people, sometimes I don't. It might be more accurate to say I believe most of what *some* people tell me (friends, family, etc.) and very little of what other people tell me.

(c) I'm quite skeptical. I don't believe a lot of what people tell me. Even with close friends and relatives, I'll say things like "Are you sure..." or "Can you prove..."

6. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?

- (a) I usually lose my temper when I get into an argument.
- (b) I often lose my temper when I get into an argument.
- (c) I sometimes lose my temper when I argue.
- (d) I occasionally lose my temper when I argue.
- (e) I rarely lose my temper when I argue.

7. Imagine yourself in this situation: You have become involved in an argument with someone who obviously believes very strongly in the issue under discussion. You, on the other hand, aren't emotionally attached to the issue at all. Which would be your more likely response in this situation?

- (a) I'd pursue the argument to the end. Once I become involved in an argument, I don't back down.
- (b) Unless I felt like pursuing the argument for the sport of it, I'd probably back off. There's no percentage in arguing with a true believer, especially if you're not emotionally committed to the issue yourself.

8. How do you feel about this statement: "I'll argue about *anything*, even when I don't know what the hell I'm talking about"?

- (a) That's very true of me.
- (b) I'll do that sometimes just for kicks, but not regularly.
- (c) I'll rarely do that.

9. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Lovers should avoid arguments at all costs; they only lead to trouble"?

- (a) agree
- (b) disagree

10. "A truly well-reasoned argument can change the mind of even the

Twenty questions to tell
if you're convincing or confused

most staunch fanatic." Do you agree?

- (a) yes
- (b) no

usually the worst. Maintaining quality in the face of mass marketing and mass production is virtually impossible.

psychograph have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 98 points; the lowest, 20.

11. Read this statement: "Most people who drown have been swimming; therefore, it's logical to assume that swimming is lethal." Is this a logical deduction?
- (a) yes
 - (b) no

12. When you're arguing with someone and he says something really dumb, do you tell him? Do you say "What you just said is really stupid"?
- (a) yes, usually
 - (b) sometimes
 - (c) occasionally, but not often
 - (d) rarely or never

13. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?

- (a) Most people have no reasons for believing the things they do; they just *believe* them and that's that.
- (b) Most people do have reasons for believing the things they do. They may not often be able to express the reasons or the reasons may not be particularly logical, but they nevertheless exist.
- (c) Most people have very logical reasons for believing the things they do.

14. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "In the final analysis, there is a right or wrong answer to every question and a right or wrong outcome to every situation"?

- (a) agree
- (b) disagree

15. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?

- (a) Things that are most popular are usually best.
- (b) Things that are very popular may sometimes be best, but popularity should not be relied on as a guide to quality.
- (c) The most popular things are

16. Be honest now: when a celebrity endorses a product, are you more or less likely to buy it?

- (a) more
- (b) less
- (c) Doesn't affect me either way

17. When you have to deal with an expert in a field you know little about, such as auto mechanics, plumbing, etc, do you always demand an explanation that's completely clear to you before paying your bill?

- (a) yes
- (b) most of the time
- (c) Sometimes, but I'm more likely to pretend I know what they're talking about even though I don't.
- (d) No, I always let them snow me.

18. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "When most people believe something, it's usually right"?

- (a) agree
- (b) disagree

19. You're engaged in an argument and your opponent appears to have proved you wrong. What's your most likely response?

- (a) I gracefully admit defeat and concede.
- (b) I continue to argue; I'll never admit defeat.
- (c) I try to withdraw from the argument without admitting defeat. I may eventually tell the guy I'm arguing with that he's right, but I won't concede until I've had a chance to review the arguments.

20. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Basically, arguing is stupid. Once a person's mind is made up, you usually can't change it"?

- (a) agree
- (b) disagree

SCORING

All possible answers on this

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. a-1, b-5 | 11. a-1, b-5 |
| 2. a-5, b-3, c-1 | 12. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-5 |
| 3. a-1, b-2, c-2, d-5 | 13. a-1, b-5, c-1 |
| 4. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-3 | 14. a-1, b-5 |
| 5. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4 | 15. a-1, b-5, c-2 |
| 6. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-4 e-5 | 16. a-1, b-5, c-2 |
| 7. a-1, b-5 | 17. a-5, b-4, c-2, d-1 |
| 8. a-1, b-5, c-3 | 18. a-1, b-5 |
| 9. a-1, b-5 | 19. a-2, b-1, c-5 |
| 10. a-1, b-5 | 20. a-1, b-5 |

If you scored 73 to 98 points:

You are probably a very rational, convincing person. You understand the subtle interplay of egos that takes place when two people argue. You know when to press your point; you know when to back off. You rarely make a move without having first studied all the possible consequences. You know how to lay out arguments and alternatives in order of their importance. Your logical mind is likely to earn you a high degree of respect, but don't expect people to love you. They are often intimidated by individuals who can pick apart their arguments as well as you can.

46 to 72 points:

People in this middle range are erratic. Sometimes they'll present cogent, tightly reasoned arguments; other times they'll go off on tangents and get completely lost. If you scored in this middle range, you probably enjoy a good argument now and then, but you don't always argue well. Your ability to convince people probably suffers most when you really believe in your position.

20 to 45 points:

You'd have trouble convincing your mother that you're her kid. Whenever you get into an argument, things seem to go out of control. You lose the thread of what you want to say, start jumping from point to point, and end up with a shapeless blob of non sequiturs lacking logic and authority. Both you and the person you're trying to persuade are likely to end up confused and angry with one another. ☹

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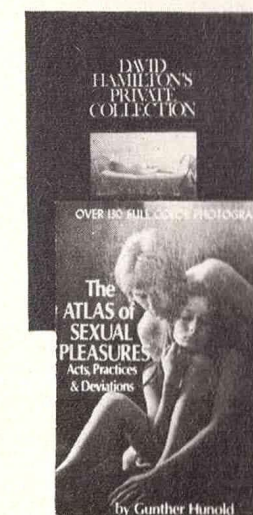
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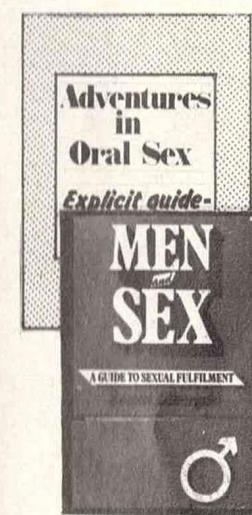
C Pornography or Art: Imported, uncensored version of collection of sexual art both contemporary and primitive. \$13.00

D Making Love: Beautiful self-help therapy book crammed with over 200 sensuous photographs. \$19.95



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F The Atlas of Sexual Pleasures: Easy to read, basic sexual information illustrated with clear, explicit colour photographs. \$12.25



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BY NOEL
CHRISTENSEN

SUPERBIKE STAMPEDE

On the rare occasions that fistcuffs have erupted in motor sport, the blows struck have been wildly misdirected and totally inconclusive while the event itself has been a knockout. The best recent example of body contact in car racing was at Warwick Farm in

the mid-Sixties, during the peak of touring car popularity — a golden era when V-8 Holdens and Fords raced door-handle to door-handle, to the utter ecstasy of big crowds polarised by brand and driver names. The action was so close that by



SUPERBIKE

the time the race was over, after lots of bashing and barging at every corner, the cars looked like they had swapped paint jobs.

After one such hectic battle, the two gun drivers of the time confronted each other in the dusty pits and unloaded their best shots. The result of the brief flurry of blows was one pair of damaged spectacles, a messed-up greasy hair-do and a whirl at the turnstiles for the next meeting, when the brawlers faced each other on the front row of the grid once more.

Bike racing has never had such good luck as the advent of two razor-sharp competitors, both crowd heroes, having a go at each other over something that has upset them on the race track.

Not until last year, that is, when suddenly at the top of the points battle in the superbike division, Andrew Johnson and Rob Phillis had a "coming together" — as commentator and former world driving champion Jackie Stewart expresses it when he's on the tube.

As rock-jawed Phillis put it: "I don't mind being run into, but getting pushed right the way to the outside fence is a bit much, don't you think? It happened on the last corner of a race at Calder during the Victorian Superbike Championship last year and Andrew and I stayed locked together all the way to the checkered flag. At the presentation the officials were taken by surprise. They didn't realise how hot the moment was — we needed holding apart," recalls the man who went on to depose Johnson from the championship he'd won in 1980.

"Anyhow, the upshot of the whole thing was that at the next meeting we were to race each other, an extra 4000 turned up to see if we were going to do each other in . . . and that was at Winton, 193kms from Melbourne."

Phillis is hard at work this year defending his title, and Johnson is fighting him every inch of the way (tooth and nail, not left and right). They are competing in the thunder and lightning division of racing motorcycles — the superbikes. In less than five years, superbikes have come into their own completely and risen to the top of the pop ratings through a cacophony of wild sounds, looks and actions assaulting the senses in crazy 10 or 20-lap stampedes on our small race tracks.

Tight is right for the wheelie-popping tyre melters, who fail to produce the same adrenalin rush on faster, longer circuits as they do on the so-called "goat tracks".

The riders have their own name for the bikes — "animals". When asked to explain the meaning of the word in this usage both Phillis and his partner in the Mick Hone Racing Team, Victorian Mick Cole, become very excited, grab at imaginary clutch levers, twist non-existent throttles and come out with words like "sproing".

According to Cole, "sproing" is what a superbike wants to do naturally — that is, skid the back wheel, momentarily losing adhesion, and then, because the natural fearful reaction of the rider is to shut the power off, suddenly regain total grip with the bike so out of shape that there is only one way a rider can go and that's off the high side, catapult-style.

"Sproing" says Cole again, amused at having invented the cartoon-strip word which covers a moon shot by coiled spring propulsion or the maverick behavior of a superbike.

"It's the most exhilarating form of motorcycle racer — only the TZ 750 can match them for excitement," chips in Phillis. "The best thing ever is to do a speedway through a good corner, such as the last corner of a race when you're in front. To come through it all crossed up with feet on the pegs in a controlled drifting slide is about the ultimate — it's gotta be the second-best thing in life."

Cole, 27, a Telecom technical officer, and 26-year-old Phillis, who works in his home town of Albury as a floor coverer, are the leather-clad stars of the production and superbike race team which is an offshoot of Mick Hone's Box Hill bike shop.

The day *Penthouse* went to the track (Calder, outside Melbourne), the team was there for a day's work, with the exception of the boss. Cole's superbike with Phillis' number plates was the most sought-after machine, and there was a production Katana chase bike to relieve boredom, should it arise.

Dave "The Drag Man" McGillivray, a wrench with international experience and



holder of national quarter-mile records, was the controller of the superbike. He timed every lap, including the very first tyre-warmers, on a meticulous plotting board monitor which took into account tyre pressures, air temperature and general meteorological notations.

Cole had to bed in some new engine internals so he took it easy, cruising at half engine speed for 30 minutes before asking Drag Man if he could liven things up a bit. Phillis was in his leathers and looking anxious, as he was about to test his recently-broken collarbone to see if three weeks was long enough for it to heal.

Alan Pickering blew in for a look, compared notes with the Drag Man and the riders and offered a comment or two before leaving. An engine overhaul foreman for Ansett, Pickering is a former racer who became attracted to superbikes from their infancy and is now one of the big-name builders, having thrown his lot in with Hone and the gang.

"The whole idea of making a success of this game is to treat it as a package — the more complete the package, the better the chance of success," he said.

"We've got the two best riders and we must work around getting them a bike that is rideable. It's too easy with these things to go overboard for horsepower and then not be able to tame it enough to be ridden. We could very easily extract more than 135 hp from the Katana engine, but what we've got is enough to win with and the ride is not too wild for the jockeys."

Both Phillis and Cole ride superbikes which started life as Suzuki Katana 1100s. The bikes arrived at Hone's from Suzuki Australia with best wishes. Pickering's part is to wave the magic wand over the bike and transform it into a snorting, snarling sproinger that is not easily tamed and leaves a lingering doubt in the riders' minds as to degree of subservience. He does this with a grinder and cutting torch, removing from the frame unnecessary warts and brackets.

In short, it is converted into a bicycle built for one, with the rider sprawled forward, his feet positioned on pegs only 5cms long.

Regulations require the original frame to remain, although bracing in certain areas is permissible. Pickering has placed his dribbles of weld here and there, adding strength in just the right places.

The standard rear swing arm has been replaced by one manufactured by Ken MacIntosh of New Zealand, a frame and handling specialist with a proven record. The MacIntosh sub-frame allows alloy racing wheels and wide slick tyres to be fitted — a must in this class of racing.

Now to the motor, where tuning strategy is vital. The Hone engines are broadly Yoshimura, improved by replacing the standard cams and pistons with the high performance parts. Porting and polishing with a grinder, Pickering can improve the flow of the head. By replacing the standard butterfly throat carburetors with slide jobs, he rounds out a hotted-up

top half. Valves remain standard, though springs and retainers are S & W, and a Krober electronic ignition system replaces the standard one.

Add an external oil cooler to take the edge off the volcano that's happening inside the motor, and a four-into-one Tingate exhaust to complete the package.

"We had a customer in the shop the other day who ordered a bike identical to this, and the whole job cost \$6500 on top of the Katana price of \$4250," Pickering added.

The result is a 280 km/h motorcycle which is dripping with torque in the lower stages of the rev band. "That's the difference between this and the Honda I rode last year — the Suzuki is relatively docile because the power comes on and off so easily, while the Honda is much less usable," said Cole.

While Cole was comparing machines Phillis sat and waited his turn before getting back to his favorite topic: Johnson. "You've got to have some one to take aim at — he just happens to be the one. It's good in a way that I get stirred up like this because I find it hard getting competitive when I'm racing against friends."

"Another thing upsets me too — last year I was winning the championship and he was getting the credits. All I can say is that this season will be the best ever in superbikes."

With that sort of background to the two major superbike championships in Victoria and NSW, who can disagree? ☐

A Touch of Class
ESTABLISHED 1972

212 2646 212 5962

377 Riley Street, Surry Hills



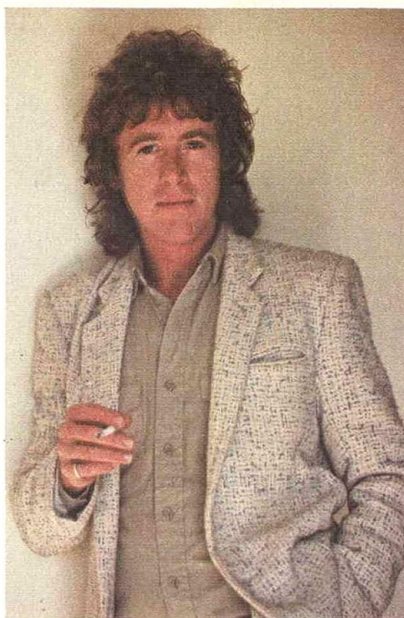
NECKING

FASHION BY SUE SMITH
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON

Somewhere along the line the tie slithered to the back of the wardrobe and quietly necked itself. Remember the tie — that slender piece of fabric light on substance but pretty heavy on symbolism when you wanted to get into the members' stand at the cricket? Some say they started dropping off like lizards' tails at about the same time as women started fuelling bonfires with their brassieres, but the less prominent nature of neck apparel precluded much attention in the blazing light of the Free The Tit campaign. Like the bra, the tie never really did disappear completely, but the manufacturers of heavy metal medallions designed to accentuate the more hirsute chest sure enough gave necktie makers a run for their money during the Seventies.

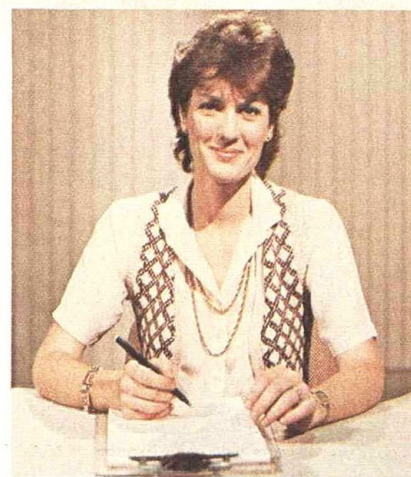
To the point, to the point. The news is that ties are creeping back. Those European high lamas of men's fashion have decreed from their towers that the humble tie is about to make a comeback. You get the feeling they're not talking about those limp, corned-beef-string affairs much favored by bank tellers and teenage mods, nor those loud, life-of-the-party jobs that light up at night to proclaim Brisbane Is A Fun City. No, they're on about the return of the necktie as a finishing touch to any outfit, be it casual or formal, and they're seeking to rid the tie of its heavy overtones of conservatism. If the usual process of events comes to pass, what's going down on "The Continent" now is sure to rear its head on these shores in some form or another in the future.

If, for comfort's sake, you're totally averse to tying things around your neck, or you're a conscientious objector to what the tie has come to represent, you'll know what the doyens of men's couture can do with their pearls of wisdom. But if you're not afraid of getting yourself tied up in knots, and from what we can figure more than a handful of *Penthouse* readers actually enjoy it, we've scouted round the traps and come up with this selection of fashion neckwear. 



DAVID SKINNER

He came, he played and was wanted. David Skinner first graced Australian concert stages in January 1981 as keyboard player with English band Roxy Music. Answering a call to knobs, he has returned here to work as a record producer (complete with faded jeans and expensive attache case). He is undoubtedly not the first Englishman to be lured by the Oz sunshine but his prime motivation was the apparently healthy state of the local music industry. By 1980 a depressed economy, and big shakeups in record companies due to bootlegging and hyping of the charts, meant that in England new projects tended to get analysed to death before being acted on. So a fruitful songwriting partnership with fellow ivory-tinkler John Kennet met enthusiastic brick walls. Now ensconced in Australia, and with an ATV Northern publishing contract, he has been taking the studio helm for artists like Marc-Hunter, Ian Kerr, Richard Wilde and John Swan (whose Skinner/Kennet single "Temporary Heartache" is climbing the charts). A world tour with Roxy is on the cards for later this year but will only be a temporary distraction from his new base here, where he may soon be testing first-hand his supposition of a healthy live gig scene. If he gets a favorable reaction to his initial solo singles and clips (a version of the Stones' "Mona" is ready for release), Skinner claims a touring band will be no problem due to the availability of excellent players in this country. A big sound with a lot of gonads (even in ballads) is the man's professed intention. He feels Australia, with its melting-pot style of American and English influences, is a good base from which to take on the rest of the world. And of course, there is the sunshine. — *Jeremy Cook*



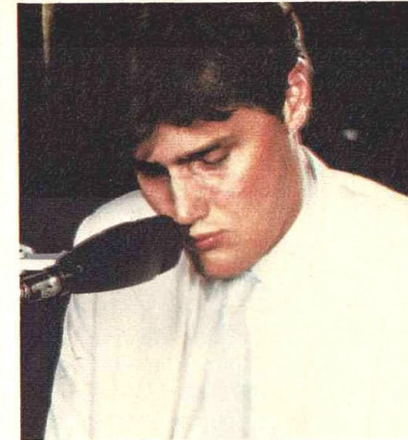
GERALDINE DOOGUE

The ABC current affairs program *Nationwide* flickers into more than a million loungerooms across Australia each weekday evening. That's double the number of square-eyed devotees it had before Western Australian journalist Geraldine Doogue came east to slide her demure bottom in the Sydney compere's hotseat a year ago. That swivel chair, still warm from the distinguished posterior of Clive Hale, seemed the snafu capital of the small screen after Ms Doogue took up the role of Sydney resident talking head. Lights had the bad form to explode during filming and the studio would plunge into silence or darkness during sound and lighting failures. But the smoothly-spoken brunette handled it a treat, ironing out the bugs with a soothing and enviable calmness, and winning a fair share of fans along the way. Doogue, 30, joined the *West Australian* newspaper in 1972 after completing an Arts degree at the University of WA. In '74 she took off on a working holiday through Britain and Europe and put in a two-year stint at the London bureau of News Ltd. Back in the sandgroper State she joined *The Australian* and it was while there that she stumbled into television. On a trip to the Kimberleys with other scribblers, she was asked to do an interview to fill a vacant corner on the ABC's *Four Corners*. From this, the powers that be realised that the cool lady was a hot product and she was given the job as Perth compere of *Nationwide* in January '79. She is generally regarded as having injected a bit of a twinkle into the vacuum left by Caroline Jones, the highly-respected ABC compere. Doogue's sex appeal may well be a contributing factor in the increasingly youthful market the program appeals to. While the show's consistent coverage of local and world-wide issues of the day are at the heart of its burgeoning success, Geraldine Doogue is certainly proving herself a favorite niece as Auntie swans through her 50th year. — *Corinne Mackay*



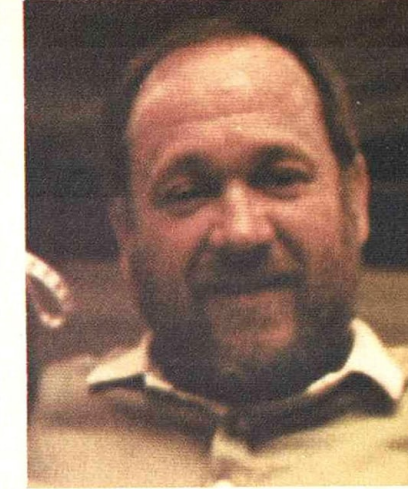
AUSTEN TAYSHUS

If there's one thing that can be said about stand-up comedian Austen Tayshus, it is that he is ostentatious. The man is impossible to ignore. For a start, his imposing presence puts him head and shoulders above the pack of self-pitying, new-wave wimp comics who have been making a lot of noise lately. He walks straight and tall. Then, his patter — delivered with Hitlerian force and volume — guarantees that his audience sits up and takes note of what he has to tell them. Austen, who's only been doing stand-up comedy for a year, has been a hit with the audiences at Sydney's Jamison Street Comedy Store, where he used to appear nightly. But he's also impressed the men who matter — Australia's television producers. A graduate of the National Film and Television School, his ultimate ambition is to do comedy films. Austen directed a number of rock clips for television before moving into live comedy, an achievement which he regards as "another string in the bow". The first time he stepped in front of the cameras, on Tim Webster's talent show *You're a Star*, the audience liked him so much he was invited back for a return performance, and that led to a guest appearance on the Don Lane Show. Considering the current dearth of mainstream comedy talent in the country, Mr Tayshus seems to have a head-start in the laughter stakes. He finds it easy to summarise his approach: "Basically, I am addressing the question: what is the meaning of life? My shock tactics seem to be paying off. I must admit my approach is fairly aggro. But it is tempered with compassion, for I am basically a warm and wonderful human being." — *Darcy Markovich*



SCOTT WALKER

When a young man like Scott Walker puts his mind to something failure will not be tolerated. "I'm an extremely ambitious animal," he admits wryly. All his life he's been striving to reach the heights in one field or another — and achieving them. At age 10, Scott was already performing as a concert pianist. He received gold medals as the top examinee in Australia for his grade work, and was used to being called a "child prodigy" as a pianist and clarinetist. ("I was quite a showoff as a child.") Then at 14 the "crazy world" — to use his own words — of the young classical musician was irrevocably altered when he literally blew his right hand to pieces in an unsupervised chemistry experiment. Micro-surgery was required to save his hand. Scott still feels this incident was more shattering to his parents than to himself. He merely shifted attention to his second love — athletics. While attending the Kings School he won GPS and State titles in field and track. That success continued at Sydney Uni, where he completed an Arts Degree and part of an Arts/Law degree. However, he decided Law was not for him. At that point Scott also gave away his status as a "track star" — a term he is not afraid to use. Returning to his first love — music — with characteristic dedication, he finally took his Diploma of Piano at the age of 22 — eight years after "the hand incident", as Scott calls it. Now he wants nothing more than to involve himself totally in music, writing, producing and performing his own style of pop. His demo tape is almost complete and he's about to take off for Europe, where he says his style of music has its market. Scott talks laughingly about being a "megastar, a matinee idol", but he is deadly serious about the success he sees as an integral part of his future. He admits to being an obsessive perfectionist in music. Somehow, when a guy like Scott Walker tells you he wants fame, you listen. And you believe in him as much as he believes in himself. — *Sue Smith*



PETER FENTON

Peter Fenton spreads his infectious chuckle across two environments that are so diametrically opposite in nature, it's a wonder he isn't suffering from terminal confusion. By day he rubs shoulders with the glitterati of the Oz movie industry, having been the sound mixer for just about every important feature film made in this country during the past 10 years. After work he's off mixing it with stars of a different kind, as coach of the all-conquering Sydney Rugby Union team. The leprechaun-like Fenton's ocker antics go down well at both ends of the socio-cultural schism he inhabits. Now he's brought together the divergent strands of his existence by producing a one-hour documentary on the recent Wallaby tour of the British Isles, called *The Running Game*. Much more than a collection of footage on the games, it's also a sociological study which features heavily the sort of outrageous behavior that footy tours are renowned for. Fenton has the experience to handle that, having done the mixing for *The Adventures of Barry MacKenzie*. The only problem was keeping up with the nefarious activities of 30 different Bazzas. The film has an original musical score and some really heart-thumping stuff from the Welsh section of the tour. However, Fenton reckons the local TV execs are too wrapped up in playing safe: "If these blokes were football coaches, they'd have their teams playing nine-man rugby for bloody sure." The Sydney outfit is unbeaten in Fenton's first year as coach — a success which parallels his triumphant debut as coach of the Parramatta first-grade team which won the premiership in 1977. Now he's in the process of gearing them up to take on the Scots, while in his other life Fenton is doing the mixing for a film called *Far East*, which stars Helen Morse. Meanwhile, his penchant for delightful anecdotes ensures that he holds the floor wherever film and/or footy are discussed. — *Greg Hunter*

Alfa Romeo is moving ahead again. The long siesta is over. There's a new resolve to drag the Italian maker of cars that enthusiasts love to drive out of the morass of red ink that has threatened its very existence. Italians now understand that they must work harder in order to keep the wolf from the door.

"At the end of the 1980s not many car companies will be able to say they succeeded in the fight for survival," said Gianfranco Bellandi, Alfa's commercial director. Alfa Romeo plans on being one of the lucky few.

The new spirit at Alfa is a result of a realistic attitude to car-making in the 1980s. The old Italian *que sera* has largely disappeared in the wake of a sober-sided, purposeful approach. Management and workers alike now realise the government isn't going to prop up Alfa forever... the money well has a bottom.

New models are mooted, there's a co-operative venture going with Nissan,

production is rising, costs are down, quality control has improved and some interesting technological advances are promised for the future.

Alfa's magic name has been tarnished just a little by the workers who bolt together the cars. Wonderful engines, eye-popping brakes, acceptable handling and swish styling were cruelled by some sloppy work on the production line. Worker absenteeism was rife, and those who deigned to clock on didn't exactly extend themselves. The Communist-controlled unions enjoyed twisting the lion's tail.

But then the lion tired of being the fall guy. It sternly suggested that unless the employees got off their backsides, the company could go down the gurgler. The accountants showed the union bosses the books and the blue collar men saw reason. Now fewer workers are producing more — and better-built — vehicles at Alfa.

Absenteeism has fallen from 19 percent last year to 11 percent in 1982, helped along no doubt by the threat of selective stand-downs — ineffective workers have been culled out under a recent agreement with the unions. And though initially the stood-down workers are paid full wages, the money falls away after several months.

The new-found enthusiasm is also attributable to important changes in the production line. A worker who under the old system carried out a repetitive menial task several thousand times daily — maybe his job was to place a nut on a thread — now might assemble a complete engine. It eliminates boredom and provides a sense of achievement.

Alfa has also given its research and development people a timely kick in the butt. Much of the current model line-up is getting long in the tooth. The little Alfasud, still the best car in its class in the world in the minds of many, has passed its 10th birthday. The beautiful GTV, with its Guigiaro styling that hasn't dated a moment, first saw daylight in 1974. It is a visual masterpiece but has interior space limitations that narrow its appeal in 1982. The sporty Spider, circa 1964, was recently revived in the form that brought it cinematic notoriety as Dustin Hoffman's set of wheels in *The Graduate*. The Alfetta sedan is another oldie in automotive terms...

Really, only the Sprint and Giulietta lay claim to youth. And while some of the veterans in the range still have sales appeal, the Alfa heirarchy recognises that its cars will not sell forever on past reputation; there's a need to match the big moves made by the opposition, principally the West Germans.



Photos by Phil Scott

A new-generation Alfasud is due next year, as is the small front wheel drive Nissan-Alfa, which uses the mechanicals and floorpan of the Sud. Alfa is also pushing into a new market with military, leisure and sporting versions of a four-wheel-drive vehicle — again based on Alfasud mechanicals — under development now and scheduled for 1984 launch.

The company is also heavily into turbo engine development, for its own use and for sale to others; at least five major manufacturers are currently testing the unit's application to their products. Motorcycle-maker Laverda has a prototype 1000cc two-wheeler kitted up with an Alfa blower.

Of course, Alfa's Formula One program is moving into the turbo age — a twin turbo 1.5-litre V8 will be the team's weaponry during 1983, replacing the sweet-sounding 12 cylinder currently used by Signores Giacomelli and DeCesaris. Alfa's cold business attitude to its grand prix involvement reflects its

One of Italy's glamor marques is shaking off a lethargy that could have killed it.

ALFA: THE ROAD BACK

BY PETER MCKAY



determination to move back into the black. The company's very impressive managing director, Mr Corrado Innocenti, candidly admits that Alfa isn't in Formula One to improve the breed: "We're in F1 to promote our name to the world."

Alfa's racing budget is about \$10 million annually, much of which is financed by outside sponsors. But Innocenti, a hard-nosed realist, says that Alfa will stay in F1 only if it gets the results to justify the massive expenditure.

The liaison with Nissan will benefit both companies. Nissan will finally get at hitherto untouchable market via the back door (the Italian government imposes harsh restrictions on vehicle imports). And Alfa has access to the Japanese strengths of slick production techniques and clever integration of componentry manufacturers and assemblers.

"However, the Japanese can teach us nothing about technology," says Alfa. "Any merger is conditional on Alfa retaining a firm control on engine design, handling and styling — these matter most

to Alfa customers."

Visiting Nissan executives will feel at home when they visit Alfa's Balocco test facility, an hour's drive from Milan. Balocco is located in the heart of Italy's rice-growing area, amidst hectares upon hectares of neatly-cultivated paddy fields.

At Balocco, Alfa has duplicated many of the features of some of the world's best-known grand prix circuits. Alfa's Formula One cars reach speeds close to 350 km/h here. At the other end of the scale, there are skid pans, rough tracks and, incredibly, a footpath parking procedure for Alfa's production models. All Alfa's are required to climb a kerb from all angles... a far cry from the high speed touring requirements around which Alfa has made its name. But then in cities such as Naples, parking is where you find it and footpaths are usually where it is. Hence the requirement to pass the kerb climbing test...

In Australia, Alfa is responsible for 2200-2500 new cars annually, a figure that managing director Ruggero Rotundo

believes could be doubled if government-imposed import quotas were dropped.

The Federal Government recently adopted a fresh policy of free trade in the motor vehicle industry, but it's a policy that won't be felt until 1985, when the existing restrictions are progressively eased. Alfa can't wait that long. The company is currently looking at obtaining additional import licences in return for the purchase of Australian raw materials such as aluminium. But whether the government will be prepared to talk turkey is another question mark...

Rotundo and his merry men are also considering the importation of a range of commercial vehicles — not subject to quota — including panel vans and the '84 four wheel drive.

Considering the low sales volume in Australia, Alfa has done well to bring such a wide range of product here. Right now there's the Sud, the Sprint, the 2.0-litre Alfetta sedan, and the 2.0-litre GTV. And the GTV six-cylinder is tipped for local launch within weeks.

CLAYTON'S GRAND PRIX

Visiting Australians dubbed it the Clayton's grand prix... the grand prix you're having when you're not really having a grand prix. In reality it was the second San Marino Grand Prix, at old Enzo Ferrari's Autodromo Dino Ferrari at Imola in northern Italy. Grand prix politics, never far from the surface in this era of big money and commercialism, nearly threw a large spanner in the works.

The emergence of turbo power is at the root of the hassles in grand prix racing. Most of the volume motor vehicle manufacturers involved in Formula One today — Renault, Ferrari and Alfa Romeo, to name three — are using, or are about to use, turbocharged engines. And Renault and Ferrari have conclusively demonstrated that the turbos will be very difficult to beat, a fact that hasn't escaped the notice of the other teams, the majority of whom rely on the off-the-shelf Ford Cosworth engine that has dominated the grand prix scene since the late 1960s.

Presto. Instant aggro. The smaller teams — mainly British — cannot afford to design, build and develop turbo engines. And they're agitating for one of two things... a ban on turbos, or a stiff weight penalty to bring them back to the field. Battle lines have been drawn...

Just before San Marino, it all came to a head. Most of the British constructors withdrew: McLaren, Williams, Lotus, Arrows, Brabham and Ensign took their cricket bats home.

Fourteen cars fronted for the GP. The depleted grid included Ferrari, Renault and Alfa, supported by a ragged

assortment of battlers, there because of pressure exerted by F1 heavies or sponsors: Osella, ATS, Tyrrell and Toleman.

The prospect of half a race brought forth the prophets of doom and there were predictions of a meagre spectator roll-up of 50,000 instead of the 80,000 to 100,000 anticipated for a full grid.

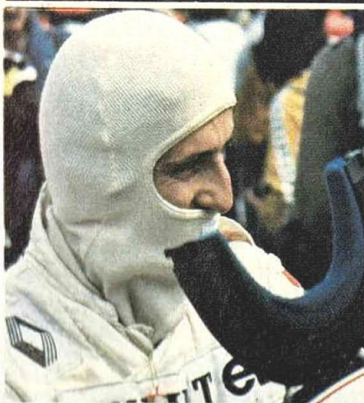
They didn't count on Italian race-madness. Even after the French enemy, Renault, snared the front row away from their beloved Ferrari, 80,000 Italians, rugged up against the icy spring weather, came along to cheer and wave red flags.

Those devotees saw a grand prix to remember. The Renault of Alain Prost lasted but six laps. His little team-mate Rene Arnoux tenaciously clung to the lead for most of the 60-lap race before his turbo blew and the Ferraris of Gilles Villeneuve and Didier Pironi swept to the head of the field. The Alfas, too, had succumbed, so all the Ferraris needed to do was cruise to the finish. Their pit instructed Villeneuve and Pironi to do just that.

But Pironi chose to race his team-mate for the 16 laps to the flag. Villeneuve, in what was to be his last grand prix, fought back and the two put on a wheel-to-wheel show that'll have jaws wagging for years.

Villeneuve, who ultimately finished second, wasn't too happy with Pironi's failure to follow the script. But 80,000 Italians went home with pleasure etched all over their faces.

They had witnessed a spell-binding race... and Ferrari had scored a wonderful victory.



WINGS OVER AUSTRALIA



Four badges consistently lay claim to the fast lane on West Germany's super-smooth autobahns. They're the aristocrats of the Fatherland's 200 km/h club — Porsche, of course, Mercedes-Benz, BMW... and Audi.

Audi sells up a storm in its home market; here, not so well. The old Audi 80 and the 5E attracted a few fans but to most Australians Audi is a marque without an identity.

Late last year the 5 + 5 sedan (five cylinders, five gears and it carries five people) burst on to the local scene to a fanfare from the motoring press. It had performance and economy and space and comfort and it looked good. A winner.

The 5 + 5 has now been joined by a new Audi flagship. It too won't pass unnoticed.

We were on the Nullarbor, that endless tract of brown which suggests that Columbus was wrong, and the earth is flat after all. Our steed was the new Audi 200 Turbo Sedan, and we were breaking the law. Two hundred kilometres per hour sounds very fast. In some cars it is frighteningly so. In the Audi it's a canter. It is a motor car purpose-built to sweep from European city to European city along three-lane autobahns bereft of speed limits and unpleasant surprises around the next corner.

The Audi 200T employs the familiar body of the 5E model, which has been around for a few years. But the interior has been given a lavish re-do and the mechanicals have been worked over. It's more comfortable, much faster and

corners more tenaciously than the 5E.

The new Audi Turbo has 125 kW on tap, with 265 Nm of torque. That doesn't fall far short of the figures for its competition relative, the Audi Quattro rally car, which shares the same basic five-cylinder turbocharged engine, albeit with intercooler.

Performance down low isn't particularly brisk, although the local Audi distributor is claiming a zero to 100 km/h time of 9.4 seconds. I'd put it over 10...

But further up the scale, at cruising speeds, the 200T does it all. The speedo needle moves along steadily when accelerating to its indicated maximum of 218 km/h, or a true 203 km/h. At this pace, engine speed is 6050 rpm... still safely short of the recommended maximum of 6500rpm.

The Nullarbor Plain isn't the ideal location to search out a car's handling capabilities, but the run south from Norseman to Esperance filled in the answers. Uprated springs and shock absorbers, heavier anti-roll between the front driving wheels, and a lower ride height have combined to provide the roadholding that a vehicle of this performance demands.

The government-controlled AS2077 fuel consumption standard suggests the 200T will travel 100 highway kilometres on 11.2 litres. That's 25 mpg. Between Ceduna and Esperance, our consumption fluctuated wildly between 25.9 litres/100 km (10.42 mpg) with the accelerator buried to the carpet, to 14.94 litres/100 km (18.9 mpg) travelling at a more realistic 140 km/h.

There's no manual transmission 200T available here. The three-speed auto will nevertheless win friends and influence its fair share of bods among the prestige car-buying fraternity, many of whom don't expect to manually shift cogs for the 30 grand outlay.

At that money the 200T stacks up as good value, but history suggests it mightn't stay at that price for long. Distributors, VW Australia, hiked the price of the popular 5 + 5 from \$12,995 to \$14,995 — in two \$1000 leapfrogs — since its launch in October last year. VW claims the rises were consistent with currency variations but unkind critics have suggested the distributor is playing the old game of asking what the market is prepared to pay.

But at 30 big ones the 200T will certainly put the heat on its marketplace rivals, the Rover 3500SE, Saab 900 Turbo, BMW 528i, the smaller Mercs and the Volvo 264.

Big four-wheel ventilated disc brakes are a re-assurance too, though our preference is for the ABS anti-lock braking system optional on domestic market 200Ts but not available locally.

Apart from engineering to turn Detroit and others green with envy, what else does \$29,950 get the Audi 200T buyer? The checklist contains sensible goodies expected of sophisticated, prestige motoring... power steering, air conditioning, central locking, height-adjustable driver's seat, the cruise control and an excellent Australian Pioneer entertainment system featuring twin amplifiers.

Sweet Chastity

PEACE AND TRANQUILITY REIGN OVER CASTLE DREER. EVEN THE DRIPPING STONES EXUDE A MUSTY CONTENTMENT AS THE FAMILY PASS A PLEASANT EVENING BY THE FIRESIDE. IN HOCK FOR THE BEST PART OF A THOUSAND YEARS, THE FRANKENSTEIN FAMILY FORTUNE HAS BEEN RESTORED BY CHASTITY'S INHERITANCE AND VINCENT'S LONG STRUGGLE TO FIND A PLACE FOR HIMSELF IN THE WORLD SEEMS TO BE AT AN END.

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

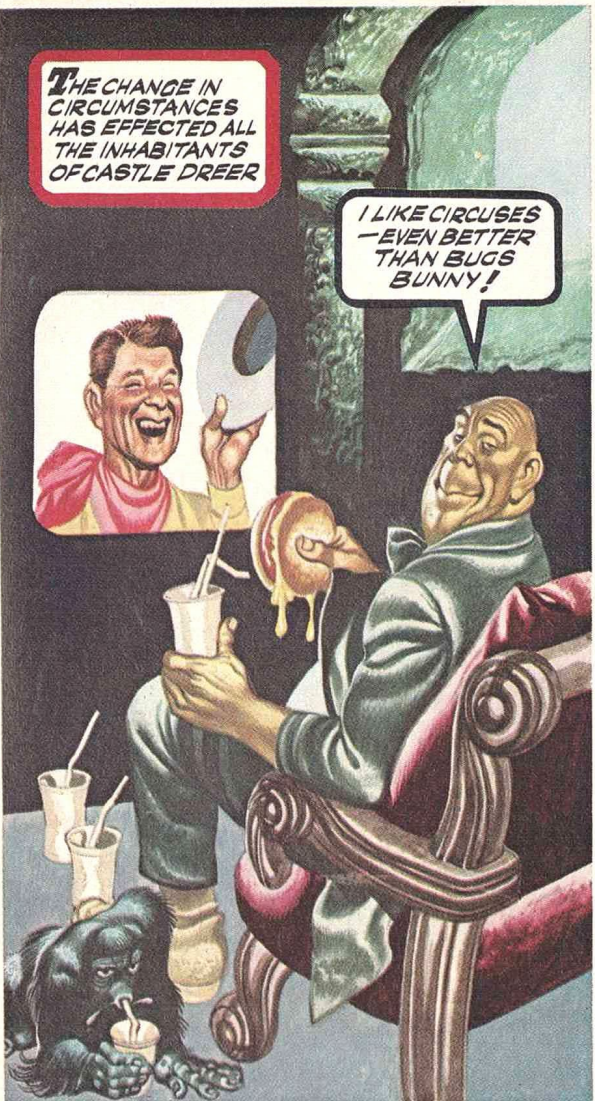
"DEAR RONNY, I STILL HAVEN'T HEARD FROM YOU CONCERNING MY SUGGESTION THAT YOU ESTABLISH A U.S. MISSILE BASE HERE AT CASTLE DREER..."

WE SEEM TO BE SIMPATICO IN SOME STRANGE WAY, AUNTIE ELECTRA—AND I'VE GROWN VERY FOND OF THEM

THEY'RE SO WELL BEHAVED WITH YOU, CHASTITY!

HAS IT GOT YOU WORRIED TOO? JUST WHAT IS IT THE BARONESS IS KNITTING?

WELL—SOME OF US KNOW WHY SHE FEELS THAT KINSHIP WITH THOSE CREEPS, DON'T WE?



THE CHANGE IN CIRCUMSTANCES HAS EFFECTED ALL THE INHABITANTS OF CASTLE DREER

I LIKE CIRCUSES—EVEN BETTER THAN BUGS BUNNY!



WITH THE SERVANT PROBLEM SOLVED, EVEN JOHN VAIN HAS EMERGED FROM HIS ONANISTIC PREOCCUPATIONS INTO A FULLER, RICHER LIFESTYLE....

IN YOUR LINE OF WORK I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU OFTEN MEET REAL CLASS LIKE ME, DO YOU?

HOW IRRESISTABLE DO YOU FIND ME?

WOW! MAN! I TELL YOU—YOU REALLY TURN ME ON! BUT REALLY ON!

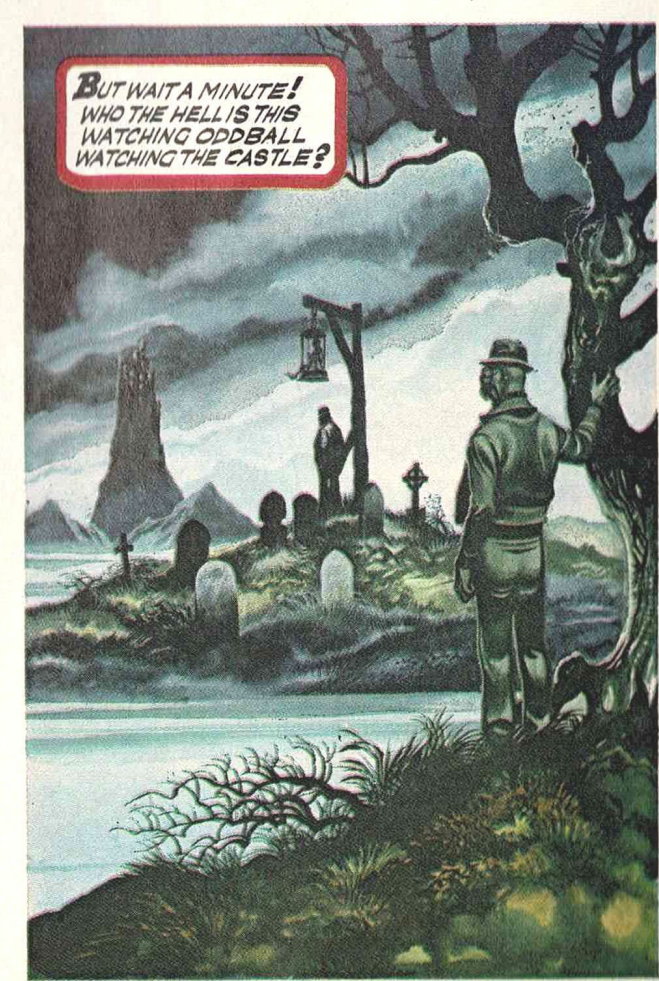
FOR 200 BUCKS A SACK OF POTATOES COULD TURN ME ON!



BUT AWAY FROM THE WARMTH OF CASTLE DREER—OUT THERE IN THE COLD MIASMA THAT RISES FROM THE OOOZING QUAGMIRE SURROUNDING THE ANCIENT EDIFICE....

SECURITY ISN'T SO HOT...SHOULD BE EASY TO SCALE THE CLIFFS AND ABDUCT HER!

YES! IT'S ODDBALL—HOWARD HUGE'S TRUSTED HENCHMAN!



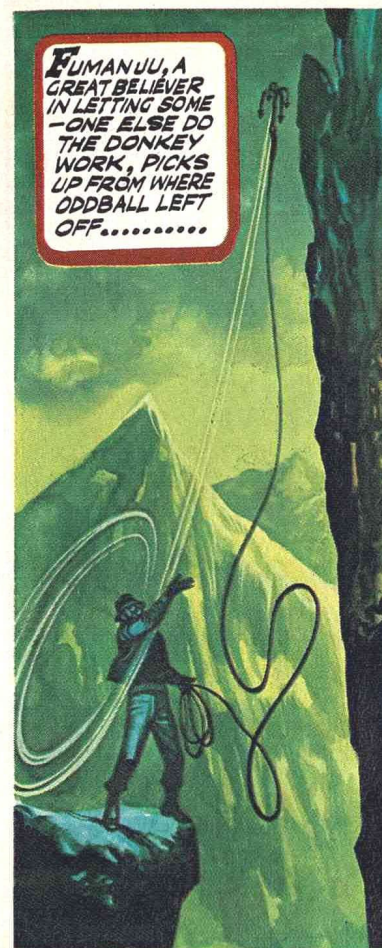
BUT WAIT A MINUTE! WHO THE HELL IS THIS WATCHING ODDBALL WATCHING THE CASTLE?



OH, MY GOD—TROUBLE! IT'S FUMANU, THE DERANGED EX-HEAD OF ISRAELI INTELLIGENCE, THE MOST LETHAL MIND IN INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE. A REAL NASTY PIECE OF WORK, BELIEVE US!



AND SO ODDBALL SETS OUT TO SCALE THE DIZZY HEIGHTS OF CASTLE DREER



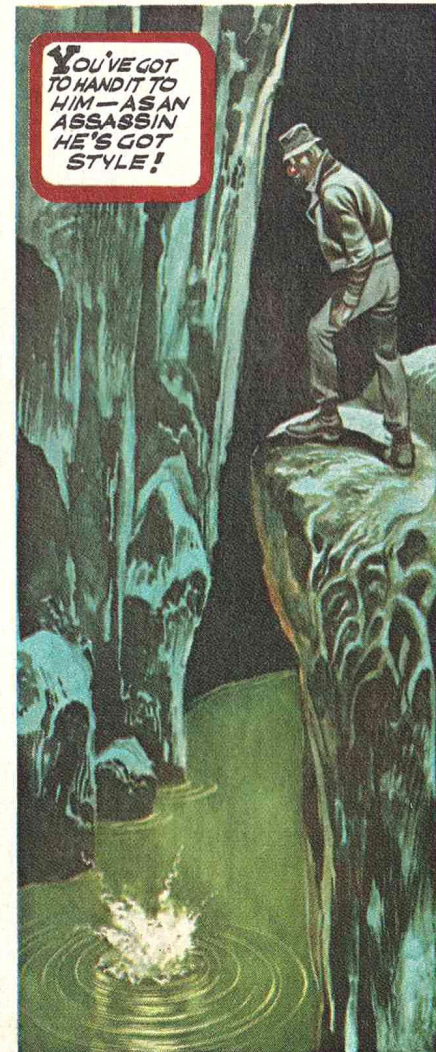
FUMANU, A GREAT BELIEVER IN LETTING SOME ONE ELSE DO THE DONKEY WORK, PICKS UP FROM WHERE ODDBALL LEFT OFF.....



ADORATION AND HATRED BATTLE FOR SUPREMACY IN THE CHURNING CHAOS OF HIS SCRAMBLED MARBLES



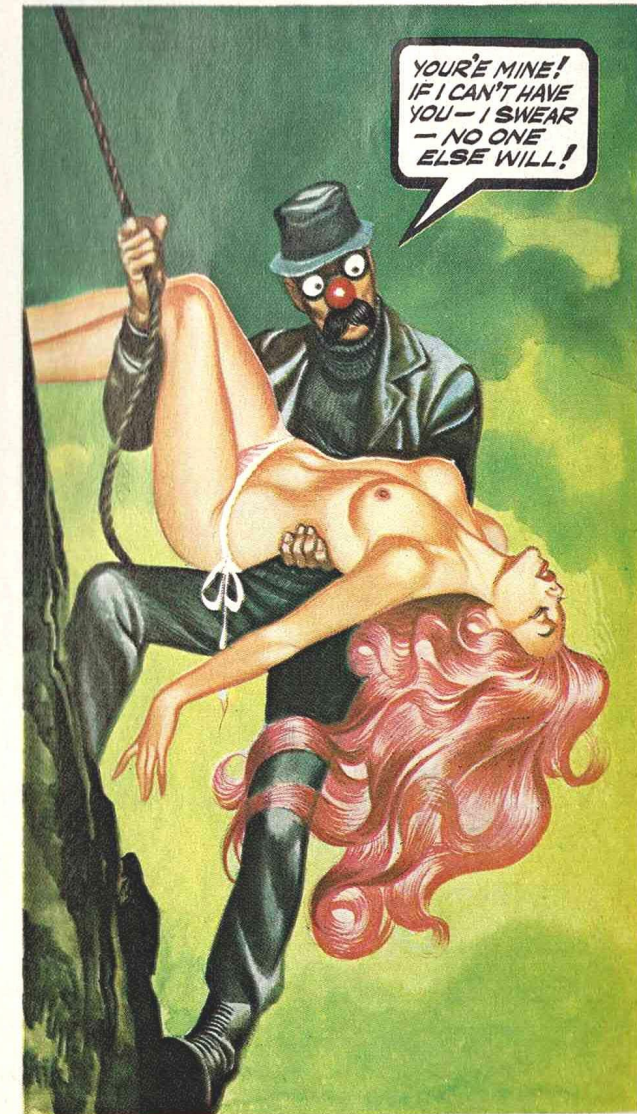
NEYIGH!



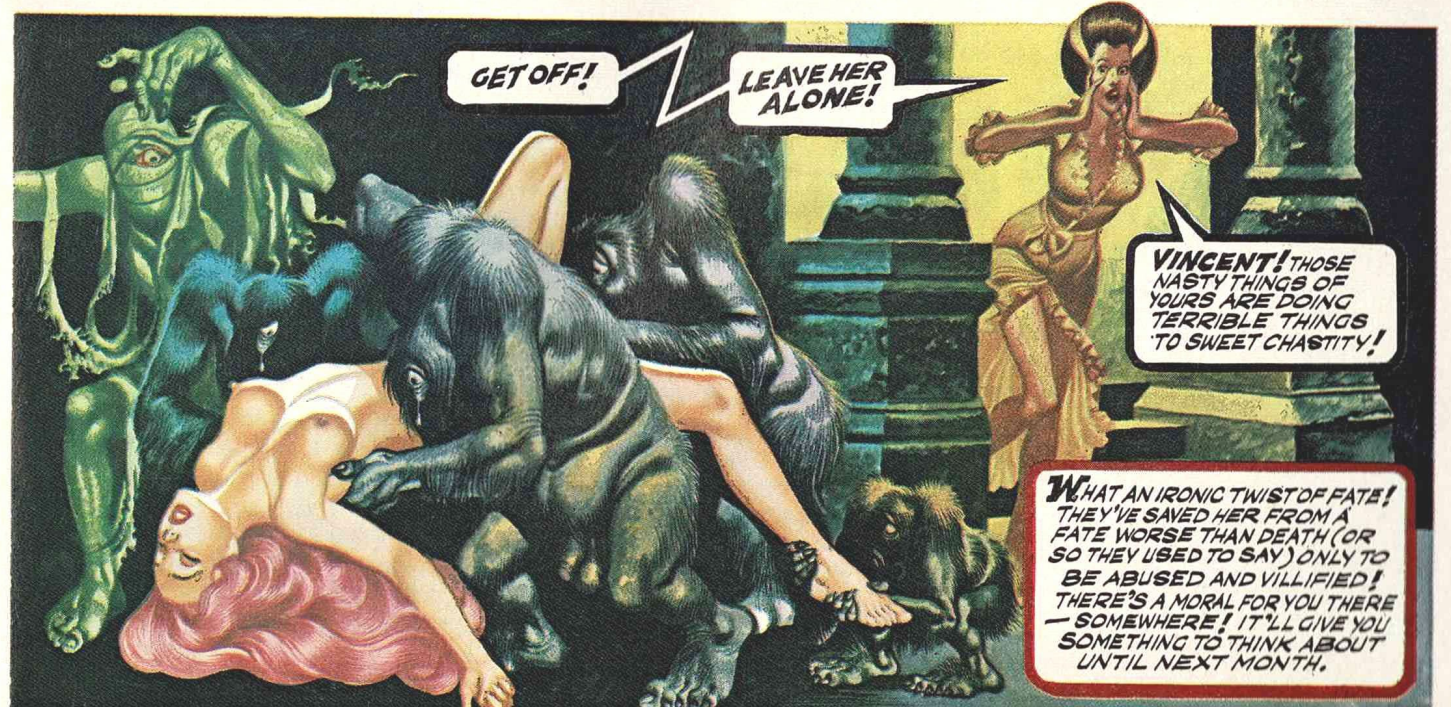
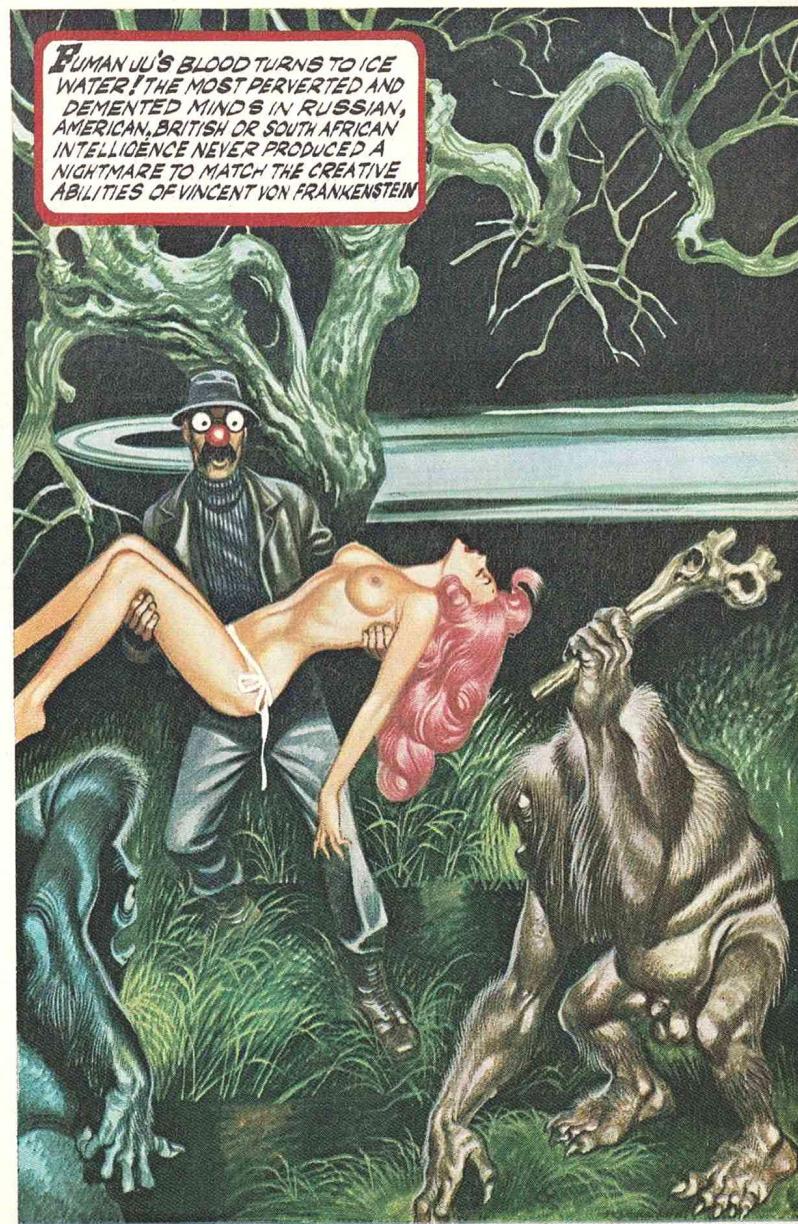
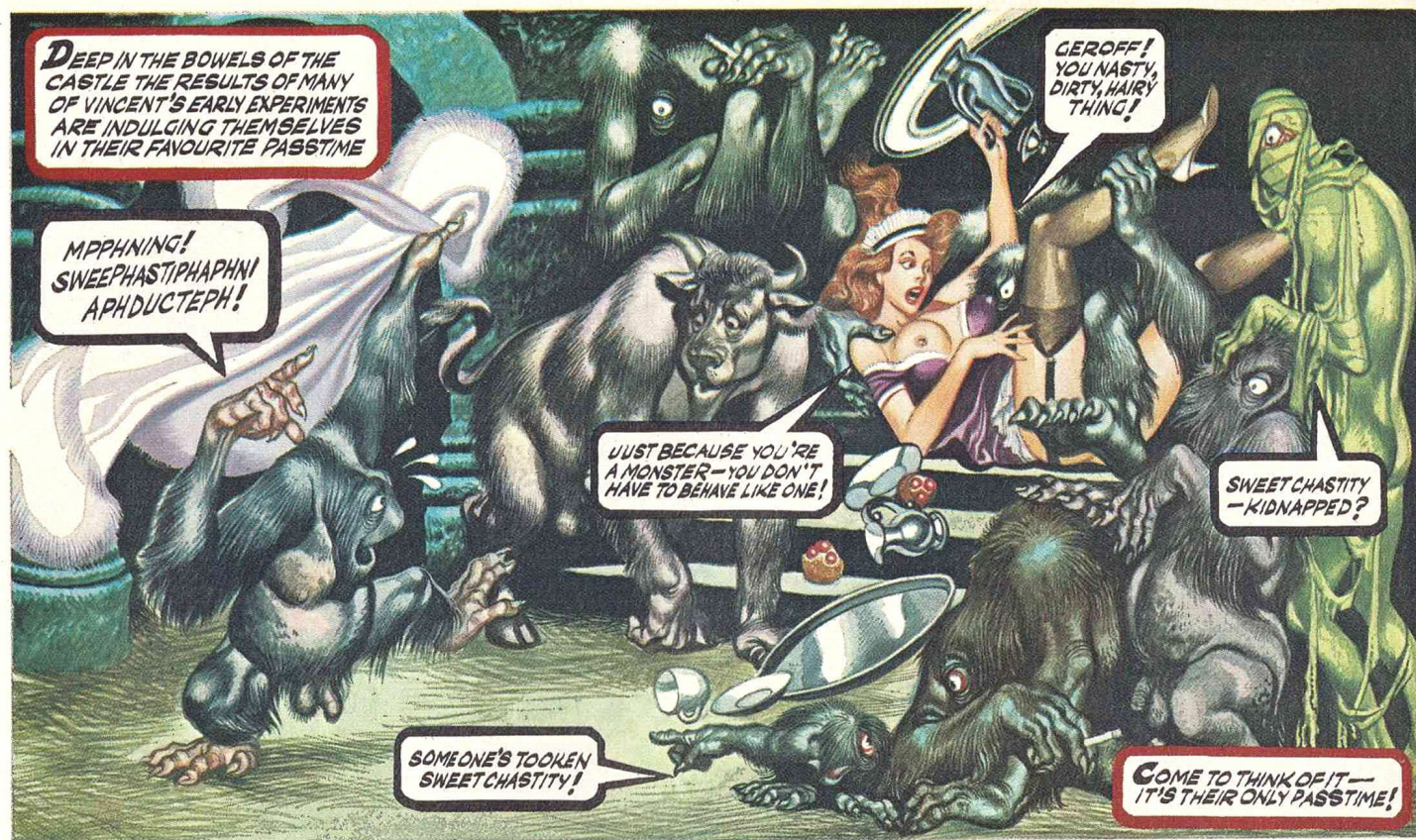
YOU'VE GOT TO HAND IT TO HIM—AS AN ASSASSIN HE'S GOT STYLE!



YOU MAY HAVE ESCAPED ME ONCE—BUT NEVER AGAIN!

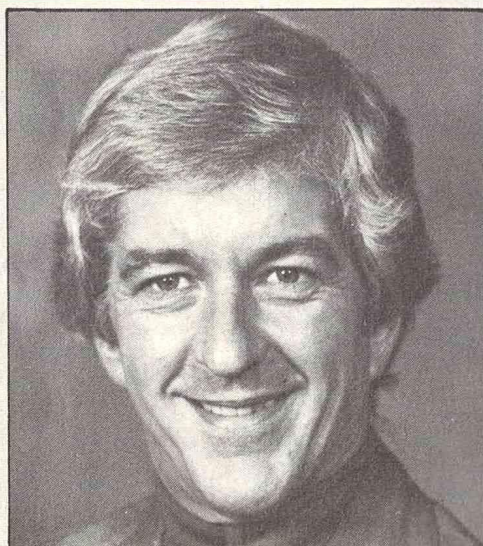


YOU'RE MINE! IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU—I SWEAR—NO ONE ELSE WILL!



ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY TONY REEVES

The author is a freelance journalist, a Labor Alderman on the Sydney City Council and a member of the ALP since 1971.

POLITICAL FUTURES

Allowing for the fact that political speculation is a dangerous and difficult business, let me make a guess at a possible political scenario which may come to pass within the next four years. The time: just after the federal election, which in the normal course of events — if there is such a thing any more in Australian politics — would be due in the year 1986.

The Australian people have just voted a Labor Government back on to the federal treasury benches. The ALP, with Bill Hayden as its leader, received a big electoral swing in the previous election in 1983, but not quite enough to sweep the Fraser conservatives from power. In the deep agony which contorted the ALP — who felt deprived of a deserved victory — the most acrimonious allegations were made against aficionados of the party in NSW. One line of argument even proposed that the party officials in the most populous State had conspired to deprive Hayden of a victory for their own, longer-term glory.

The great split in the party in NSW had been staved off in the 1983 conference, a gab-fest at Sydney Town Hall over the Queen's Birthday weekend in June of each year. As in the 1982 conference, the ruling right wing faction, led by Paul Keating and the hard-faced Barry Unsworth, blamed the left and the "Baldwinites" for disrupting party unity, their actions resulting in anti-ALP headlines which saw an erosion of public confidence in the party in NSW.

The left responded by claiming that the right had broken every rule in the book in an effort to rid the party of any significant leftist influence with the fervor of a team of Jesuits, preserving the party for its traditional Irish Catholic, anti-communist majority. There had been a purge, they said, of those members of the party with a more socialist bent than the power elite, and this had been deliberately designed to evoke responses from the left which led the media into its barrage of headlines of an "ALP Split". The left, seriously weakened numerically, decided to hang on for a while longer, and not to push the party into an actual split. But it was open warfare between the factions. Those who proposed that this was all part of a clever conspiracy argued that the now all-powerful right had set about this destructive course as the only way to total control of the nation's political machinery.

The conservative media backed the right's call for a purge of the "disruptive left" with a fervor not seen since the black McCarthyist days, when old Bob Menzies tried to outlaw the Communist Party. And with the media support, the public was gently

swayed back to supporting the "purged" party.

Hayden resigned as party leader straight after the 1983 election failure, making way for Paul Keating to make good his promise of a couple of years previous, in a Sydney hotel, that he was destined to become Prime Minister. There had been some speculation that Bob Hawke would go for the top job, but he understands numbers as well as anyone else, and was prepared to run as Keating's number two.

The 1986 election saw Labor pick up the few uncertain seats, the loss of which had denied it victory three years earlier. The media reckoned that the nation was tired of conservatives, and Andrew Peacock, who had ousted Malcolm Fraser for the Liberal Party leadership just after the 1983 elections, had shown no sign of changing the government's economic policies.

Keating announced his first ministry: himself taking the mineral resources portfolio as well as Prime Ministership (after all, the Mining Industry Council had backed him strongly); Hawke as Deputy; Neville K. Wran as Attorney-General (Wran having resigned as NSW Premier to contest the safe Labor seat of Sydney during 1984). Not included in the ministerial lineup was Tom Uren, Senator Arthur Gietzelt, or anyone who had been labelled "left" by the Keating-Hawke machine.

In NSW, at the end of 1984, ALP members in the upper house of the State Parliament — the Legislative Council — had joined the members of the Legislative Assembly Caucus. This meant that the Legislative Councillors, who had all been hand-picked by Keating and the darling of the right, Barry Unsworth, swamped the left and ensured Unsworth the votes he needed to become Premier.

At the hands of the ALP in NSW, politics in that State and federally had lurched to the right; the conspirators of the cynics' theorising had achieved the targets they first took aim at more than six years before . . .

An unlikely scenario, I hear you cry! Well, I did say it was pretty hard to predict the political future. But in NSW there are tell-tale signs which provide the first underlying brushstrokes to this improbable portrait of a grasp for power without glory.

The deep factional divisions within the party in NSW are born of a careful and deliberate tactic by the right to disrupt the carefully-balanced unity which followed the 1971 intervention into the State Branch. The outcome of that intervention was a sharing on a proportional basis between left and right of party positions, including public offices. The first upset to that fine balancing act came at the NSW State Conference of the ALP in

● Hayden resigned as party leader straight after the 1983 election failure, making way for Paul Keating to make good his promise that he would become Prime Minister. ●

1979, when the ruling right faction pushed through a rule change which saw the end of the principles of proportional representation in the NSW Legislative Council, and provided for the Legislative Councillors to join the State parliamentary caucus in 1984. And Barry Unsworth, counting the numbers as ever, has already said that he will become Premier of NSW.

Since the election of Paul Keating to the post of NSW Party President, replacing the more assiduous factional juggler John Ducker, there has been a purge of any identifiable left wing activity in the party. Local branches where the left won control have been dispersed by the right machine; loyal and hardworking left wingers have been expelled from the party, or are under threat of expulsion; and the left has responded by calling for federal intervention. But the machinations of the right will lead to that faction having a majority on the party's national executive — the very body which must determine whether or not to step in to the NSW Branch of the party and redirect its activities, as it did in 1971.

Keating has said in a Sydney hotel that he wants to be Prime Minister, and Neville Wran, while hedging his bets about going to Canberra, sees comfort in a long-term ambition to become Federal Attorney-General as a stepping-stone to a position on the High Court Bench. His departure from the NSW Parliament would certainly pave the way for Unsworth after the restructuring of the State caucus.

Would Bob Hawke be satisfied with the deputy leadership? Not really, but as I said, it's all a matter of numbers. The Federal Caucus, where that numbers game will be played, will be strengthened by additional seats in NSW in the 1986 election, and those will be almost without exception held by Keating supporters.

The disturbing thing about all this is that it is shifting the ALP away from its intended traditional role of democratic socialism, into a party of sound economic managers of the capitalist system. A lobby of big business interests which met quietly in Canberra earlier this year cast grave doubts on the ability of the Fraser Government to "deliver the goods" which would enable them to embark confidently on five, 10 and 15-year planning strategies. They expressed more confidence in a government in which Keating was responsible for minerals and energy and Hawke for industrial relations. That's a long way from the backing that would come from the rank and file of the ALP!

Anyway, it's only a bit of speculative guesswork. It may never come to pass. But if it does, remember where you read it first . . .

SCENE FOOT



Leap on the Aussie fashion bandwagon in a True Blue Aussie Shirt. Singlet, T-shirt and sweatshirt designs include an assortment of dinkum digger, dinky-di and pie and sauce motifs. For stockists, contact True Blue, 15 Randle St, Surry Hills, NSW, 2010.



It's been 30 years since The Crazy Horse opened its doors in Paris. Here's some of the beauty that gave birth to its fame.



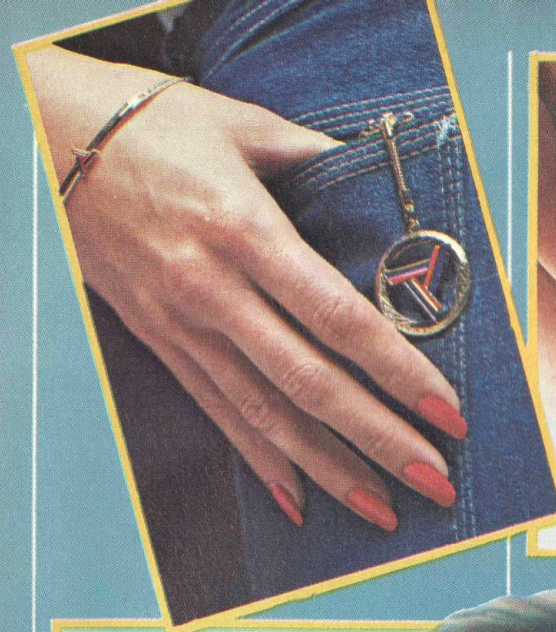
The Dating Service

Ooops.



Matthew Martin

It's true, you too can enjoy a few days of compromising situations for the not-so-compromising price of \$99.99. People are paying for things like sharing a room with an unknown member of the opposite sex, only to find they must share a bed with someone of the same sex — and presumably enjoying it.



What do you say to a seven-foot kangaroo flogging jewellery? Matilda the mighty marsupial is fronting the fund drive for this year's Commonwealth Games in Brisbane. The sale of each item of rolled gold or sterling silver will help the Games along the way.

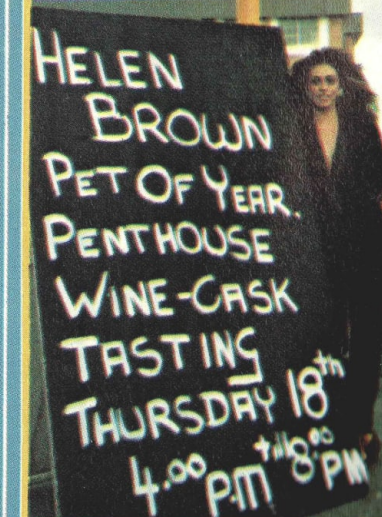
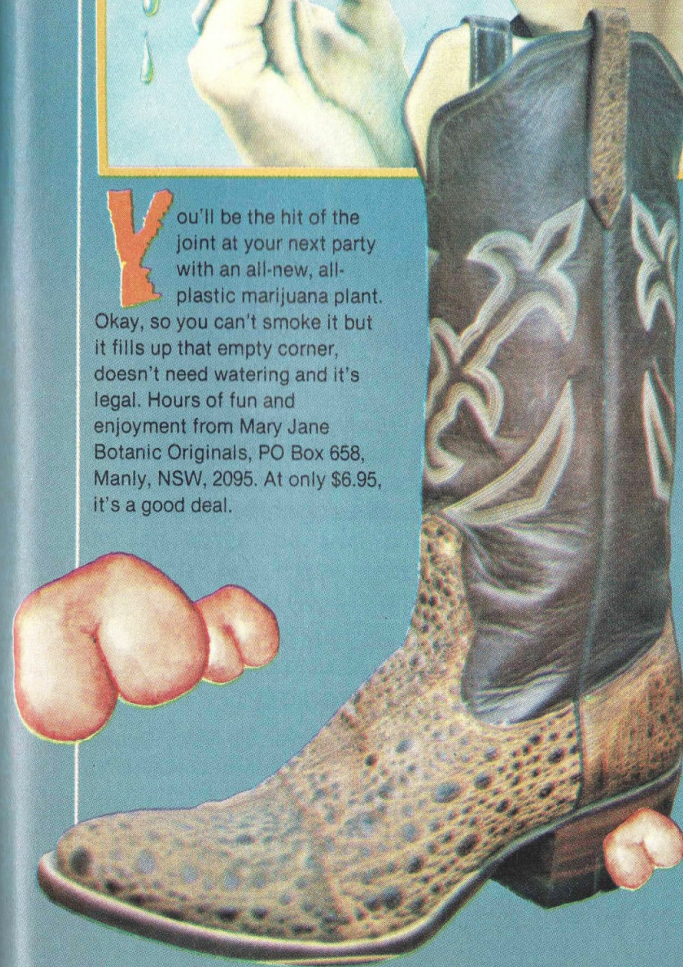
Dinner party conversation starters or what, eh? These Italian white porcelain objets d'art are known as functional erotica. The chap's lower regions make a handy planter. The little lady is a torso relish dish — just lift off her belly and scoop out the chutney. From Saywell Imports all States.

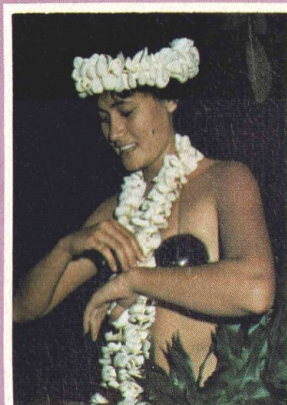


You'll be the hit of the joint at your next party with an all-new, all-plastic marijuana plant. Okay, so you can't smoke it but it fills up that empty corner, doesn't need watering and it's legal. Hours of fun and enjoyment from Mary Jane Botanic Originals, PO Box 658, Manly, NSW, 2095. At only \$6.95, it's a good deal.

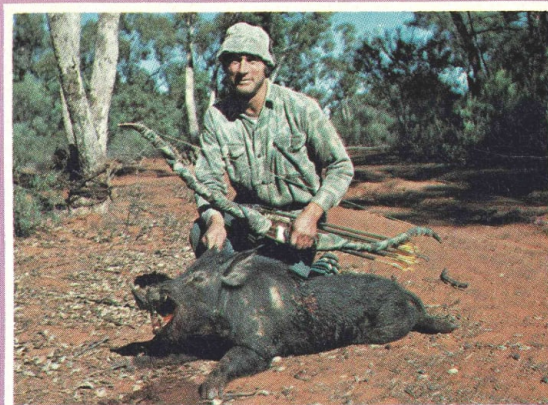
You can do anything but don't step on my cane toad shoes. Guy van Holden of Magnolia Leather in Canberra is an agent for toad leather boots. He reckons the skin on those pesky Queensland critters is so tough it has to be turned on a lathe, and that these boots will last you a lifetime. Who said no-one wears frogs any more?

The wine world has been abuzz with burning questions since *Penthouse* released its Party Pack Wine Casks. Questions like "Is it true that *Penthouse* cask liners are shaped like inflatable women?" Our Pets are currently conducting wine tastings at bottle shops in NSW and Victoria. Her's our vivacious Pet of the Year, Helen Brown, at a recent tasting.

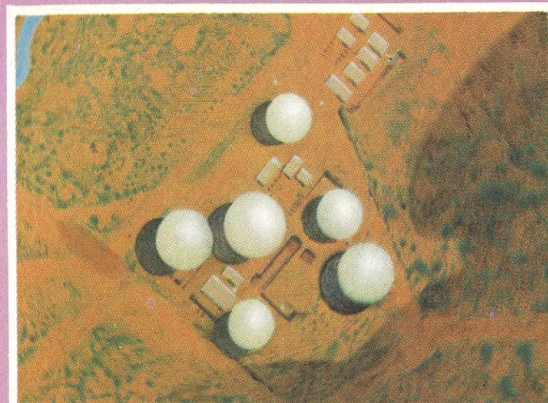




COOK ISLANDS



BOW HUNTING



PINE GAP



SPECIAL EFFECTS

The Pine Gap Papers — While collecting data for an environmental documentary in the vicinity of Alice Springs, Dr Geoffrey E. Smith accidentally discovered evidence of a top-secret project at Pine Gap which seriously threatens Australia's security. Smith makes some startling revelations about this cloak-and-dagger American installation which has been run by a succession of CIA operatives, and reviews the history and significance of the base in the light of growing awareness of the Federal government's appalling ignorance on the subject.

Bow Hunting — The bow is a weapon with an adventurous, romantic mystique: one of the most ancient and efficient weapons produced by man. In Australia, the art of archery is alive and well. Bow hunting, in particular, is a booming sport. Phil Abraham goes hunting wild pigs and goats in western NSW with some of the country's top bowmen. The graphic accompanying shots show that the boys brought home the bacon.

The Cook Islands Fiasco — Perhaps the most bizarre banana republic on earth, the Cooks are bleeding to death under a government so absurdly corrupt it makes Woody Allen's *Bananas* look sensible. Australian and New Zealand Foreign Affairs Department bureaucrats pour millions into the tiny nation each year, only to end up with another serving of egg on their faces.

Special Effects — Taking his hat off to the craftsmen who take us to places no man has ever trod, Denis Whitburn looks at the new batch of movies in which special effects are the undisputed stars. If you thought technical brilliance has been superseded by simple stories on golden ponds, then look out.

These Foolish Things — Kathy Lette explains all those little things men do which women despise. A very handy article for those who want to clean up their act before it's too late.

Rex Mossop Interview — Mossop waxes lyrical, as always — on Rugby League and the VFL challenges, and on the likely future of "the greatest game of all".

Pet of the Month — Our stunning centrefold was photographed amid the lushness of Bali. Lari Jones, a wild backwoods huntress with a fierce independence that lets her match it with any man, and 18-year-old Cami O'Connor, who loves to play pranks, make up another delightful threesome for September *Penthouse*. ☺

The Professor Begins

Continued from page 104

Fielding looked down at himself, where he hung in silk.

Nothing.

Less than nothing.

And so, at last, he summoned up his wife.

Elspeth.

Sweet darling Elspeth.

No jugs to speak of, but courageous nipples. They jumped up from the plain of her chest like a pair of baby's thumbs, Fielding's delight to flick them up and down like the settings on his Japanese cassette deck, endlessly adjusting her for Dolby noise reduction, bias and chrome.

"Aha!" crowed Fielding, coming alive at last.

Quickly he snapped wide his panties to check how he was.

"Aw, shit."

You would have needed a microscope.

"Well, it's her fault!" he cried. "She's so uptight! Never with the light on! Always in the dark! Holy Jesus, married 14 years and I've never even seen my own wife's downstairs gizmo!"

Fielding jumped up, seething.

"I bought her open-crotch panties for her birthday, a fantasy in filigree black lace. She sewed them back up!"

He paced, furious.

"She won't even do it choo-choo style!"

His voice swelled with outrage.

"Never mind letting me wear my *Groucho* mask!"

Fielding strode to the wardrobe, flung it open.

The mirror within shimmered with light.

"Hello, big spender," said Fielding to Fielding.

Brazen in bra, suspender belt and hose, bikini panties and high-heeled pumps.

"Slut," said Fielding, with a wink.

"Bitch," lolling his tongue.

"Let's go, hot stuff," said Fielding to Fielding, thumbs hooking into his panties, turning, bending, the tongue, the red lips, the lashed mascara-rimmed eye.

"Okay?"

"Okay."

And now quickly he strides to the desk, primed at last, rife with images, a catalogue of desire, his face studiously deadpan, a fresh cigarette lit, a gulp of Scotch, and now his hands on the typewriter keys, venting the odd fart to signify business, the Professor of Literature begins. ☺

STOCKISTS

Cover: Leotard by Physical, NSW. **Centre-fold:** Make-up and hair by Chrissie Evered; Clothes from Blochs, Joan Barrie, Mary Quant Imports, JJ Imports. **Grooming:** Ties from Gary Wolfs, Five Way Fusion, R.M. Williams, Sydney; Faberge, Australia.

Toyota Celica.



ILLUSTRATED: CELICA LIFTBACK (SUNROOF OPTIONAL)

Exhilaration. If you want a unique and exhilarating blend of impressive performance, outstanding beauty, luxury comforts and surprising economy, Toyota have made a car for you. The Toyota Celica.

Celica's 4 cylinder, OHC, 2 litre engine with cross flow alloy head is combined with 5 speed manual or 4 speed automatic transmission with overdrive, rack and pinion steering and TST - Toyota Suspension Tuning - for precision control and outstanding comfort.

Celica's unique wedge-shaped body is instantly recognisable. An aerodynamic masterpiece that cuts drag and puts Celica into a class of its own. Surrounded by outstanding luxury. And with all round Toyota economy.

The exhilarating Celica adds up to something special for you. With all you want and something more. Toyota quality. You can't get it anywhere else.

Something special for you.
TOYOTA

Introducing true King Size 25's



Move up.

New Rothmans King Size 25's

Move up to the new King Size 25's Flat Pack. Move up to true King Size quality.

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